Me After You
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Me After You: Old Story

Justyna

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Chapter 0: The Beginning After The End

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. I hope you guys will like it, first time writing such thing and it will have +18 parts! Good luck to me. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 It will probably flop but I can't stop myself from writing it.

📢 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

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PETE:

I never thought that I would return to this room of my own free will. From the day I escaped, I promised myself that I would never bring myself to a similar situation again. I admit, I was devastated when I returned to Major Family. My body still remembered the pain and... the pleasure. The wounds and scars unhealed from my last fight with Vegas reminded me of what had happened all the time. The days passed, and those wounds, like me, faded. One day, as I looked at my healed hands, my heart trembled. *It's over*, I thought, and let the tears flow. My last connection to Vegas was gone, and whether I wanted it or not, the realization hurt. My heart broke in two. It's my fault, I must admit. I knew that what I was beginning to feel about Vegas was not fake. I wanted to hide this love deeply, under a layer of hatred and pain, but before I could understand the truth, he was no longer with me.

He has left! Ah no, I've left... I ran away from him and all I really wanted to do was run back. Love shouldn't hurt that much, but mine has hurting me deeply until I accepted it. When Vegas's father died and he ran out of the building like crazy, I realized that if I didn't do anything, it would be our end. This time I will lose him forever and I will only have myself to blame for it. Have I forgiven him for all the wrong he has done to me? It is difficult and perhaps incomprehensible to others, but my answer was yes. I forgave him. I forgave some time ago, but it was so hard to admit it to myself and others. But this time I had to do it. I looked at Kinn, then at Boss Korn.

- I'm leaving - I announced, handing back the Major Family's brooch, and ran out, but before I reached Vegas, he drove away with a screech of tires.

Without thinking for a long time, I got into the car and followed him. Soon after, an accident happened. My heart skipped as I saw what was happening to Vegas's car. Is fate really so cruel? Takes him from me as soon as I understand how much does he mean to me? Impossible.

Luckily for both of us, Vegas survived the accident. He was in a coma now, and after spending two nights with him, crying a sea of tears, yelling at him and apologizing for raising my voice, I decided to move my belongings to the Minor Family house. I looked at his calm, bandaged face one last time.

- I will wait for you - I whispered. - Even if I had to wait forever.

I ran into Macau outside the hospital. He was shaky, his red, puffy eyes indicated that he cried long and hard. My heart ached.

- Phi Pete - he moaned as he saw me approaching him. Before I could grasp his trembling body and hug it, he cried again.

- It will be all right - was all I could say.

His hands, at first lying dead by his sides, lifted up, grasping me tightly. I stepped back a millimeter, gently wiping the tears from his face.

- Let's go home - I ordered, and before he answered anything, I quickly moved my steps towards the car. *It's time to get everything back to normal. And as soon as Vegas wakes up, he can take the reins.*

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As soon as I entered his room, darkness overwhelmed me. All the curtains were closed as usual. I went deeper inside, feeling the unique scent of Vegas surrounding me, caressing my skin. I took a deep breath, wanting to soak in it up as before. It's strange how little it took to make me feel at home. A cool, darkened room and that smell that I dreamed of after running away. I put my hand on the half-closed bedroom door and carefully opened it. There was silence all around, only my heartbeat echoed in my head. I felt it just popping out of my chest. I breathed a breath, and all the memories struck me forcefully. I looked over to the couch and saw myself stuffing my mouth with the food that Vegas was bringing for me. He sat right next to me, hiding a smile as I tried to get him to try it. I chuckled. Then I looked at the bed. The chain was still hanging from its frame. I walked carefully around the furniture and extended my hand to the steel. It was cold, as I remembered. I could still hear myself screaming at Vegas and his words... "I can't live without you... I love you..." and then I left.

To be honest, I didn't regret taking back my freedom. I needed to

break free from these shackles, how else would our relationship be? However, I regretted the words that I had burdened him with then and also for knocking him down. I didn't mean to hurt him. Then when I got back I pretended it didn't matter. He doesn't matter. How pathetic were my attempts to distance myself from him. I shook my head in disbelief, then sat on my side of the bed. The shoes fell to the floor as I stretched my legs out, laying on the cold sheets. I looked up at the ceiling and let the softness of the mattress relax my tense muscles. I fell asleep for a few long minutes, but the cold did not allow me to sleep longer.

I got up, feeling all the fear and nervousness of the last few days draining from me. I went to the shelves and pulled out one of Vegas's shirts. It still smelled like washing liquid. I frowned, but it was better than nothing. I quickly took off my clothes, folded them, and put them on the couch. I was about to put on the shirt I had just pulled out on my bare body, when my eyes fell on the blood-red shirt that was awkwardly tossed onto the chair by the desk. I took it thoughtfully and put it to my face, inhaling hard. The scent of Vegas enveloped me like a shield. I smiled as I put it on and headed back to bed. I made myself comfortable in the sheets, stretched out my hand and laid it on Vegas's pillow and closed my eyes. I wanted to dream about him tonight. I wanted to see him in a dream, smiling, relaxed. Looking at me with love.

- Vegas - I muttered, then I fell overwhelmed by sleep.

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The next days passed faster than I could have imagined. Vegas was still in a coma, while I was busy rebuilding the family slowly, and though I didn't want to ask anyone for help, Boss Kinn offered it when he saw how much work had fallen on me. I was able to divide my time into hospital visits, making friends with Macau, and work. I did not want to, and even could not make all the decisions on my own, so I included Macau in many issues, showing him that I was taking his opinion into account. His stepmother disappeared from the house shortly after Khun Kant was killed. But no one cried after her, most of them even breathed a sigh of relief, easily getting rid of this burden. And so time passed. Week after week was disappearing and Vegas was still unconscious.

I admit, I started to lose hope. I looked at his calm face every day and prayed to be able to see those dark, razor-sharp eyes at last. Eyes that happened to soften as he looked at me.

- Come on wake up finally - I growled, poking him. - Scam me a little, laugh at me, tie the hell up, even shut in our room, just wake up!

However, this tactic did not work. I moved closer. I took his hand

and put it carefully to my lips, trying to avoid touching the tubes sticking out of it.

- Vegas - I whispered this time, putting all the love I had for that bastard into my voice. - Honey, it's been a month now, please come back to me...

I leaned over his face, kissing his exposed forehead carefully, then leaned over his ear.

- You don't want me to really find a wife, na?

I felt the hand that I was still holding shake. Shocked, I looked at it and it moved again. Not much, but still.

- Vegas - I felt tears welling up under my eyelids, but I couldn't start crying. Not now.

He blinked several times, not adapted to the light of day. He looked unconsciously to the left, then to the right, and when his gaze fell on me, he smiled gently.

- It must be a dream - I could hardly hear his voice, but I was sure of the words.

- It's real - I replied, and then, without thinking much, I leaned in, placing a sweet kiss on his pale lips. Just a kiss, but I felt my whole body tense, wanting more.

- I dreamed of you - Vegas whispered, lifting his free hand and carefully tracing the contours of my face. - All this time, I dreamed.

- You don't have to dream anymore - I smiled as disobedient tears ran down my cheeks.

- Don't cry - he frowned, trying to wipe away the still-flying drops. - Why are you crying? You shouldn't cry.

- I've waited so long for you - I laughed, then leaned in again, this time kissing his cheek loudly. - I would have waited even longer.

- I'm back, Pete - he only replied, still holding his hand on my face. - I heard you and I came back. I had to go back.

I wanted to kiss him again when the door to the room opened and Macau stood in it.

- Phi! - He shouted as soon as he saw Vegas awake, then ran to him, throwing himself around his neck.

- Relax - we both said, but the delighted boy was not listening to anyone.

Slowly, I pulled Vegas's hand out of mines and stepped back, giving the brothers more space. I decided to let the doctor know that he woke up, and before I changed my mind, I went outside. But I could feel Vegas's eyes on me all the time. *Don't be afraid, fool, I'll be back.*

After my message, one of the doctors quickly moved towards Vegas's room, but I was stopped by another one who was asking for a quick chat. Surprised, I agreed, but what I heard shocked me. The

brothers' stepmother gave birth to a son. However, she left him and ran away and the hospital was not sure what to do next. This information stunned me, I didn't even notice when I was taken to see the little boy.

He was petite, slept good, holding his fist close to his mouth. I remembered the reluctance and even hatred with which Vegas treated his stepmother. I sensed that he had the same feelings for her child. If I had asked him for his opinion, he would probably have replied to get rid of him. But I couldn't allow it. The child was innocent, and oddly enough, I could see Vegas's features in him. Flesh and blood brothers. I made my decision and turned to the doctor.

- His brother will take care of him - I said, and then I felt something heavy fall on my shoulders. *How the hell do I get Vegas to agree to this?!*

VEGAS:

Pete had disappeared behind the door a while ago, and I was starting to feel stressed while still listening to Macau's stories. In the meantime, a doctor appeared in the room, examined me quickly and left so as not to disturb me. But Pete still didn't come back.

- Where is he? - I muttered, casting a scowl at that damn door.

Macau chuckled.

- Phi - he began, then nodded understandingly. - He's different.

- Hmm? - I was getting more and more impatient.

I wanted to engage in a conversation with my brother, but not having Pete was too difficult for me. I still wasn't sure if his stay here was merely a figment of my imagination. I could feel his unique taste on my lips, but maybe I had only imagined it.

- I'm talking about Phi Pete - Macau added, and this time I looked at him closely. - You were right, he's different. he is so - and then Macau's smile grew bigger when the boy saw some fond memory in front of his face - so warm.

I frowned.

Yes, of course Pete is warm. He is like fucking sun, bright and beautiful. He is like the first breath of spring after winter. I know it, but how does this kid know about it?

- As for the... - I wanted to shout, but Macau just shrugged, interrupting me.

- He took care of everything, you know? Our house is as warm as Phi Pete now.

- Our house? - I just moaned. *Pete was at our house? Did he live in it or only visit? He was in the room, this room that we...*

- Oh yeah, I say - Macau didn't notice the darkening of my eyes. - He's been living with us for a month now. He changed everything,

really! Well, almost everything - here the boy gave his brother a quick look.

- What hasn't he changed?

- Your bedroom - I went numb at these words. *He couldn't get in there? Still suffering after I...*

- You see - Macau added, not seeing the storm that was raging in his brother's head. - I asked him if he wouldn't like to change things as well, since he sleeps there now anyway, but he said it should stay as it is.

The boy continued talking, but I couldn't hear him anymore. *Pete sleeps in our bed.* This image completely took over my thoughts. *My Pete, in my bed.*

This vision was too beautiful to be true but before I could respond, the doors opened and bright, warm sun got inside.

- Pete - I've whispered, reaching with my hand to him.

Without any additional word, he entwined my fingers with his and then he smiled.

I could die after seeing this smile and it would be the sweetest death.

- I can't wait to come back to our home - Pete said. - But before it we need to talk.

I saw him bite his lower lip nervously and I held my breath. I've been dreaming about him for so long. Whatever the conversation was about, I promised myself to agree to everything as long as I could go home with him. Wherever this home is.

Chapter 1: Difficult Stages of Love

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS +18 PARTS! THIS IS MY FIRST TRY TO WRITE +18 PARTS, SO PLEASE DO NOT BE HARSH ON ME!

📢 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

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VEGAS:

I lay on the bed holding Pete's hand, my dear boy is sitting next to me. I am lazily playing with his fingers, stroking them, pinching slightly, waiting for him to start a conversation. Macau left a while ago and from that moment we sat in silence. I didn't mind Pete's quiteness. To be honest, I kinda enjoyed sitting next to him, surrounded only by blissful peace. I knew he wanted to talk about something important but I would wait forever as long as I could just feel his dear skin under mine. Before I realized what I was doing, my hand came down to his wrist and I felt a slight lump. Scars ...

- Sorry - I blurted out without thinking. Our past was once again hunting me.

Pete looked at my hand as if he didn't understand why I said that. Then he looked up at me and smiled gently.

- Vegas - he began, then squeezed my bandaged hand tightly. - Regarding our past, I have forgiven you.

I knew he was saying what he felt and thought, but I couldn't stop being afraid that in the future those events might separate us. Loving Pete was easier than I thought, and with each minute, each second, that love grew stronger within me. If I were to lose him because of the past, I feel that this time it would be the end of my life. I had almost lost him once, the pain of those days settled in my heart like a dark shadow. Never again.

- Pete - I cut him off, struggling to get into a sitting position. - Pete, I have to say it. I have to get it out of my system. Sorry. How unfitting this word is! If I could find something better to say, for

you to understand how strongly I regret it all, I would tattoo it on my forehead but for now I can say only this. Sorry. Sorry for everything I've done, I'd really give anything to turn back time.

I blurted out the words with the speed of light. I wanted to quickly take a deep breath to throw a fresh wave of apologies at him again, but Pete leaned over and kissed me hard.

I felt him gently bite my lower lip, suck it and then stroke it lazily with his hot tongue. Shivers went down my spine. I opened my mouth, letting him come deeper inside. I didn't make any other moves, just waited for what Pete would do. And he did a lot of things, a lot of naughty, tempting things. *Sweet Lord.* I looked into his beautiful eyes and they were completely focused on me, like he wanted to see my every reaction to what he was doing. I did not allow myself to close my eyes, I needed to catch those sparks showing on his face. His tongue explored the inside of my mouth, played with mine tongue, hooked it and then gently stroked it. I groaned as my body stiffened. But Pete kept kissing me. I once again felt his tongue tempting mine to follow him, and as he gently pulled away from me, I followed him, my thirsty tongue stretched out, still wanting to catch his. He grabbed it carefully between his teeth, chuckled, and then sucked it hard.

Pete played with me like that for a while, then he pressed one last loud wet kiss on my lips.

- I swear - he said hoarsely, resting his forehead on mine. - You apologize to me again and I'll end up fucking you here.

I raised my eyebrows, shocked but also curious. *You have no idea how badly I want it, baby.*

- Don't tempt me - I laughed, then remembered Pete wanted to talk about something. - Now, can you tell me what we need to discuss before we get home?

- This - he coughed and began to avoid my eyes again. - It's quite difficult topic, I don't know how to start.

He laughed weirdly, took a deep breath and looked straight into my eyes. I could feel the determination pouring out of him.

- Vegas! - he raised his voice and I froze. - I mean... Vegas, honey - this time he used a sweet, ingratiating tone. He grabbed my face in his hands and slowly told me about the stepmother and the baby.

I felt like with every word he said I was starting to get more and more nervous. I hated this woman with my whole being. I despised her, literally her existence was an insult to me and Macau.

- No - I answered before he asked me a question, but he just frowned.

- Yes - he said as strongly as I did.

- Pete - I started, but he cut me off right away.

- The baby is innocent - he stood up, clasping his hands together in front of him. He was looking down at me. - And he'll come back with us. Me and him are the complete package. Are you taking us or should I move out?

I felt proud when Pete said his terms. I loved seeing him this confident. I knew I had lost this battle. I felt like I would lose to him many times in the future. I smiled dangerously. *I can lose our arguments, but in bed, I'll always be a winner.*

- You know very well that I'll do anything to have you - I sighed, his expression softened. - You can take this monster with you.

- Don't call him that - Pete muttered, stroking my head. - I've thought about it a little and I want to call him Venice. You know, cause your name starts with V and it is also the city.

He looked so proud of himself, gosh, I truly fell head over heels for this cutie. I've sighed. *Call him what you want, darling. It will just be a monster to me.*

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People say love changes everything. They say that the world starts to look different then, the colors become more saturated, the food tastes clearer, and the time seems to stop at certain moments. I never believed this nonsense. Maybe no one ever loved me enough for me to see it, or maybe I wasn't able to give anybody a real feeling to begin with? For a brief moment I had the idea that I love Porsche, but what I felt about him is not even a fraction of my feelings for Pete. This is truly love. The real, wild love filling me, I feel it everytime I look at his innocent face. I want to consume him, lock him up, keep him only to myself but also I want to cherish him, show to everybody, scream to them that he is indeed mine and I am his.

He stood by the shelves, looking for another reading position, muttering something under his breath as his finger moved gently along the edges of the books. I looked at him with delight, and before I managed to stop myself, I pinched my hand, wanting to make sure that his presence here was real.

I got home a few days ago, and as much as I wanted to throw myself into work, my body still refused to obey. So I rested in the bedroom, and Pete took care of me most of the time. I was afraid to be in this room with him again. I was worried about memories that might come back to him, but he acted normally. He strolled relaxed between the office and the bedroom. Every night he slept snuggled against my body, and although some parts of me hurt mercilessly, I did not allow myself to complain. They could hurt more as long as he pressed his face against the hollow of my neck. I couldn't sleep until I felt his warm, calm breath on my skin.

- Maybe we'll watch a movie? - Pete's voice brought me back to reality.

He was wearing my red silk shirt. The first three buttons were unfastened, showing me his fair skin. I wasn't sure if he was wearing underwear, but I prayed silently that he did. I swallowed saliva hardly. Since my return, we hadn't done anything naughty except of course a few kisses, and while I was trying to be patient, everything had its limits, and I was just about to hit mine.

- What do you want? - I had a hoarse voice, and hearing that he smiled lasciviously.

I felt his gaze slowly drop from my eyes to the rest of my body. He licked his lips and I froze. My penis hardened. *Someone save me or I'll explode!*

- I want to - here he looked at my hips and bit his lower lip - watch something animated.

He grabbed the laptop lying on the coffee table and settled down next to me, rubbing his bare feet against mine. I was only wearing boxer shorts, what a stupid idea to sleep without clothes tonight. Every contact was torture, and even though I wanted to throw myself at him, strip off that damn shirt and go as deep as possible into his warm body, I was afraid. I was simply afraid. I, Vegas, a mafia member and psychopath, trembled inside with fear. I couldn't lose him, I don't know how to survive if he would walk away. What if my touch reminds him of everything? If I'm too aggressive, if I'm too rough? What if Pete looks at me like then? How will I handle it?

So I clenched my hands into fists and began repeating old mantra to calm myself down. I tried to remember movies Pete might like, but his hand brushed my thigh and I stopped breathing. *Please hold on, hold on a little longer. Go to the bathroom, take a cold shower, get it out, just don't attack him.*

- Mr. Vegas - Pete whispered, his hand touched my chest, close to my heart. - How about we...

He leaned over and I jumped out of bed as if scalded. The bruised muscles tightened with the sudden exertion, but I took two strides to the bathroom and shut myself up in it, trembling with a lust I could barely control.

- Vegas? - Pete's disbelieving voice came to me from behind the door. He wanted to go in, but I locked it, not letting him came inside.

- Well, is this some fucking joke? - I heard, and then a loud slap against wood reached me. - Vegas?!

I knew Pete was angry, even furious. I myself was incredulous that I had rejected him this way, but I didn't want to hurt him again! Maybe it's irrational, maybe I should talk to him about it, but

I just don't want to lose him. In my life I have never loved anyone like I love him.

- Pete, honey - I began, digging my fingers harder into my fists until they bled. - Couldn't we...

- Vegas - Pete cut me off, and I could feel the concern in his voice. - Do I... Do you not like my body anymore?

I couldn't believe it. Me? Not liking his body? If I could, I'd be fucking him endlessly, with short breaks for food and toilet. How could Pete even think of something like that. I laughed softly from the impression his words made, but he heard it.

- Vegas you bastard - he growled, banging his fist on the door again. - So that's funny to you?!

Strangely, but I calmed down. I still wanted to fill him with myself, but my nerves dropped. I opened the door and looked at him. His eyes were burning with rage, but I noticed the fear in them too. The fear I felt myself, the fear of losing.

- Do you think - I began, gently stroking his cheek - that I could ever stop wanting you?

Pete frowned, perhaps not understanding why I chose to run away.

- I didn't lock myself in the bathroom because I don't want you - I assured him, then pressed my forehead to his. - I locked myself in it because I want you so much that I know for sure that I will not control myself.

- But you don't have to control yourself, baby - my lover whispered, his eyes sparkled.

- I can hurt you, Pete. I can be brutal, I... I have waited a long time for this moment - I warned him, but he only smiled.

- Hurt me - he pleaded sweetly, and I groaned. - Be brutal, don't hold back. I'm begging Vegas, take me finally or I'm going to go crazy!

- Fuck this, I warned you! - I took him in my arms and threw his beautiful body on the bed.

I felt a demonic smile spread across my face, then I leaned over Pete.

PETE:

From the moment we got home together, I felt my body crying out for Vegas. I wanted him, dreamed about him. Sometimes I woke up in the middle of the night and I touched myself while looking at his asleep face. I know it's wrong, but I couldn't stop. Something has changed since he showed up in our bedroom. Before, when he was still in a coma, I didn't feel this need to be filled by him, but as soon as Vegas stepped into the room, I started to have an itch inside me that I couldn't control. I had to have him.

For the first few days, I had a hard time holding back from throwing myself at his strong body. Vegas was still injured and exhausted from the accident, but the days went slower and slower for us and I knew I wouldn't be able to contain myself anymore. So I put his red shirt on my bare skin, undid the top few buttons, and walked over to the bookshelf, pretending to be looking for something. I could feel his hungry eyes on me, and I smiled secretly as I moved to the next stage of my plan.

- Maybe we'll watch a movie? - I suggested, and Vegas hardly swallowed saliva, probably remembering what has happened last time, when we were watching movie.

He was wearing nothing but black boxer shorts. Every day I prepared his clothes, but today I pretended that I forgot about it and he did not complain, luckily for me. He was stretched out on the bed, covered only with shorts, and I felt the animal inside me waking up. I craved for him. I wanted to feel his rough hands against my body right now. Immediately.

- What do you want? - I heard and I smiled sexily, focusing my eyes on that part of his body that was slowly starting to come to life.

- I want to - I began, biting my lower lip - watch something animated.

I quickly grabbed my laptop and lay down next to Vegas. *Now or never* I thought and rubbed my legs against his thigh. I felt him shiver, and it gave me inexpressible pleasure.

- Mr. Vegas - I've whispered while putting my hand on his chest. - How about we...

I wanted to kiss him so badly but when I leaned over he suddenly jumped from bed and before I could react, Vegas was already in bathroom. My heart stopped. *Did he just run away from me?*

- Vegas? - I stared at the closed door in disbelief, and when I tried to open it and go inside, I felt resistance.

- Well, is this some fucking joke? - fury slowly began to seize me.

I felt like I was losing control, but this time the reason for it was completely different. I admit, it was not easy for me to start this seduction. I'm not an expert in this field. I don't have as much experience as Vegas, but was I really that bad so he had to run away ?! It hurts.

- Pete, honey - I've heard his sweet voice, but my heart was already broken. - Couldn't we...

- Vegas - I cut him off immediately. I had to find out if his feelings for me were still the same. - Do I... Do you not like my body anymore?

It might sound silly, but I needed confirmation. I needed to know

because if Vegas doesn't look at me that way anymore, our future could change drastically. No, I don't believe that sex is the most important part of love. If I could have Vegas only on the condition that our relationship was purely platonic, I would agree to it. But Vegas is a man of flesh and blood, and men like this, well they have their needs. If he found someone else, someone he desired, I would leave immediately. I don't like sharing, I will never do that. That's why I had to know. I thought I would hear a reply from him quickly, but I heard laughter from outside the door.

- Vegas you bastard - I was even more angry than before - So that's funny to you?!

I wanted to beat the shit out of him and I wanted to do it with my bare hands. I was about to grab the gun tucked under the bed when the doors to the bathroom opened and Vegas's calm face looked straight into my bolting eyes.

- Do you think that I could ever stop wanting you?

A faint smile spread across his face, but I frowned, not understanding his former behavior.

- I didn't lock myself in the bathroom because I don't want you - he pressed his forehead to mine. - I locked myself in it because I want you so much that I know for sure that I will not control myself.

I couldn't believe it. This is exactly what I wanted from him all this time!

- But you don't have to control yourself, baby - I whispered and my eyes looked at him with love.

- I can hurt you, Pete. I can be brutal, I... I have waited a long time for this moment.

My body shuddered at his words.

- Hurt me - I've asked and my voice darkened. - Be brutal, don't hold back. I'm begging Vegas, take me finally or I'm going to go crazy!

- Fuck this, I warned you!

He took me in his arms and then throw me on the bed. I wanted to take off my shirt quickly, but Vegas grabbed it in his hands and tore it open. The sound of cloth tearing spread across the room. I trembled with delight.

- You're not wearing any underwear - he groaned, then licked my skin, from my throat to my mouth.

I wanted his tounge inside me but he didn't stop at my lips. Vegas made a way of short kisses from my chin to left ear, and I felt his sharp teeth against the pinna. I shivered, moaning aloud his name. His lips now fell to my throat, and before I could think straight, Vegas bit me hard, then licked the spot. I screamed even

louder as I felt the warmth spread over my body. Vegas didn't touch me down there but I was already stiff as ever. I knew I was going to cum before he will even deal with that part, but I didn't care. I was going to cum tonight over and over again, as many times as possible and each of them was going to be thanks to Vegas.

His hands roamed my chest, pinched, stroked, played with hardened nipples, and I just wanted more and more. I tugged gently at his hair, and my hands, just like his, began to touch and caress his warm, sweat-covered skin. I loved feeling his muscles move under my fingers. He was beautiful and strong at the same time. And deadly. And it turned me on like nothing else.

- Vegas - I whispered, feeling his teeth digging into my neck again, making another mark.

I had the impression that he marked me, as if he wanted to show others that I belonged only to him. Without thinking for a long time, I lifted my head and also jabbed my teeth into his neck. We could both play this game. He mumbled my name, then looked at me. His eyes were covered in a mist of lust, and I knew neither of us would fall asleep tonight. *Ah, finally!*

- I need to be in you right now - he whispered suddenly, and then without warning I felt his finger thrust into me, trying to open me up to him. Sudden pain spread through my body, but I didn't blame him. I wanted to feel him too.

- Fuck! - he cursed, then stuck the same finger in his mouth, drooling it, and shoved it into me again, but this time he was more careful.

I felt like everything relaxing inside of me so I grabbed his face and pressed a long kiss on his lips. Vegas groaned, then slipped his tongue in and the dance of our thirsty lips began. I didn't even notice when the second finger got inside. Vegas sucked my tongue hard and his hand moved steadily back and forth, back and forth. He stretched his fingers, and for a second I felt him touch me in my favorite spot. I dug my nails into his bare shoulders and shivered.

- Enough already! - I growled, while having his mouth still on mine. I felt this devil smiling and then he touched me again in that place. - Ve... Vegas!

I was losing my breath, my body was demanding fulfillment, and this bastard suddenly slowed down his movements.

- Not so fast - I heard and he lifted his head, fixing his eyes onto mine. - This is fair more enternaining.

Before I could do anything, Vegas stroked me there again and I bit my lower lip almost to the blood. It was all happening too slowly. I needed more, harder.

- I'll kill you - I screamed, then brought my face closer to his.

Perhaps a millimeter separated us. I could feel our breaths mingling with each other, I could see the little devils jumping in his eyes. He stroked me again, putting a third finger inside.

- Oh Vegas - I muttered, rubbing my chest against his. - Come inside me, na?

Our lips were so close I could feel a tingling sensation in mine. We didn't kiss but it felt like we were. We caught our breaths, the air mixed and blended between us.

- I want you so bad inside - I moaned, stroking him below his belly, next to his hardened cock, and that was enough.

Vegas immediately pulled his fingers off me, then sat on his knees and lifted me up at the perfect angle. Before I knew it, he filled me with his whole body and I screamed, feeling that I was coming. His movement made a burning sensation inside, but my pain was mixed with inexpressible pleasure. I gripped the bedframe tightly, and my body twitched with happiness.

I've wanted this for so long. I licked my lips and gave Vegas sexy look, but he had his eyes closed and his mouth slightly parted, he was not moving, he was just inside of me, fully.

- Give me a moment - he whispered. - Let me stay like this for a minute.

- How is it? - I've asked with curiosity.

- It's like - Vegas smiled, still with his eyes closed. - It's like finally coming home.

- I love you - only this came to my mind.

He slowly opened his eyes, I could see the ocean of emotions in them.

- I love you even more, Pete - and then he closed them again.

Blissful smile showed on his face and we stayed like this for couple of minutes. Just us, being connected in the most intimate way.

Chapter 2: Never Forgets About Your Friends

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3

☕ If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

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PETE:

I'm not sure how long it took us to finish making love. I admit that at one point I fell asleep from exhaustion, but Vegas was unused. My senses were drifting away, and I could still feel his unsatisfied hands on me.

- Don't stop - I whispered and then I passed out.

When I finally woke up, I still felt Vegas inside me. He was pressed tightly against my back, I don't think there was any free space between our bodies. He squeezed his hands tightly against my sweat-soaked chest, and pressed his lips to my neck. Then Vegas nodded at me gently, slowly tightening and relaxing his hips. His feeling in me was amazing. I had the impression that we were one. I groaned softly as he sped up his movements.

- Pete - he moaned, then came deep within me.

I didn't know where I ended and Vegas started anymore. Our fragrances blended and a completely new one was born, which I could describe as "ours". The sheets were soaked with sweat and sperm, as was the air in the room. I forgot to turn on the air conditioning. I smiled to myself and, with a trembling hand, reached for the remote, activating it. Soon after, cool air filled our bodies. Vegas cautiously left my body, kissed the crease of my neck, and pulled the covers over us.

I no longer felt the lower half, I must admit. I barely turned to look at him, his eyes still glistening with the fire. For a moment I thought of Nop who had entered the office without knocking during our play time. I was lying on my stomach then, with a little pillow

tucked just under my hips. Vegas was lying on top of me, licking my sweat, kissing the back of my head, and when he heard a foreign voice, he sprang to his feet, drawing the covers over me.

- For fuck sake! - he screamed, and before poor Nop could react, he added - GET OUT!

I chuckled, silently glad that he had covered me. It is true that Nop had seen me in various situations, especially in this bed, but I preferred for him to not to see me naked, still connected with Vegas. We have to keep some semblance of decency.

I returned to reality when Vegas's nose brushed mine. I stroked his cheek, traced his nose and jaw with a finger, and when I rudely went down to his chest and reached his hips, I pulled my tongue out and licked his slightly parted lips.

- Pete - his voice was hoarse, as was mine. - You're naughty.

We both did not have the strength for anything more, I additionally felt unprecedented hunger. This time, however, for ordinary food. I dreamed of curry with rice, as spicy as possible, of course. A few minutes passed and I heard soft snoring from Vegas. I smiled at his relaxed, satisfied face. *Bastard*.

I struggled to sit upright and shuddered at the pain in my buttocks. It was a really long and crazy night. I reached for my phone, and Vegas's arm wrapped around my legs and squeezed tightly around them. I huffed and then looked at the time. It was evening the next day. I couldn't believe it, we really fucked all night and all day. I nodded in shock, then dialed a familiar number.

- Yes, sir? - I was surprised to hear the fear in Nop's voice.

I pushed the phone away for a moment and looked at it. It wasn't my cell phone, it belonged to Vegas. I chuckled and put it to my ear again.

- Nop - I began in a friendly voice. - Nop, help! I'm going to starve here and the bastard Vegas is asleep.

- Oh no no no no no - I could hear his teeth grinding with nerves. - I'm not going in there, Pete. He already scolded me once, that's enough.

- I wonder what he will do to you when I tell him that you refused to feed me - I know it was a low blow, but my stomach couldn't hold it anymore. I needed food immediately.

- God, Pete - I already knew Nop had given up. - You are just the same bastard as he is.

Then he hung up.

I carefully placed my hand on Vegas's sweat-damp hair and stroked the strands. Our life together is just beginning, but our family has already grown by another member. I admit, I was worried about the arrival of Venice. I don't know anything about

babies, I know even less about newborns. So I agreed to hire a nanny who will help us adjust to the new situation. For a brief moment, I was afraid of what Macau would say. Unfortunately, we did not ask for his consent, but it seems that he accepted it calmly.

The door to Vegas office cracked open and I could hear Nop bustling.

- Bring it over here - I said, knowing I wouldn't be able to walk those few steps to the desk.

- You're becoming like some lord - Nop muttered, tiptoeing toward me. I laughed louder and he looked anxiously at the sleeping Vegas.

- Take it easy - I said. - Even if he wakes up, he won't bite you.

- It's easy for you to say that.

- And if he bites you, don't worry - I added. - He was vaccinated.

I ruffled Vegas' hair, and Nop quickly set the tray on top of the tapestry and backed out of the bedroom.

The tempting smell of hot spices reached me quickly. I forgot everything else and began to relishly stuff myself with rice. Vegas wrinkled his nose in his sleep, probably also sensing the sharpness in the air, but I didn't care. He was the cause of my tiredness and lack of feeling in my legs. He should suffer too.

- Handsome bastard!

***

Since Vegas came home, I haven't had much time to meet my friends. Work, patient care and learning about children consumed all of my time and I didn't even have a moment to miss them. But now Vegas took over most of my duties, and I was able to go back to being a bodyguard again. Nobody forced me to take this position, but I wanted to be next to Vegas. I needed to be his main bodyguard. If he was taking a risk, I was taking a risk with him. This is what I asked for.

We have just arrived at the Major Family house as Vegas has been invited to a meeting that was to define the future of the clan and ourselves. The atmosphere in the room was tense, especially after the recent events, but I felt a calmness in Vegas. He sat down at the table in front of Boss Kinn, and I stood right behind him, ready to lunge to cover him if necessary.

- You became his guard dog, Pete? - Boss Tankhun's voice spread around the room, and I looked at him and smiled warmly.

It's strange, but I didn't think I'd miss him that much.

- Mr. Tankhun - I folded my hands respectfully and he stood up, knocking over his chair.

He had a stern, even cold face when he walked over to me and I felt Vegas' muscles tighten in anticipation. I put my hand on his

back to calm him down. Khun stared at me and I had the feeling that he would attack me with his fists but he howled dramatically, stamped his feet, and crushed me in a tight grip.

- Peeeeteeee - he fake cried, and Boss Kinn frowned as if he felt a flashing headache. - Peeeeteeee, come back to us! To me, naaaaa!

Arm and Pol rushed to pull him away, but the smart man pinched me in, hugging his head tighter against my chest. I didn't hold it against him, on the contrary, I was glad that he missed me.

- Sir - I started, but he looked at Vegas with a menacy glance and yelled "THIEF!" Then strangely picked me up and started walking towards the door.

- Sir - I wanted to get out of his arms, but he was stronger than I imagined.

Vegas got up immediately, but Kinn slapped his hands hard on the table.

- Get out! - Porsche, who was sitting next to Kinn, shouted for him. He pointed to me, Tankhun, Pol and Arm. - Get out of here, you won't add anything to this conversation anyway! Lazy dicks!

- Vegas, sit down - Kinn added, and I saw the pleading expression in his eyes.

I understood what he needed so I allowed myself to be removed from the room. Soon after, I was thrown on the couch where I spent hours watching series with those guys.

- Finally - the smile lit up Khun's face.

I looked towards Pol and Arm, but they only shrugged as they sat down beside me.

- Not to say anything- Pol began - but you could visit us.

Arm nodded, then added in a whisper.

- Mr. Tankhun has been crazy for a good few days, Pete. You have to organize some time for him or he'll kill us here.

I looked at the man kneeling in front of me, who was just choosing the next series to watch, and I had to agree with them.

- Hmmm, sir? - I leaned over Tankhun's head, trying to get his attention.

- Don't even think about it, Pete - He didn't look at me, still staring at the flickering TV. - You won't get out of here soon!

- No no, sir - I said, then placed my hands on his shoulders, leaning in tighter. - I just thought, maybe we would take Porsche to Yok bar?

Khun quickly turned his face towards me until our foreheads hit each other. But he didn't start to dramatize, just looked at me with twinkling eyes and shouted out.

- Great idea! - then he moved towards the wardrobe, probably already thinking about the outfit he would put on. I breathed a sigh

of relief and the guys patted me on the back with gratitude.

- Promise him you'll come back here permanently and it'll be perfect - joked Arm, and I gave him a crooked look.

- Why do I feel like I need to take care off three more children? - I mumbled and both of them showed me their goofy smiles.

We spent our time eating snacks and watching dramas when someone knocked on the door. Before Khun could reply, the door swung open to reveal standing beside them Vegas. He was tired, I could see that the meeting had left its mark on him, but his face lit up as soon as he looked at me.

- Pete - I love the way he says my name. - Let's go.

I got up quickly and started walking towards him, but some hand squeezed the flaps of my jacket, pulling me down.

- Not so fast, Vegas - Khun's voice reminded me of our promise. *Dammit, I've chosen the worst time ever for my stupid promise.* - Pete's going clubbing with me. He promised!

I felt Khun's hard gaze on me and sighed.

"- Vegas - I looked up at him pleadingly, and he moved his jaw in a manner I know well.

He was not satisfied. I quickly got up and leaned in, whispering in his ear.

- I already promised, naaa - I dragged my last words out and quickly pressed a kiss to his neck. - I can go, right? Vegas?

- Go - I saw that he didn't have the strength to argue, I hugged him quickly and, ignoring the rest, pressed a kiss to his lips.

Pol was just drinking water, he choked on seeing it, and Arm lunged toward him, trying to help him. Khun just pretended to be vomiting, then pulled my hand and waved at Vegas.

- Bye, bye - Khun growled, but he hid behind me as Vegas's steel eyes locked on him.

- I'll be back soon - I promised, and he shook his head wearily, pulled me against him, pressed another hard kiss, and left after saying goodbye.

I breathed a sigh of relief, fortunately the blood was not shed today. What a lucky day!

All we had to do was grab Porsche from Kinn's intrusive paws and we could go to the bar. I just hoped the fun would be over soon.

***

It wasn't hard to get the Porsche out of the house. Something must have happened at the meeting because he was not happy and as soon as he heard about the departure he came with us, giving Kinn a "try to stop me" look. I said goodbye politely and ran after them, but I had the impression that only Pol and Arm were relaxed and really happy. Porsche was angry, Khun was trying to prove

something to us all, and all I wanted was to go home, but oh well. I also had to spend some time with my friends, especially since I suddenly left them and contact with me was difficult.

- Everything's all right? - I muttered to Porsche and he put his head on my shoulder and started cursing Kinn, Vegas and the whole mafia.

I smiled because I had known him for a long time. The boy needed a moment to relax, maybe it's good that we went to the bar. The place was prepared for Khun to come, so we entered without problems and Yok smiled broadly at us.

- Come on, come on! - She stretched out her hands, pointing to the empty chairs at the bar.

We sat down in a row and Porsche ordered something suitable for the occasion for us. I felt the alcohol spread over my body, warming it. I hadn't had a drink in a while, so the percentages quickly entered my head. Khun danced like crazy with Pol and Arm while we sat on the couch drinking and talking about the latest events.

- Well, how is it with you? - Porsche asked, and I laughed.

- It's ok - I mumbled - Well, you know, this is just the beginning.

Porsche nodded, understanding what I meant, then poured another shot into himself and leaned over me.

- But I have to tell you, I don't know how you stand it - he winked at me, but I didn't understand what he meant.

- What? - I put the glass down for a moment, I needed a break from drinking.

- Come on, I mean fucking of course. - I almost choked when he said that.

- When I saw him in those videos - Porsche continued, ignoring my reaction - Vegas is real beast!

Something flickered in my memory. I remembered breaking into his room and what I sent Kinn. Yeah! There were videos of Vegas having sex with a lot of men. I clenched my hands into fists.

- I didn't think you'd like it, but - he added - I didn't think that I would be a bottom, and here we are.

He laughed and only then looked at me. He noticed that I was angry.

- Shit - Porsche cursed, when I grabbed the bottle and took a long sip.

I wasn't angry that Vegas slept with other men before. I was angry because he was recording it, and I wasn't sure if the recordings were still on his laptop. And if they are, does he watch them? Does he think about them? Or maybe he recorded us too?!

I wanted to get up, but too much alcohol did the job. I fell flat on the couch and I knew I wouldn't be able to go home alone. *Shit!*

I pulled out my phone and I was convinced I was dialing Nop.

- Nop - I muttered, and on the other line all I could hear was a sigh.

I really wanted to ask for help but I failed miserably because my body gave up on me. I fell asleep, clutching the phone in my hands. Someone was talking on the other side but I only snored. For a second I thought Porsche wanted to take away my phone, but I've grabbed it strongly. The voice asking me where I am right now was making me feel safe.

- Well - I've heard Porsche, before I completely lost the concious - Vegas will kill me for what I said. Fuck!

And then there was only darkness.

***

Someone picked me up and I smelled a familiar, male scent.

- Don't touch me, you bastard - I muttered in my sleep, hitting the individual on the chest.

- Come on, come on - this person hugged me tighter, and then placed me in the car. - Let's go home, Pete.

- Slut - I blurted out, but all I heard was laughter in response.

Then the car started moving.

Chapter 2.5: Drunk Pete means Cute Pete

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This is a short story, I just couldn't stop myself from writing it. Chapter 3 should be ready in couple of day.

VEGAS:

It wasn't easy to put Pete in the car, even harder to fasten his seat belts. He was supposed to be asleep, but when I was able to sit him safely and start the car, his hand went to the fastener and clicked that damn button, releasing his body from it.

- Honey - I muttered for the hundredth time, still struggling with his need not to be in the belts. - I'm not gonna drive if you do that.

Pete only muttered something, I thought he said "bloody Vegas", but it must have been a mishearsing. I took a deep, calming breath, fastened it again, and this time I drove quickly from the front of the bar and it strangely worked. The monotonous sound of the car ignited must have put Pete to sleep, because he was sitting motionless, with his face resting on my leather jacket, which I rolled up and put under his head so he wouldn't hit the windshield.

Today's meeting was far more nerve-wracking than I thought. Kinn confronted me with a fait accompli, from now on the Minor Family belongs to Porsche. Honestly, it didn't bother me as long as I could live in peace with Macau and Pete, but my pride suffered when they forced their will on me. *Vegas doesn't let others rule him.* Here I looked quickly at Pete. *Except for you, of course. You can manage me as you like.*

I reached out to him, while trying to not take my eyes off the road for too long, and ruffled his soft hair. His blushed from alcohol face was making me dizzy.

- How could you - Pete blurted out, and then he suddenly opened

his eyes and looked at me uncertainly. He squinted as if he wasn't sure what he was seeing.

- Who are you? - Pete stammered, then rubbed his eyes hard until I had to grab one of his hands, not wanting him to hurt himself.

- Pete - I said, but I had to concentrate on the road and he was pushing my fingers away.

- You can't touch me - he said suddenly, and I froze. - You can not.

Pete closed his eyes, his head fell on his chest, and he snored. After a second he picked it up again and looked at me.

- It's too late for you. Give up! - He muttered, patting my shoulder. - I have a boyfriend.

I was relieved to realize that Pete just didn't recognize me.

- He's gonna beat the shit out of you. - I could hear pride in his voice.

- Really? - I asked and the devilish sparks lit up in my head.

- What a little bastard - I grimaced hearing that. - But my bastard.

I couldn't help the smile from showing up. I relaxed, leaned against the seat more comfortably, and decided to amuse myself a bit with this situation.

- Maybe it's time to change him? - I asked, and Pete struggled to open his eyes.

- What to change? - He frowned as if he did not fully understand.

- The bastard guy - I admit, I was a little afraid of his answer.

- Hihihi - he chuckled and then slapped me gently in the face. - Don't talk like that anymore, somehow I don't want to hit you harder.

- You said he's a bastard.

- Well I can say that - Pete looked at me and I could see threats in his eyes. - But you can't, stranger.

- Aren't you a cutie - slipped out of my mouth and he looked at me like I was crazy.

- I'm not cute - he said with pounted lips. - I'm a man.

Then he showed me the brightest, most innocent smile. I lost myself in it for a minute. His cheeks were still flushed and his hair messy and all I wanted to do is kiss him, until we drop dead.

I looked away, with difficulties and I've noticed that I was already approaching our house. I opened the gate with the remote control, and Pete looked as if he had fallen asleep again. This time, however, his head fell on my shoulder. I parked efficiently and turned off the engine.

- Vegas, how could you do this to me? - Pete whispered.

I leaned over him so I could hear better what he was saying. His familiar, but this time filled with alcohol, scent filled my nostrils.

- What did I do, baby? - I've asked, hoping finally for some answers.

- I don't look good in front of the camera - He lifted his barely opened eyes to me and I saw tears in them.

- Wait, what? - I felt lost in this conversation. What camera?

- It's so hot here - Pete said suddenly, tugging on his black sweater.

He grabbed the edge of it and tried to pull it off, but the fastened belts prevented him from doing so. I grabbed his hands and forced him to let go.

- We're home now, you'll undress in a moment - I assured, then got out of the car and walked briskly towards the passenger door.

I don't know how that was even possible, but within those few seconds Pete was able to unbuckle his seat belt and pull his turtleneck almost completely off. His head was only stuck in his clothes, the last obstacle he was no longer able to cope with. I opened the door and in the last second I caught him before he fell outside.

- Save me, Vegas - I heard, and with a sigh, I helped Pete take off that damn turtleneck.

He struggled to straighten up, looked around drunk, then focused on me.

- Pervert - he shouted, and covered his nipples with his hands. His red, flushed face looked at me innocently.

I rubbed my forehead and then laughed because I didn't know what else to do. I don't think I've ever seen Pete this drunk. I was hoping he would remember everything he did. Well, at least I won't let him forget it for a long time.

- Let's go - I held out my hand to him, not wanting him to stand half-naked outside, he merely tapped it and turned towards the building.

- VEEEGAS - he shouted, and I quickly put my fingers over his mouth, fearing he would wake someone up.

He struggled, mumbled curses under his breath, and every now and then slipped out of my hands, I was slowly losing patience.

- The pervert caught me!

I could see he was trying to sneak out, so I grabbed him tightly by the shoulders and hugged him.

- God, give me strength - I asked, staring up at the sky, then I felt sudden bite.

I hissed in pain.

- You taste like Vegas - Pete muttered, and this time he licked me.

I shivered. *Enough of the fun.* I swung him quickly over my shoulder and held him there, feeling Pete kicks. I gave him a decent

spank, but he was still fidgeting.

- If I drop you, it'll be your fault.

He ignored me, I felt his hand reach my hair, then he tugged hard on it.

- Fuck! - I hissed, but managed to already enter the house.

Two security guards stepped out of one of the rooms. They looked at us curiously, but said nothing. I shook my head at them quickly, wanting to get them out of here. Pete is cute when he's drunk. I didn't want him to show it to other people.

- Help - he shouted, holding out his hands to them. - The pervert caught me!

They, however, withdrew. Before that I noticed a smile on their faces. This night was too long. I slapped Pete on the buttocks again and he cursed and slammed my ass.

- Now what? - he growled, hanging from my shoulder. - Feeling nice?

He squized my cheeks and cackled.

- Nice ass - he whispered and chuckled again.

I laughed loudly, even though I was tired now. Soon after, I was able to drag him to our bedroom. I put him on the bed and started taking off clothes myself. I was exhausted. Pete looked at me with his drunken eyes and whistled.

- You look just like my man - he said. - Though he's hotter.

Then he fell on his back and snored. This time he really fell asleep.

I stared at him for a moment, a smile wandered across my lips as I carefully removed his pants and covered him with the duvet. I wanted to eat him here and now, but we were both too exhausted, so this time I just decided to fall asleep with him in my arms. What a night.

Chapter 3: This Person I Named "Home"

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL NICE WORDS, THEY MEAN A LOT FOR ME!

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PETE:

I was awakened by the hard knock of the bathroom door. Then in my ears echoed footsteps and happy whistling. I felt pain, my head was throbbing mercilessly and my throat was dry like a desert. I didn't open my eyes, and yet the sharp rays of the sun hit my eyelids with incredible force. How I regretted drinking yesterday. I could settle for two or three shots, but Porsche kept pouring me alcohol and somehow I couldn't refuse him. Something clicked and I began to pray, feeling nauseous approaching.

- Drink this - the voice asked, pressing the cool glass into my hand.

I put it to my mouth quickly and poured liquid down my throat. How wonderful it was to taste plain water. I breathed a sigh of relief, but was still afraid to open my eyes. I knew who came to my rescue and the events of last night flickered in my head creating a pile of bizarre scenes.

- Thank you - I just moved my mouth without really making a sound, then felt the mattress buckle against the edge.

The cold material fell over my forehead, and I groaned with joy. This was what I needed. The hot head wasn't throbbing as much as before, so I opened my eyes with difficulty, squinting against the light.

- Turn it off - I asked, whispering, and Vegas laughed softly.

I felt his laugh echoing in my head, as if at least he had put a megaphone to his lips.

- Don't scream - I grabbed his hand, squeezing it tighter while he clicked on pilot, which pulled back the curtains.

I breathed a breath, lying in the twilight again. I opened my eyes wider, trying to see Vegas's face hidden in the shadows. He looked at me anxiously, then pulled his hand out of mine and gently rubbed my temple.

- Don't stop - I moved my mouth again, though no sound came out.

- I have to leave soon - he said softly, and I frowned. - Kinn "asked" me for a meeting.

His voice changed with word "asked" and I realized it was not at invitation but an order. I nodded hesitantly, took his hand from my forehead and kissed the middle of it gently.

- Should I ask for food for you? - he got up from the bed.

When I heard him, I shuddered, feeling yesterday's fluids build up in my throat. I quickly denied any food, then, with a groan, turned my head, pressing it against the pillow. I felt Vegas's lips touch the tip of it and he once again chuckled.

- I'll be back as soon as possible - he promised, and soon enough was gone.

I stayed there for a while, barely alive, until I finally decided to get up. I slowly made my way to the bathroom, took care of all my needs, and took a long, cold shower.

When I finally got out of there, I felt so much better. I still didn't feel like eating, but I was able to walk freely again and my head wasn't throbbing as if it was about to explode. My little victory today. I smirked as I walked over to Vegas's office. I was still smiling when my gaze fell on his laptop. The words of Porsche rumbled in my head.

- No, no, no - I muttered to myself.

I shouldn't be looking at his folders. For a moment a wild thought appeared in my head, but we trust each other, we move forward together, so there is no need to dig up the past. *I love Vegas, I would give my life for him, and Porsche? Porsche, as usual, talks nonsense. I am sure, 100% convinced, that I will not find anything like that there. Relax, Pete, don't get stressed.*

With these thoughts, I sat down at his laptop and started it up. My heart was trembling with anxiety, and I was still persuading myself not to. My hands, however, were already searching the disk, just like they used to before. I stopped my fingers just above the keyboard when I saw a familiar folder. I swallowed hard, went inside, and here they were. More than a dozen movies, each with someone else. For a moment I had the feeling that the head rumbling came back to me.

- Son of a bitch - I said, but oddly enough, I wasn't angry.

A few extra clicks, and I knew no one had visited this folder in

months. However, I wanted everything to disappear, but not deleted by me, but by Vegas. I needed it. I grabbed the phone to call him, but he sent me a message an hour ago that the meeting was taking longer than it should. I decided not to disturb him, but to wait politely for his return. Instead, I dialed Nop and asked for a big bowl of popcorn. I had a strange desire to put on an adult movie show. Starring? My man, a real king between porn stars.

***

At first it was weird seeing all these things. I felt out of place, and every time one of them shouted Vegas's name, my hands spontaneously clenched into fists. I cursed silently both them and him, but halfway through the popcorn bowl, I began to notice details I had missed before.

My eyes only focused on Vegas, and I could see that he was wearing the same unpleasant mask before each intercourse. I guess he enjoyed recording the fucking of ex-Kinn more than having sex alone. His face was dead, nothing shining in his beautiful chocolate eyes. There was only emptiness. When he made love to me, his whole face was glowing, and I could see sparks pouring from his pupils, which almost burned my body. There was nothing here, however.

Additionally, he never kissed them on the lips. He bit, licked, sucked, but did not allow himself or them to touch his mouth. In one of the films, a young, fair-haired boy surprised Vegas with a peck, but he slapped him in the face, leaving red mark on him. Then he grabbed the back of his head and pressed it against the pillow. The rest was as brutal as the beginning. It was evident how furious he was for that quick contact.

I remembered how, one morning, Vegas bent over me as soon as I woke up. He wanted to kiss me, but I turned my face away quickly, I hadn't brushed my teeth yet. He gripped my chin tighter, pressed a long kiss on my pursed lips, and then prohibited to move away from him at such moments in the future.

- I don't care if you alredy brushed your teeth or not - he assured me, hugging my back.

I watched now how he was pissed off because of the blonde fuckboy and a dark smile appeared on my face as that memory surfaced. Each of these men meant nothing to Vegas. You might as well put an inflatable doll in their place and the effect would be the same. The only concern I ever had was related to Porsche, honestly. I remember how strongly Vegas tried to pursue him. Sometimes when they are next to each other I feel this big lump in my throat, cause damn, they always look good together.

I would be lying if I said that I have no anxiety about these two. I

trust Vegas and I trust Porsche, I don't just trust myself. Compared to Kinn's boyfriend, well, I don't look as good. To add to all that, Porsche is also very charismatic and full of energy. He says what he thinks and does what he feels, people love it about him. I can't be like this, never could. So when I see them together, after all that has happened, I have the feeling one word from Porsche and my world would cease to exist.

I pinched my leg angrily, scolding myself inside for the stupid things that had just come to my mind. One of the last videos was just starting when my phone rang loudly.

I picked it up without looking who was calling, and just as Vegas said my name, a voice on the laptop screamed "harder, yeah that's right, show me more, baby!"

I shuddered and tried to pause the video quickly, but the screen was frozen as if in spite.

- What the hell?! - I heard, and then there was only a screeching of tires and the conversation was interrupted.

- Well - I shrugged, waiting for what would happen soon, and after a dozen or so minutes, a breathless Vegas ran into the room.

He stared at me with death in his eyes, but seeing me in front of the laptop, dressed in his bathrobe, he took big breath in and out, trying to calm himself. Just in case, he bursted into the bedroom and then into the bathroom, looking around.

- What the fuck, Pete? - he growled, slapping his hands on the table, and someone on the laptop moaned again.

- Stop Vegas! It hurts, not so strong, I can't do this anymore - cried some brunet, and I did not take my eyes off the shocked face of my lover.

- What are you watching? - He quickly walked around the table and looked at the screen, then froze and turned pale. - I... I can explain it!

I still didn't say anything, just looked at him. His hair was disheveled, beads of sweat appeared on his skin, you can see that he was running up the stairs because his breathing was quicker. *He was running to ME.* I felt something grow inside me. Hunger. Oh yeah, I was hungry.

- It's not what you think - he explained, and I watched the rapid movement of his chest, feeling the skin on my fingers tingling to touch him. - I just forgot about that damn folder!

Vegas was expecting a reaction from me, but before I could do anything, he exclaimed.

- Is that what you meant yesterday?! - he reminded me of how I cried on his shoulder. - God, Pete. You thought I recorded you?! I would never do that!

I frowned. One stupid thought popped into my head after his words.

- I'm not good enough to record me? - I do not know why I said that, but his assurances, how much he would not do it, crawl under my skin. He didn't have to reassure me so strongly.

- No, you are - he replied immediately, and then he began to tangle. - I mean, of course you are and if you want to, I will record you, no problem, but I mean, I wouldn't record you like them.

Then he slapped his hands on the table again and looked at me angrily.

- I mean, no, I wouldn't record you - he waved a finger menacingly in front of my face. - There will be no recordings of you, Pete. If it got out somewhere, I'd kill everyone! But that's not what I wanted to say. - He looked at the screen again. - They don't mean anything, they really don't!

- Okay - I replied, nothing more, just that one little word.

For some reason, it caused a panic in Vegas.

- Believe me - then he grabbed the laptop and smashed it to the floor before I could stop him. - You see? They mean nothing!

- Vegas! - I screamed, then rubbed my forehead nervously. - You know this laptop had all the minor family business files, right?

- Oh - he merely replied, then picked up what was left of the laptop and carefully laid it on the table.

- Most of the data I managed to secure elsewhere, but some things were still waiting for it.

I shook my head and then looked more gently at him.

- I know they meant nothing - I assured him. - I just wanted you to delete that damn folder. You didn't have to destroy your laptop for this!

I will never admit aloud how much his reaction meant to me. I was barefoot and there were little bits of casing and screen around me, so I raised my hands towards Vegas and he grabbed my ass and lifted me up. I wrapped my legs around his waist and let him move, but as he turned into the bedroom I slapped him on the head.

- Kitchen - I demanded, hearing my stomach growl.

We left the room and he quickly asked one of the bodyguards, named Pak, to clean his office and I was just laying there, in his arms, red as tomato, trying to avoid Pak face. He was still very young and he always treated me as his mentor. *This is embarrasing.*

- You're really not mad about this? - Vegas asked, carrying me down the stairs.

- I'm not - I kissed his cheek. - I admit, when Porsche mentioned these films yesterday, I was scared, but it was simply alcohol that confused my mind.

- Porsche - Vegas repeated after me, I could hear the hint of anger in his voice.

Good luck, Porsche, my poor friend. I thought and then Vegas put me down on counter.

VEGAS:

I took a box of instant ramen out of one of the drawers and set the water on the fire. I glanced at Pete every now and then, but he was waving his legs happily, singing something about food under his breath. The nerves dropped off my shoulders, although a moment ago I felt that this would be my end. Goddamn it, I forgot about those stupid movies. Since Pete showed up, I didn't record anything, and then after he escaped, I didn't even touch my laptop. I was living like a dead man then, I didn't care about anything, especially work or revenge. My whole plan had ceased to exist much earlier, but I couldn't admit it then. Fortunately, those recordings are gone now. I sighed with relief. *I'm gonna fuck you up, Porsche!*

Meanwhile, Nop entered the kitchen, holding a little monster in his arms.

- Venice - Pete's cheerful voice echoed in the kitchen, and the devil smiled at him.

Soon after he was in his arms. *Lucky bastard.* I sighed because I wanted to be hugged by him like that. Nop was talking to Pete about the little one, and I was looking at them and I had a feeling I didn't fit in the picture. I didn't do well with the kids, they must have felt my dark aura because they cried a lot in my company. Venice was no different. Pete kept saying I just had to spend more time with him, but we didn't have any common topics, and hugging and carrying him wasn't something I wanted to do. This kid had something of my father about him, I saw more of our genes in him than that stupid slut, but that was no good at all. The whole family is messed up, so he'll probably be just as fucked up as we.

I poured the boiling water to the box while being careful to not add it above the correct line and carefully took it to Pete. Already on the stairs I felt his stomach growling with hunger, so I did not want him to wait long. Nop was gone and the baby wouldn't let Pete eat, so he held it out towards me.

- No thanks - I replied, taking a step back, but he looked at me with those innocent, big eyes.

- Vegas, na? - he began in a sweet voice and I felt my knees soften. - Please, naaa?

Reluctantly, I reached out to the baby and held it in front of me, not even knowing what to do next. Pete laughed at me as he gulped down food quickly, but I yelled at him because I was afraid he

would have a stomachache later on. He gave me a sweet smile that lit up his entire face and slowed down with eating. A few drops of the broth fell on his finger, and without taking his eyes off mine, he licked them and blinked provocatively.

- Damn you - I couldn't help but think of sinful thoughts, and I had a child in my arms!

I was just looking for a place to put Venice away when Macau entered the kitchen. His hair was wet, it was obvious that he had just come out of the shower. He wore only boxer shorts and a bathrobe. In hand he held a towel with which he was still wiping the dripping strands.

- Shiaaa - he screamed at the sight of us and quickly tied the laps of his robe.

Pete and I both raised our eyebrows.

- Who would have thought you were such a prude? - I laughed, and he just stuck his tongue out at me and walked over to Pete.

- Phi Pete - he began, then looked at what he was eating and shuddered. - I remember Phi Pete saying he would never eat an instant noodles again if Phi Vegas wakes up.

Macau shook his head as he walked over to the refrigerator, and I looked at my flushed-faced lover.

- You know what, Pete...

- It's you! - Pete interrupted and pointed in my direction menacingly. - It was your brother who prepared this for me, Macau! Devil's meal.

Then he lifted the box to his face and quickly swallowed the rest of the food. I saw happiness shining through him. I couldn't stop myself also from smiling.

- How was school, Macau? - Pete asked at the same time.

Macau slowly turned to us and shrugged again.

- As always - he didn't like school, just like me.

We were both intelligent enough to know that school would not prepare us for the life we lived, but Pete was looking at Macau with concern. *He truly loves and cares about this little man.*

- I have the same experience - I replied, and we gave each other loud high five. - It's normal in our family to not enjoy such trivial things like school, we are rebels.

Pete huffed, then got off the table.

- Well look at that, two-bit rebels, for who school is not good enough place. Someone would say you two think you know everything, so smart but can't even properly prepare noodles. - he mocked me, making me remember my first attempt with this damn thing. I poured so much water back then that even Pete refused to touch it and he loves to eat.

I saw him grabbing glass and pouring water into it. Macau laughed out loud, and I felt warm feeling inside. It was nice seeing him so relaxed. Before, when our father was alive, Macau hadn't smiled very often, especially in front of others. But now I could see the fine lines on his face, as if he was laughing endlessly every day. I was glad, then looked at Pete's back. *You did this, you did this alone. He is like this thanks to you.*

I saw my brother going out of the kitchen taking Venice with him, so I surreptitiously walked over to Pete and kissed him on the back of the neck. He shuddered and leaned against me, so I reached out and wrapped my arms around his waist. He drank the water slowly and I put my head on his shoulder and greedily inhaled his scent.

- Thank you - I blurted out, but his thoughts must have been far away because he didn't hear me.

- Hm? - He looked at me as if asking to repeat what I just said, and I kissed his cheek and pressed my head again between his neck and shoulder.

- Nothing, sweetie.

He patted my head saying something about being stupid and when I tried to bite him as punishment, the phone in my pocket rang out.

I answered quickly, stepping back a little from Pete, but there was a silence on the phone.

- Hello? - I pressed my cell phone tighter to my ear.

Crackling filled the silence, then someone started laughing like a crazy sleepwalker. I frowned because phone calls like this had been haunting me for several days.

- What the fuck? - I growled, and then a strange, electronically altered voice asked.

- Macau or Pete?

The stranger hung up immediately after it. I felt cold on my back. Chills leapt from the bottom of my body to my neck and something familiar crawled in my head. *Danger.* It was approaching us with great strides, and I did not even know from which side. *Dammit!*

MACAU:

I didn't want to disturb my brother, so as soon as I grabbed my snacks from the fridge, I picked up Venice and headed for the door. Before it closed, I saw Vegas lean over Pete, hugging him against his back. The broad smile flashed across my face again. Phi was lucky. My brother has finally found what he has been looking for all his life, although he probably not know he was always looking for it. I never told Vegas that, but I prayed every day that he would be finally free from the horror that this place was. I didn't think this

rescue would come from Pete's side, though.

I still remembered the times when he had been following us. Phi Pete wasn't the best at this job, but you could see he was trying very hard. Once, when he followed us into the cinema, instead of looking at a movie, I looked at him and then noticed that his eyes were changing slightly as he watched my brother. I don't think he realizes that back then. This day, before we left, Vegas approached the sleeping Pete, scratched something on a piece of paper, and then, surprisingly, touched the strand of his hair that fell over forehead. I knew my brother enough to know he was interested in Pete.

How did these two find their way to each other? I do not know. All I know is that they were inseparable now, and Vegas is no longer filled with hatred. A win for all of us.

I had just put Venice in his crib when my phone rang. I looked at the screen curiously, but the number that appeared there was strange to me. I clicked on the incoming message and frowned, not understanding what was going on. "Good luck, kid. You'll need it," was displayed in front of my face. I scratched my head and decided to ignore it, thinking someone had mistaken the number. I kissed Venice on the forehead. He looked a lot like little Vegas. You could see all the resemblance while watching his photos when he was still a baby. Maybe that's why I accepted Venice so quickly. I kissed him once again and then I went to my bedroom. It was time to watch some good movie and relax.

Chapter 4: We Are All In This Together as Family

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS +18 PARTS!

VEGAS:

It was night already. The clock had just struck two in the morning, and I was sitting naked on the couch. It was dark all around, but my eyes were focused on the monotonously rising and falling chest of my lover, who had been sleeping soundly for several hours now. I could only see the shadow moving on the bed, but that was enough for me. I don't know when I grabbed the lighter and started to play with it, I turned it on and off, and the silence was interrupted by a specific sound it makes.

I could not sleep. I was still thinking about the phone I received. Previously, no one spoke on the other side, but this time I heard a voice, although it was probably computer-altered. A shudder of anxiety ran down my spine again, and for the hundredth time that night, I ran in my mind through all the people I thought might have had something to do with it. The best chances here were from the Yakuza or the Italians, but I had no particular clue whatsoever. Maybe it would be easier for me to find this person if I hadn't made so many enemies over the years.

Now, unfortunately, I wandered like a child in the fog, and my anxiety grew. Plus, I haven't told Pete everything yet, but I didn't know how to start. I narrowed my eyes and the figure on the bed moved slightly.

- Vegas?

- I'm here, honey - Pete's eyes turned to me.

He rubbed his face, looked at the clock and then at me.

- Why are you awake, you idiot? - He got up while saying it, and walked lazily to me.

I closed the lighter and let him sit on my lap. He settled down comfortably, the fabric of his boxer shorts tickling my bare hips. Pete rested his head on my shoulder and snuggled closer.

- Vegas - he began, and I felt his warm breath against my neck. - What's happening?

I knew that my reaction to the call I've received this evening worried him. When he asked who was it, I replied that I did not know and he did not pursue the topic anymore. This time, however, I felt the determination in his question. I had to tell him, though I was afraid of what he would do.

- For the past few days - I took a deep breath - I'm receiving some weird dead calls.

Then I told him everything. How at different times, completely unrelated to each other, I get a calls from a foreign number, and then I hear crackling and strange laughter in the receiver. How the number is not traceable. How the person on the other side never says anything, but always makes that damn cackle, and how the first time they spoke happened just yesterday.

- Pete or Macau? - he repeated after me, then lifted his head, took my face in his hands and came closer until we touched our noses. - I want to beat you, how could you hide it from me?!

He wasn't angry, there was more nervousness in his voice than anger.

- Sorry - I brushed his lips, knowing he was right. - I really thought it was nothing, and then this stupid question came up and I can't get it out of my head right now.

Pete's hands moved higher and began to gently massage my temples.

- We'll find the perpetrator - he promised - and nothing will happen to me or Macau.

He had something in his voice, some strange force that immediately made me relax. I threw the lighter on the table and placed my hands on his narrow waist. Since we moved in together, Pete has stopped wearing any pajamas to bed, sleeping mostly in boxer shorts or naked. I loved it. Now my fingers ran lasciviously over the edge of the fabric and crept inside until they encircled his buttocks. I squeezed them gently and brushed his lips again.

He moaned softly as he continued massaging me. He arched his head back, tempting me with the sight of his stretched neck. There were still my hickeys on him.

- Pete - I began pleadingly. - I would like to...

He moved before I finished. He pressed his body tighter against mine until I felt a fire rising. His hips moved back and forth, and we felt like we were making love, though we were still separated by the fabric of his boxers. My fingers began to circle around his hole, but he grabbed them and placed them on his chest. I could feel his heart beating fast. God, I wanted to consume him.

- Let me - His movements sped up.

The material was pressing harder against me, and I was already rock hard. I squeezed his flat breasts, teasing hardened nipples until he groaned. I wanted to move. I wanted to go into him right now and fuck him till we dropped dead. I wanted to throw his sexy body on the bed and never get out of it again. But I also wanted to slowly drive him crazy. Spend hours, no, days, kissing and licking his skin until there was no space left unmarked by me.

But he allowed me to do nothing more than play with his chest.

- Pete! - I snapped as he slowed down because I felt I was close to fulfilling. *If only he would let me...*

Pete's hand passed between our bodies. I could see the material sliding back and him pushing my hard cock down until I could feel his skin against mine. I wasn't inside yet, I was just pressing down on his buttocks, sliding back and forth, but the feeling of his body was amazing.

- Holy shit - I cursed, and he sped up again.

He rode me like this for a good few minutes, our moans overlapping each other, and one of my hands moved to his neck. I felt his larynx under my fingers, he swallowed and I gently squeezed his neck.

- Aaah - he blurted then gave me a sensual look.

- More! - he demanded and I pressed again.

- Ve ... Vegas! - Pete fell hard, riding my hips like a madman.

- I'm coming - I squeezed his larynx one more time and bit his swollen nipple, then we both came like crazy.

It was hard for me to take a breath and I could tell, he was also struggling. Before I could do anything, Pete got up from my hips and I saw a trickle of white liquid running down his leg. I shivered as I felt my body reacting to him again. Instead of walking away, he quickly pulled off his soiled boxer shorts and sat down on my lap again, just like before.

- Don't even flinch - he ordered, and his hand went to the back.

- Aaaah - he groaned, and I knew Pete was getting ready for me.

His fingers must have been working very smoothly because he was moaning and writhing amok. I wanted to touch it, but before my hand reached his buttocks, I felt a slap on it.

- Vegas, no - he ordered once again, then throw me a scowl. - Just

sit here.

The next minutes were sheer anguish. My penis was as stiff as ever, and Pete squirmed on my legs with one hand tucked behind his back and the other on my shoulder. Scratching, squeezing my muscles, then massaging the same place, just under collarbone. I was about to ditch it all and get into him immediately when he stopped. He had his eyes closed all this time, but now he opened them, reaching out to my manhood and caressing the tip of it. I hissed.

- Vegas - he whispered softly, and I felt him pushing me slowly into his hole. - Such a naughty thing...

Something exploded in my head. I felt my whole body tremble as he took me within him, millimeter by millimeter. His insides tightly enveloped me and I almost came. But I gritted my teeth, not wanting it to end so quickly. Pete took his time. Minutes passed and he lazily descended until I finally filled him to the end.

- Ahhhhhh - he breathed aloud and then his face lit up with a smile.

- Everything will be fine - Pete assured me, sitting still. - I will not lose you and you will not lose me.

I couldn't even answer him. There was a void in my head. All I felt was unbridled delight. Pete's words were reaching me from a distance. He carefully rose and fell on my hard cock, whispering words of encouragement.

- Fuck - I hissed, knowing that I was close to the breaking point.

Pete, however, would not allow me to make any movement. As soon as I lifted my hips he would stop doing anything and scold me. It was the worst torture I had ever experienced. And the best.

I decided to do what he asked for and stopped moving completely. My fingers dug hard on the couch and I gave Pete total control. He could ride me as he wished. Even if it would kill me.

- Good boy - I heard, and then my head sank back against the backrest.

I watched lasciviously as Pete's body rose above me and fell. How his hips squeeze mine, how his lips tremble with desire, and he groans endlessly. He picked up the pace and I knew we were both on the edge, but neither of us could cross it.

- Vegas! - This time, I heard a request in Pete's voice.

He wanted to come, I knew it, but he was missing something. We were so close, we were almost there. The pre-cum was flowing profusely from his hard cock, dirtying our stomachs rubbing against each other. That wasn't it, though.

- Vegas, help me - his hand slapped me delicately on the chest. - I'm so close, ahhhhh.

- But honey, well, I was supposed to do nothing, remember? - I didn't move, waiting for him to beg me.

He fell faster and faster on my hips, made circles with his body, then pressed and tightened on me but he couldn't reach it. Pete slowed down again and tried to take me deeper into him.

- Bastard - he hissed, and slapped me on the chest again.

- You have to say "Khun Vegas, please fuck me with your big, hard dick" - Pete snorted at this, but I didn't flinch.

- Holy shit, move you bastard! - he was so close, we were both, only one or two moves were needed.

I laughed and repeated.

- "Khun Vegas, please fuck me with your big, hard dick." - I dug my fingers harder on the couch, waiting for Pete to give up. - Come on, baby.

- Go to hell! - he grabbed my shoulders and squeezed them tightly.

I was sure I've lost this battle when suddenly he blushed even harder.

- Khu... Khun Vegas... - He began in a trembling tone, then bit his lower lip and fell on me.

- Come on - I encouraged him, and he gave me a murderous look.

- Please...

- Say whole sentence, Pete.

Oh how nice it was to be in control.

- Khun... Khun Vegas, please fuck me with your big, hard dick - Pete blurted out in one breath and I grabbed his hips and before he finished speaking, I got up, pulling him down hard.

One move was enough for both of us to get there. I pushed on him hard, while feeling warm cum filling him completely. I was breathless, and Pete was having trouble breathing as well. His head fell against my chest and I could only hear our hearts pounding at an incredible speed. I kissed his head and carefully lifted him up. He didn't even flinch when I took him to the bathroom. Soon after, it was filled with our groans.

***

When we finally went to bed, I looked at Pete peaceful face.

- Sometimes I have the impression that you are only an illusion and I will wake up in a moment alone - I whispered.

Pete reached out for my hand and place it near his heart.

- Does it feel like illusion? -he asked, and I put my head to that spot and listened to the steady beating. It calmed me.

- Wait - Pete said, and stood up for a moment, reaching for something in a drawer.

Then he rested my head against his chest once again and grasped

my left hand, ring finger. I felt something cool slide on top of him, and as I brought it closer to my face, I saw a thin silver ring. Very simple cut.

- I know it's not fancy enough - Pete said - but I wanted you to have it. It's my grandpa ring, he gave it to me recently. I wanted to give it to you on your birthday, well, this occassion seems as good.

My heart was throbbing from happiness.

- It's perfect - I assured him and kissed his cheek, then chin and finally I've reached his mouth.

This time there was nothing sexual about the kiss, just a gentle caress of the lips. We spent long time like this before we got overwhelmed by sleep.

PETE:

I watched Vegas work in the office. I had Venice in my arms, and he looked at me curiously, holding little hands out to me. I thought about what to do for a long time and although I was not sure if my actions would help with anything, I made my decision.

- I'll be out for a while - I said, and Vegas quickly looked up at me. - I'd like to visit Porsche.

I could see that he did not like the idea, it is possible that he remembered the last things that Porsche told me.

- I'll take Venice with me, let him get to know the rest of the family better - I added, and Vegas sighed.

- Take at least two bodyguards with you.

I didn't want to argue, so I nodded and kissed him on the forehead for a goodbye.

- I'll be back soon - I said, but I could see the concern in his eyes.

- Pick up the phone - he added. - Do not turn off the sound, so you can hear it in case you need to. If you are low on batteries, ask them for a charger, surely one of them has one.

Vegas got up and followed me into the Venice room. I put the little one in the cradle for a second and took the baby carrier out of the wardrobe and started to put it on.

- Don't go anywhere alone - Vegas said, and I let him talk even though I was a grown man and, my god, a bodyguard for many years, but if that helped to ease his anxiety, Vegas might have flooded me with words. - Don't listen to what Porsche says, he always talks nonsense.

I was struggling with the zipper, Vegas came up to me and put the carrier correctly. He fastened everything and stepped back a little, assessing his work.

- And don't be convinced by this bastard, Khun - I walked over to the cradle and he continued talking. - If he wants you to stay, then don't agree.

- Vegas - I cut him off this time.

I had been standing with Venice in baby carrier for several minutes, while holding a bag filled with diapers and food in one hand. We were ready to leave and we both grew impatiently.

- I'm going out for a moment, really - then I kissed his cheek once and twice. - I'll be back before you know it.

- Let it be - he sighed, kissed me as well, leaned over Venice and commanded. - Keep an eye on him.

I laughed at the image of a few months old baby guarding me. Vegas seems crazy. We left and he escorted me to the car door, then repeated the same words he had spoken to Venice to the security guards. *Stupid.*

- Go, finish your work - I ordered, and then the car started to move.

Vegas's silhouette didn't disappear in the house until we drove off. Nothing unusual happened along the way. Venice looked at me with a smile, it's strange, but every time I was around him, I could feel his gaze on me. No matter how many people entertained him, his gaze somehow reached me as soon as he sensed my presence. And he always smiled at me. Venice looked at the others mostly with superiority, which made me cry with laughter. I used to joke that Venice and Vegas were like two drops of water, but he shook his head in denial. We arrived safely and I led two security guards to the dining room and left them there.

- We're safe here, you can take care of yourselves, too - I assured, then went on my search. I had to find two people and avoid one. *I'm sorry Phi Tankhun, but we can't meet today. At least not now.*

I carefully went to the second floor where Kinn's room is and knocked. It was quiet for a moment and then the door flew open. I hugged Venice tighter, but he only looked at the boss Kinn in front of me and didn't find him interesting because he focused on me again.

- Oh, it's you, Pete - Kinn said, and invited me in.

- Khun Kinn - I folded my hands in greeting and walked deeper into the room. - I'm actually looking for Porsche.

As soon as I said that, my friend left the bedroom while straightening his shirt. He had messy hair and puffy lips. I think I interrupted them with something.

- Pete - the anger vanished from Porsche's face and he tossed me one of his smiles. - What brings you to us?

- Khun Kinn - before I answered, I took Venice out of the carrier and put him in Kinn's hands. - I'll lend your lover for a while.

Then I ran over to the Porsche and before my ex-boss could react, we were already out the door.

- But I don't know anything about kids, PETE?! - we heard and then the hall was filled with my friend's laughter.

- Good for him. This maniac can't keep his hands off me - he said, putting his arm around my neck and following me toward Kim's room. - What are you trying to do?

- I'll tell you in a moment - I knocked on the door.

This time Porschay opened for me, so I grabbed his hand right away and just pulled boy out, then headed to my old room.

- I need to talk to you both - I said, and the brothers followed me without asking. *That's why I liked them so much.*

We went in and I locked the door, then looked at their curious faces.

- Porsche, Porschay - I started, and they both raised their eyebrows at the same time. - You have to help me.

Then I told them about Vegas and the phones and what the voice on the phone had said recently. Porsche's face grew darker with each word.

- That's why I want you to watch over Macau, Porschay - I said - at school I mean. You don't have to follow him or anything, but if you just see a stranger who is curious about him, let me know.

- No problem, Phi Pete - I felt boy hand on my back and then he patted me as if to cheer me up.

- Okay - his older brother also agreed to my plan - but be careful, Chay! No fooling around, just pay more attention to him.

- I know, I know - The brothers looked at each other and I had the feeling that they were saying a lot more with their eyes than what I heard.

My attention has now turned to Porsche.

- If something happened in business, would you warn me?

Friend looked at me and nodded.

- Now nothing comes to my mind, there is probably a lot of people who would suddenly want to attack us but no one specifically - he assured. - But I will listen and when I find out something, I will tell you.

He put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed it.

- Don't worry, I won't let them hurt you or your family - he had something in his voice that convinced me.

- Don't mention this to anyone - then I gave them a hard look. - Nobody!

They nodded in assurance, knewing I meant Kim and Kinn, and then Porschay returned to his room.

We were sitting and talking when Tankhun burst inside like a typhoon. I forgot to lock doors after Porschay departure. *At least I managed to talk privately.*

Khun was dressed completely in red, his hair also was the color of wine and in his hands he had Venice, who was too stunned to speak. Figuratively, of course.

- Pete, you bastard! - He shouted and my baby looked at him with furrowed brows.

I really saw Vegas when I looked at this child.

- Mr. Tankhun, sir - I raised my hands in greeting, and he pretended to cry.

- To show up here and not visit me - I looked at him nervously, then at Venice and I wasn't sure which of them was really a kid here.

- Shut up, Khun! - Porsche growled, and I took the little one from Tankhun's hands.

I felt safer when no one crazy was holding him. After a few minutes, Pol and Arm also ran into the room and I knew that I would not leave soon.

It wasn't until Venice started to rebel that I apologized to everyone and left. Before the car pulled into our driveway, Vegas was already on the sidewalk, waiting.

- I was about to go and get you - he grunted, taking the bag from me. I nodded, hiding a smile. *Does he even understand how cute he is?!*

I was glad of my conversation with brothers. Porschay wasn't able to defend Macau, of course, but he could keep me informed if anything bad happen. For a brief moment I thought about asking someone to follow the boy, but I remembered how it ended last time. Luckily first part of my plan ended succesfully. I also knew that Vegas probably planned something on its own, no one could threaten me or his brother. No matter who the caller is, I was not afraid. With that in mind, I handed Venice over to Nop and went into the kitchen.

MACAU:

Recently, I had the strange feeling that someone was following me. I didn't see anyone who could disturbing me, but from the back of my head, I could always feel someone's eyes. Maybe it is paranoia, maybe I am slowly coming to the madness that has become embedded in my family's genes, or maybe I am just oversensitive. I do not know.

Nothing dangerous had happened so far, so I decided to ignore the strange feeling. My therapist says I get fixated on certain things. This is why I probably have slowly brought myself to a depressed state. For many years I had been fighting with myself, trying to somehow survive each new day, and then suddenly my father died, Vegas went into a coma and my stepmother wanted to throw me

out of the house. I would have given up if it weren't for Pete.

I remember how he came to our house that day. The witch had another one of her attacks and she started throwing my clothes on the ground, and I didn't know if I wanted to strangle her or myself more. Pete stood in front of me and told her coldly to get out of my bedroom. She hit him then, which I never mentioned to Vegas, at Pete's request.

His face did not even twitch from the impact of her hand, but his gaze went down a few degrees and it felt as if the room was suddenly cold. That's when I realized how scary Pete could be. He doesn't have the fury of Vegas, quite the contrary. Pete's anger is cool, controlled, and perhaps that makes him a lot scarier. As soon as my stepmother left, Pete grabbed me and hugged me tightly.

- Everything will be fine - he assured me, and did not let me go out of his arms.

Then I cried for the second time. I cried long and bitterly and he just stood there and shared with me his body heat. First, he encouraged me in the hospital, now he gave me strength when I was fed up with everything. I did not think that I would meet such a person.

Soon after, I threw the witch out of the house myself, and Pete arranged for a therapist for me. I didn't want to see him at first, I didn't want to feel like crazy person. I was afraid of what he would say, but Pete went with me to each visit, and even if he didn't come inside, he would sit and wait for me so we could leave together. Thanks to him I was never alone with my problems. I felt that this is what the family should look like. Before, only my brother cared about me, now suddenly there was someone new, although a stranger, who was taking care of me. I love Pete, not like Vegas loves him of course. I love him like a family member.

Now, when I entered the kitchen, Pete was sitting at the table eating curry. How could he eat such spicy food? I will never understand the people from South. He smiled and greeted me, and I sat down next to him.

- Glad to see you, Macau - he began, wiping his hands. - I have something for you.

- Huh? - I was curious what he decided to give me this time, and he pulled out a small box and handed it to me.

Inside, I saw a black strap with silver thread. Completely my style.

- I saw it recently and I thought of you - Pete winked at me.

- Thank you, Phi - I held out my hand and he helped me put it on.

We were talking about trivial things when my phone rang out. I looked at the screen and saw a message from Porsche brother. We

were not close to each other, but we did talk a few times.

"Macau, can I go to school with you? Kim won't be able to drive me for a while, please, naaa," I read and then smiled. Chay seemed nice, so I wrote back "sure" and went back to talk more to Pete. Soon after, Vegas came down to us and more meals appeared on the table.

- You don't know anything about good food - Pete muttered, watching us both eat spaghetti.

- The fact that we don't burn our mouths out every time we eat doesn't mean we don't know what's good - Vegas barked back and I laughed.

They argued with each other for a while longer, and the kitchen was filled with screams and laughter. Just like home.

Chapter 5.1: True Nature of Tamed Beast

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

THIS CHAPTER INVOLVES PHYSICAL VIOLENCE! I'VE DECIDED TO PUT WHOLE 5TH CHAPTER AS 5.1 VEGAS POV AND 5.2 PETE POV.

VEGAS:

The storm had been building up inside me for several days now. I couldn't find any information that would help me find the caller, and it infuriated me. I needed to know, I needed to know who he was, so I could protect my family, but nowhere was there a trace that would lead me to him. *God damn it!*

We were getting ready for a celebration of the final takeover of the main family's business by Kinn. I didn't want to go there but Pete hadn't left the house for several days because Venice had caught a cold. When the invitation came, I saw in my lover's eyes the urge to go out to people. He must have wanted it very much, because he, like me, was not very fond of such meetings. So I gave in, and now I was adjusting my snow-white suit.

- We look like complete opposites - Pete laughed as he left the bathroom.

He wore a tailored black suit. He stood beside me and we've looked like Yin and Yang. I took his hand and kissed the top of it.

- Ready? - He nodded back to me and just like that we headed for the door.

When we left the house, Macau was already waiting for us by the car. He was like a combination of Pete and me in his black and white outfit. We got in the car and Pete cracked the window open, giving Nop another instruction about Venice.

- We don't have to go if you're so worried - I was about to open

the door and leave when Pete's steel hand gripped my shoulder.

- Don't even think about it - he lowered his voice, and I felt shivers all on my body. - We're going, Pok!

Then he closed the window, waved goodbye to the rest of the bodyguards, and we were on our way. Pete has talked with Macau for awhile and I was just sitting silently, listening to their conversation. From this morning I had bad feeling, like something was whispering to me to be careful but I couldn't grip this weird force which was doing that.

After an hour's drive, we were able to get to our destination. Kinn had to spend a lot of money because he decided to rent two floors of a penthouse in the country's most expensive hotel. *As usual my idiotic cousin bragged about the money.*

- Pathetic - I muttered, stepping outside and reaching out to Pete.

He grabbed my hand and slipped out of the vehicle, looking around with his mouth wide open.

- Don't tell me it makes an impression on you? - I reluctantly watched his eyes begin to glow.

- Doesn't - he replied quickly. *Too quickly...*

- I can see - I slammed the door, laced my fingers around his, and pulled him in.

- It really doesn't! - he continued to defend himself, followed by Macau who was laughing secretly. - Boss Kinn must have spent so much money, unnecessarily! I was just shocked.

I raised my eyebrows in disbelief and we got into the elevator.

- You know they have cameras in the driveway - I started, and Pete slapped me on the chest. - I'm sure we could see you drooling while leaving the car. Your eyes turned to gold coins, they sparkled like crazy.

- But it's all because I saw your handsome face in full light - he said innocently and stuck his tongue out at me. *Crazy bastard, making me go wild every time he opens those cute mouths of his.*

We went up to first penthouse, handed the security staff invitations, and the crowd quickly surrounded us. Macau disappeared muttering something about Chay, so I let him go. Instead, I gripped Pete's hand tighter, feeling that otherwise I might lose him here. I winced because a few stares stuck to him, and they weren't innocent looks. *Why Pete had to be so cute?* Especially dressed entirely in black. He smiled at someone he recognized and waved, and the woman standing next to the table blushed. It's gonna be a tough night.

In the middle of the room you could see long buffet, filled with food and drinks. Next to walls, someone has put smaller tables, which were mostly taken by standing there guests. It was hard to

find some bigger space without any other human being. *Of course Kinn needed to invite whole town, fucking buffoon.*

I looked right then left and saw many business partners, not only from the country, but also from Japan and Italy. I frowned, wondering which of them had decided to play with me by using silent phone calls. Pete pulled me towards the host and, by squeezing between the people, we soon stood in front of Kinn and the Porsche.

- Congratulations, Boss Kinn - Pete said enthusiastically, and I rolled my eyes.

- Pete, I've asked you so many times not to call me that anymore.

- Exactly - Porsche added, then looked at Kinn. - Working with you gave him such a trauma that the boy cannot adapt to the new reality.

Kinn pinched Porsche and we laughed. Then the conversation shifted to business, but our partners weren't really interested. I felt Pete's hand slide out of mine, he pointed towards the food, and they both went to eat.

- And you found the perpetrator? - Kinn question distracted me from looking at my lover as he was walking away. *His ass looks great in those pants.*

- No - I answered, diverting my focus to Kinn. Anger filled my body again. - There's nothing to be found. Not even one fucking clue.

At one of the meetings I told my cousin about everything, and he, like me, began to worry. If someone attack me, they might as well attack Porsche who is now rulling minor family, or even someone from a major clan. This was something Kinn couldn't afford to happen.

- I didn't find anything either - he took a sip of champagne and looked at me. - Are you sure you haven't upset someone lately?

- More than usual? - I raised an eyebrow and grabbed my glass. - I was polite like some fucking angel.

I heard a laugh from him, but well, that was the truth. I was still sharp and firm in business, but I didn't do anything else. If my behavior hadn't provoked anyone before then why would a milder version of me provoke someone now?

- You even look like an angel in that white suit of yours - then his gaze fell on Pete for a second. -And Pete looks like a devil, all in black. What a twist, in fact it is completely the opposite in reality.

- Pete can be scarier than me - I only muttered, and then he and Porsche appeared next to us with plates full of food.

- You have to try this - Pete said, picking up some strange-looking snack to my mouth.

I wasn't hungry, but he looked at me with such a smile that I ate what he fed me.

- Nice - I nodded. Weirdly, I really liked it. He knew my taste perfectly.

Some time passed and Kinn and Porsche started to ignore us, focusing only on themselves, so I put down Pete's already empty plate, grabbed his hand, and we went to the second floor. It was a mirror image of the first one but additionally had a huge glass terrace. We approached one of the tables where was my long-term business partner, Mr. Mashimoto, a member of the Yakuza.

- Hello, Mr. Mashimoto - I began, and he surveyed Pete from top to bottom. - I'd like to introduce you to my lover, Phongsakorn Saengtham.

- Nice to meet you - he reached out to Pete, then grabbed his hand.

- Hello, sir. Please, call me Pete - he smiled at him, and I had the feeling that Mashimoto was holding my lover's hand a little too long.

He released Pete's fingers before I said anything and asked us to join him. Conversation went smoothly between us, though I could see him staring at Pete curiously. When Mashimoto turned to one of his companions, we could see a snake tattoo on his neck. Pete leaned over to me and whispered.

- Don't you think it looks cool? - He pointed to the reptile's tongue which was overlapping on man neck.

- No - I brushed Pete's hip where his tattoo was. - But I like yours very much. It turns me on.

I felt Pete tremble at my touch, and his eyes looked with a peculiar glow.

- Pervert - he whispered, and for a moment it was as if everything around us had stopped.

I leaned over to kiss him and that's when Mashimoto interrupted us, asking for one of the recent deliveries. I was just telling him about a prototype weapon he might have been interested in when I felt a vibration in my pocket. I quickly looked at the phone. *Holy shit, that number again.* I politely apologized for a second and went out onto the balcony.

- Listen, bastard - I started, but only heard the repeating itself question.

- Pete or Macau? Pete or Macau? Pete or Macau? Pete or Macau?

I turned quickly, just wanting to see if my baby was near my sight, and saw Mashimoto's hand brush his hip. Pete was surprised, I could see in his face that he froze, then the guy's fingers tightened on his buttock. Pete jumped up in surprise and stepped back

slightly, but Mashimoto's hand followed him, grabbing his waist, and all I could see was red. Jealousy flooded me like some fucking typhoon. I ended the connection, completely forgetting about that bastard and quickly headed for the table. My ears buzzed, the sounds merged into one loud rumble then I reached them. I grabbed Pete's arm and he hissed in pain, I must have used too much force, but I was over the line and my anger was out of control.

- Mr Mashimoto? - I started while throwing him my "shit will go down soon" smile, but he didn't seem to understand what awaited him.

- Vegas? - Pete felt my mood and tried to pull me away, but I grew into the ground and nothing could move me.

- Yes?

- Do you like your hands? - I asked softly and he looked at me with surprise.

- What's with the question, Vegas? - he laughed along with the rest of the crowd. - Of course I like them!

- Then better take them off my lover or I will cut them both - My voice was sweet as honey, but my eyes looked crazy.

- You know - Mashimoto let go of Pete quickly. - I had no idea this is your lover.

- Really? - This time I was seething with sarcasm. - Apparently me saying "let me introduce you to my lover, Phongsakorn Saengtham" wasn't enough for you to understand.

The atmosphere became dense, it could be cut with knife. Everyone fell silent, focusing on us and only one figure run downstairs, probably to forestall Kinn.

- Well I heard you like to sleep around, I've assumed this is just your fuck boy.

I froze when I noticed the contortions on Pete's face. That comment must have hurt him. My hand flew towards Mashimoto's cheek by itself. A loud slap could be heard all over the building.

- Never call him like that, or else I will end you - I threatened, and Pete pulled me.

- Let's get out of here - he ordered, this time I didn't obey him.

The bodyguard hired by Yakuza pulled out a gun, but before it turned towards me, Kinn and Porsche appeared.

- Enough! - Kinn growled and then stood in front of me. - Go to first penthouse with Pete and stay away from each other - he was already talking to me and Mashimoto.

I didn't took my eyes away from this bastard reddened face but Pete finally pulled me away.

- Shit, Vegas - he reprimanded me as we walked down the stairs. - You had to do this?!

I grabbed him by the arm and leaned firmly against the wall. He should be as mad as me. That fucking piece of shit touched him and we both knew he felt uncomfortable. So why he was questioning me?! Should I just leave it like it is?

- Don't - I just said, and he went silent - I can take a lot, Pete, but no one will touch you. No one!

- He's your business partner. - Pete tried to reason with me, but I dragged him downstairs.

- He was - I said, and grabbed another glass, drinking its contents all at once.

- I know you're angry - Pete began again.

- I'm not - I cut him off and narrowed my eyes. - I'm strategic. Staying parters with him would be damaging for my business and my health but I'd rather let you know now. I'm gonna punish him and then I'm gonna punish you.

- Me?! - he hardly swallowed. - I'm the victim here.

- Exactly, so why are you acting like my reaction is wrong when we both know you wanted to do it yourself?

- I'm just aware of place we are in! - He stamped his foot.

- Don't worry, punishing you will be far more pleasurable. - I've promised and his cheeks went completely red.

- Bastard - I heard but then he took my hand and squized it. - but still thank you, I was shocked when he touched me...

You should spend your last hours nicely, Mashimoto. You are dead meat anyway.

Kinn came down after several minutes, grabbed my arm and pulled me into a corner to talk quietly.

- You had to? - He wasn't pleased that I disrupted his party.

- Are you asking for real?

- Get a grip - he began, I wanted to interrupt him, but he grabbed me tighter - until the party is over! Then do what you want. Just try not to do it in the close area.

I gave him a dark smile.

- Of course, cousin - I turned and ran into Tankhun like out of spite. *What a fucking evening.*

- Bravo Vegas - he shouted, patting me on the back. He was wearing gold costume and looked as if he had dipped his whole body in glitter. - I was proud of how you slapped him, after he dared to touch Pete. I can barely tolerate you touching him, but for some stranger to put dirty hands on my precious flower?!

Who the fuck are you to call MY Pete as your precious flower?! His behaviour gave shivers down my spine, like he had never been nice to me? I guess I preferred him to curse my excistence but he was almost singing praises about my person. I sighed and we both

headed towards, surrounded by friends, Pete.

***

I was a great actor. I could convey an aura of sweetness and courtesy even when there was chaos inside. That's what I've been doing all evening, and everyone has fallen for it. Well, almost everyone. Pete kept glancing at me, sensing my anger. However, I tried to calm him down by surreptitiously kissing him on the cheek, hugging or feeding snacks. We were standing mostly alone, as all strangers who tried to come closer to him were welcomed firstly by my cold blodded look. *This is how it ends when your boyfriend is freaking cute.* I once again caressed his back and he agreed to it without being mad. It felt like we were both playing the roles of our lives.

- I want to take this suit off, it disgusts me now - he muttered to one of his friends, Pol.

I nodded to Macau with who I was talking to but I heard Pete's words. *Well know now that what are you wearing will be burnt immediately* I thought. Sometimes my eyes were going to those places which Mashimoto touched and I had weird impression that I could see dirty spots on material. I hated it.

The party was, of course, a huge success. We all at the end said goodbye to hosts and soon enough place was deserted. I took Pete's hand and went outside. Macau quickly got into the car, but I held back Pete before he hid there too.

- I'll be back a little later - I stroked his face. - I have some errands to run.

- Vegas - I felt the concern in Pete's voice. - Don't do anything stupid.

I pressed a hard kiss to his lips, and as I tried to pull away, I felt his hand on my neck. He pulled me close to him and replied with the same action just as strongly as me.

- I'll meet you at home - I said, then I've turned and walked to a side alley.

I lit a cigarette and walked over to the driver who was relaxing there. No words were spoken, I just held out my hand for the keys, and he handed them over, stubbed out his cigarette, and went inside. Mashimoto didn't know that some of his people worked for me. I bought them long ago, wanting to be informed of what happens in the yakuza. Unfortunately for him, the driver was one of them. Whistling, I walked towards the car I knew and got inside, waiting.

It wasn't long before the door banged open and a drunk Japanese guy burst inside.

- What a night - he moaned, trying to get up, but I pressed my

foot to the gas and drove away before his bodyguards could react.

I heard him struggling to stay seated, and after an hour's drive, I stopped at an abandoned building. I got out and pulled Mashimoto by force. He screamed, pleaded, begged, barely standing, but I've ignored everything. I threw him on the concrete and looked around the room. Unfortunately, I didn't take my tools with me but this night was gonna be satisfationary as I saw a rusty rod and grabbed it. *Suitable*.

- You don't want to do this - Mashimoto cried, and I slammed him with metal in the back.

He twisted into a knot on the ground, screaming in pain. I glanced at his hands, those dirty fingers which touched Pete and shivered with anger. I hit them with all my might with the rod and I had the feeling that I could hear a bone break.

- Vegas, please - blood began to drip from the rod and run down it. It was harder for me to hold the tool. I felt it slipping from my fingers. *Fuck this!*

I took it vertically and stuck it in his right hand, the sharp point penetrated the skin and the scream echoed through the building.

- I'll do anything, anything - Mashimoto pleaded, lying in front of me, and I looked around again.

On the ground, next to the wall, was a thick chain. I grinned from ear to ear, braided a piece of it in my palm, and started hitting him.

- You... should... not ... touch... my... lover... - with each word another stroke was struck.

Mashimoto body shook for a while. He tried to break free and run, then suddenly he went silent. Blood flowed in all directions, I felt the drops running down my face so I took a deep breath. My suit wasn't white anymore, the blood stains soaked into the fabric, and I knew it wouldn't wash off.

- My favorite suit - I growled and kicked the dead body.

The chain fell off my hand, and I spat at him again and headed for the exit. Some of my anger was released but some of it was still waiting to be released. I was about to get in the car when a familiar voice pierced the silence.

- You didn't have to kill him.

Pete had just come out of the back of the building and was heading towards me. He must have been following me but I was so fixated on Mashimoto that I didn't notice.

- I asked you to go back home - I leaned against the trunk, waiting for him to come over to me.

- And I asked you to calm down - he stood in front of me - apparently we both are disappointed today.

I thought my outburst would scare him, but he was calm.

- He touched you - I said in my defense. - I couldn't leave it there.

- But it was a yakuza member, you shouldn't piss them off - he said. - You have to think logically.

- There is no such thing as logic when it comes to you.

His eyesight softened. I know he is not truly mad at me, more like concerned. I could understand it but those who are reaching for what is mine needs to be punished. Always.

- I just don't want anything to happen to you - He placed a hand on my heart and came closer.

- Pete - I whispered, but when he wanted to kiss me, I suddenly pulled away. - If you kiss me now, I'll end up taking you on this trunk and I won't be gentle.

Intense emotions were still buzzing inside me. I thought he would understand, but Pete pulled me close to him and bit my lower lip, tugging it lightly.

- Never back away from me again. - Then he licked the place he had injured. - Let's go home.

I wanted to grab him but he showed me his "do not even dare" look and I've stopped. We both got into the car and I started driving without turning back. Pete spoke to me immediately, explaining to me how worried he was about what might happen in the future because of this situation.

- I know that you are not some saint, I do not expect this from you - he assured - but I can't lose you, especially not by something like that, do you understand?

I nodded and took my head away from front glass for a second to look at him. I saw his worried eyes and then I was blinded by the light shining from the side window. Loud scream cut the air between us. An unknown car hit ours with such force that we were thrown off the road and the whole world spun around.

The strong impact made the car tumble with dizzying speed. I felt my body hit the steering wheel and then the roof. The muscles ached from the constant clenching until the car landed on the roof. With the last of my strength I took my phone out of pocket and, not knowing exactly what I was doing, I chose the first number that showed up to me. After two rings, Kinn picked up.

- Haven't you had enough contact with me today? - He wasn't satisfied with the phone.

- Help ... - I managed to choke out. - Save Pete!

The phone slipped from hands and dissapeared from my sight and I felt that I was drifting away in spite of myself. I cast a quick glance at the figure next to me, but he was still unconscious. *Pete, baby, wake up!* This was my last thought. After it my mind stopped working and then there was only darkness.

Chapter 5.2: Not So Relaxing Time

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

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THIS CHAPTER INVOLVES PHYSICAL VIOLENCE! I'VE DECIDED TO PUT WHOLE 5TH CHAPTER AS 5.1 VEGAS POV AND 5.2 PETE POV.

PETE:

I have to leave this damn house right now or I'll go crazy.

Venice had been sick for several days and cried whenever he was left alone. I wanted to move to his room for a while to look after him, but Vegas protested. So I chased like mad person from one room to another and prayed for some salvation. Luckily, Macau was helping me a lot, but he had school and I didn't want for him to spend time with us and not with his friends. The boy is young and needs his peers more than our sick child and his brother's boyfriend. I couldn't count on Vegas as he was very busy with his new clients, because Porsche decided to make him his right hand in terms of Minor Family. The Venice matter fell completely on my shoulders.

I was on the verge of endurance when we got the invitation from Porsche. I knew Vegas did not want to meet them, especially since the case was about Kinn taking over the position completely, but I kept asking him until he gave in. To be honest, he only agreed on the same day the event took place, but the only thing that mattered to me was that he said yes. It is true that, if he still refused, I would go by myself, and I would return with Khun and leave Vegas alone for a few days to help him think about his behavior, but fortunately he changed his decision about meeting.

I needed to go out to adults. Real adults, not like Vegas who couldn't even spend two or three nights without me in bed. Normally it doesn't bother me when he acts like this, on the

contrary, I love how much we need each other, but with a sick kid I wanted Vegas to be a little less selfish. I offered him to come with me to the Venice room, but he refused. He also did not want to take the child to our bedroom, so I was in a stalemate. *Holy shit, he was acting like a kid himself with that stubborn face of his.*

When he said yes to our departure, I couldn't help myself and kissed him hard. I knew it would aruse him and honestly I had no strength for anything. I just felt so happy that I forgot myself for a second.

- Pete? - he said pleadingly, holding my head just next to his. - Can we?

- One thrust and I'm gonna sleep for a week, so no - I warned and he did grumpy face - but after the meeting you will be able to do whatever you like.

I thought I saw smoke coming out of his ears. I think I burned his wires because he started shouting to Nop to get us our outfits for the evening immediately. It was still pretty early but oh well, at least he was eager to go. I was going to use every second to relax and stay there until the very end. *We're not going back from this damn event that easily, Vegas, you bastard.*

When I saw us in the mirror image, we recalled day and night. I was just not sure which one was the night and which was actually the day. Sometimes it seemed to me that my possessive and jealous nature was much darker than that of Vegas but then he did weird things like refusing me to go sleep in child room for one night and I knew I am not that bad. He was one evil bastard, but sweet lord, he looked so amazing in his white suit. I felt so hot just by looking at him. Luckily Macau was with us in car, because I was afraid I will tear those clothes on Vegas before we will even arrive.

We got out of the car and I couldn't take my eyes off where we were. The hotel looked like some castle so I opened my mouth in shock and looked around. Vegas picked on me right away and we mocked each other until we came inside. Macau made his way quickly to Porschay, and I was glad because when they started to hang out, they became friends. Then we walked over to Kinn and Porsche, exchanged a few pleasantries and I looked at my friend and then over to the food table. We both thought about the same thing, so we quickly apologized and headed off to grab a bite. I could feel Vegas's gaze leading me away. *I'm not gonna disappear, asshole.*

- What the heck is this? - I asked, looking at unfamiliar dishes.

Porsche sighed and shrugged. He looked amazing in a custom made suit, but I could tell he didn't feel comfortable wearing it. I had the same feelings.

- Don't ask me, that's what Kinn wanted us to order - me and my friend both preferred simple home-cooked meals, but unfortunately those are the downsides of having a rich boyfriend.

- How are you both? - Porsche changed topic while sniffing what looked like a miniature sandwich.

- Probably good, hard to say - I muttered, looking around. - We are both on the verge of breaking through because of those damn phonecalls.

- I'm sorry, man. I was looking for information, but did not find any clues.

I listened to the Porsche with one ear because something caught my attention.

- What are they staring at? - I growled.

A group of young men stood by the wall, glancing in the direction we had just left.

- You know - my friend began, and I looked at him with menace in my eyes. *You better not say something stupid again*. - Vegas is hot, so that's normal, I guess. You should be used to it.

I squeezed the strange patty I had taken from the table and stuffed it into my mouth. I didn't even properly tasted it, but I had to shut my lips with something.

- Really? - I gasped, swallowing the whole thing - and you are sure that they only look at Vegas like that?

This time, it was Porsche's eyes that were threatened.

- Are you implying something?

- Nothing, of course - I muttered, scooping more food onto my plate. - Except that Kinn is getting more handsome. He glows stronger day by day.

I heard Porsche's hand clench, making his bones pop.

- Buffalo was getting ready for this party for half a day - he muttered under his breath, and I hid my smile. - I'll make him glow until he will start radiating!

Then he gave me a nervous look and snorted.

- Which doesn't mean that some of them don't look at Vegas - why we both got into this conversation, I don't know. - Maybe it's better not to leave them alone.

I had to admit Porsche was right. It's better not to let the tiger walk freely when so many preys are willing to be caught, loose bastards. So we returned to them, and I saw a flash of disappointment in the eyes of one blonde. *Yes, you fool, he's already taken!* I thought, giving Vegas the biggest smile I could and then stuffing a patty in his mouth while muttering something about him having to try it. I just hoped the damn food wasn't spicy.

- Nice - he nodded and smiled back, well luckily I've chosen

something he enjoys.

We talked longer with the hosts, but they focused on each other quickly. Vegas then grabbed my hand and headed upstairs. I politely followed him, feeling satisfied as some of the guests' eyes turned sad.

***

- Hello, Mr. Mashimoto. I'd like to introduce you to my lover, Phongsakorn Saengtham.

Vegas's polite voice made me focus on the man in front of me. He was shorter than us, stocky, with thinning black hair streaked with gray here and there. His navy blue pinstripe suit did not fit as it should, as if its owner had purchased smaller size. I felt an immediate dislike of this man, especially when he reached out to me and clenched my arm with his sweaty fingers. At the word "lover" I could see a strange smile that showed on his face for less than a second. *What's wrong with this guy?*

- Nice to meet you - he said and I saw something disturbing in his eyes.

- Hello, sir. Please, call me Pete - I've decided to respond politely, after all, Mashimoto was a long-term business partner of Vegas.

I felt his hand squeezing mine for a few seconds too long, and then his thumb slide over my wrist. I shivered with disgust. *What's wrong with Vegas's friends, they're all fucked up!* Then the conversation turned to work, so I was able to look around the guests in peace, searching for familiar faces. A few known people flashed before my eyes and I had the impression that one of them is dressed in a huge ball of glitter. *It must be Tankhun.* I smirked and looked at Mashimoto again, not wanting him to think I was being rude. *The shit I would do for Vegas...*

Slack turned his head and I saw a snake tattoo on his neck. It looked funny on him, but I pictured Vegas with such symbol and it made me shudder. The snake would look sexy on my lover's neck. Any tattoo would look sexy on him, he was too handsome to look bad. *How is it that beautiful people can wear trash bag and it looks like newest trend? Meanwhile me...*

- Don't you think it looks cool? - I whispered, pointing at the reptile's tongue, and Vegas leaned over me more.

- No - he replied, and I felt his hand begin to wander over my hip. - But I like yours very much. It turns me on.

I shuddered again, feeling the fire starting inside me. This guy knew how to dress properly, and since he was wearing that white suit, I couldn't take my eyes off him. Now his fingers were stroking me gently over a tattoo I had done some time ago, and I thought what it would be like if we were alone now. Naked.

- Pervert - was all I could answer, but our eyes met each other.

Vegas leaned in closer to kiss me and I could already feel his lips on mine when fucking Mashimoto asked him a question about some delivery. Soon after, Vegas glanced at the phone and apologized to us. I watched him walk out onto the glass terrace and answer the call angrily. I was afraid that he was talking to this stranger who had been haunting him for several days. I tried to read something from his lips and then I felt the hand of Mashimoto, who was standing next to me, sinking onto my back and moving slowly downwards. I pulled away, hoping it would put him off, but the asshole followed me, this time reaching for my buttocks and squeezing them.

- You're cute - he winked at me. - We can have a good time.

When Mashimoto touched me my anger began to rise, but considering his relationship with Vegas, I tried my best to control myself, however, after his words I realized that I was not as patient as I had always suspected. *This hideous guy is a good friend of Vegas, his longtime partner so where the hell is his hand going?!*

My stomach is normally strong, but his touch almost made me vomit. *That Vegas bastard must have picked up that damn phone now?* Flashed through my mind. I clenched my hand harder on the glass and counted to three so I would not break his fingers in front of other guests. Then my savior appeared and grabbed my shoulder with great force. I hissed in pain, but was glad because the Japanese slimy paws finally disappeared from my body.

- Mr Mashimoto? - Vegas said and I am not sure if I ever heard his voice going this cold.

- Vegas? - I tried to pull him away from the situation, not wanting him to make a scene but he didn't even flinch.

Normally, I was able to stop his' rage with ease, but this time there was no chance of it. Vegas is known for being cruel and deathly. He can look at you with smile and then shoot you in next second. I knew it from the beginning, because this is the world we are living in. I could do the same if I had to. I never expected from him to stop being himself, I only wanted for him to accept his kind, loving part and he did but he only included me and Macau as people who had right to see this side of him. Even tho Vegas is and always will be from mafia. He is not some soft boy who would let others touch his lover and try to solve this with conversation. He will destroy you for it. I personally found it so sexy. Maybe the circumstances were bad but his will to protect me from everyone always made my knees go weak.

Mashimoto knew how unpredictable Vegas is and yet he disrespected him. This man brought everything what will happen to

his sorry ass to himself.

- Yes? - I shuddered at the sound of his slimy voice.

- Do you like your hands? - I could hear threat in Vegas, when he asked that.

- What's with the question, Vegas? Of course I like them!

- Then better take them off my lover or I will cut them both - storm showed up in his dark eyes and Mashimoto took few steps back.

- You know, I had no idea this is your lover.

I looked at him in disbelief. Did he really just said that? I swear those yakuza men are insane.

- Really? Apparently me saying "let me introduce you to my lover, Phongsakorn Saengtham" wasn't enough for you to understand.

I felt Vegas's body shaking with anger. If he will explode now, this meeting will end bloody. The silence after Vegas's speech was so heavy that I had the feeling that I was suffocating there. I wanted to take my lover from this place as far as possible, then Mashimoto opened his filled with poison mouth.

- Well I heard you like to sleep around, I've assumed this is just your fuck boy.

This one hurt me deeply. Did others see me that way too when Vegas introduced me as his lover? Was I just another fuck boy for them?

- Never call him like that, or else I will end you - Vegas' raised voice echoed around the room.

- Let's get out of here - I just wanted this evening to end. *Nice way to relax...*

Then Vegas hit Mashimoto and a man next to him pulled out a gun. I was about to cover Vegas with my body when Kinn burst in between us. I didn't even hear what he was saying, I just grabbed Vegas's hand and this time I yanked him out of there.

- Shit, Vegas. You had to do this?! - I couldn't believe that not even one evening could go my way.

Then I felt his hands on me, pinching my body to wall.

- Don't - I could see his anger flowing out of him - I can take a lot, Pete, but no one will touch you. No one!

That was the reason my heart was so weak when it came to Vegas. He says such words from time to time, and it gives me the impression that I really am his whole world. How after all that had happened, this short sentence made the whole event meaningless?

- He's your business partner. - I just wanted him to remember it, before he will do something silly.

- He was.

- I know you're angry - I've admitted but Vegas disturbed me.

- I'm not. I'm strategic. Staying partners with him would be damaging for my business and my health but I'd rather let you know now. I'm gonna punish him and then I'm gonna punish you.

I felt the blood rush to my cheeks as sexy notes rose in his voice.

- Me?! - I swallowed. - I'm the victim here.

- Exactly, so why are you acting like my reaction is wrong when we both know you wanted to do it yourself?

- I'm just aware of place we are in! - Was it really so hard to wait until this party will be over and then kick the living out of him? Why am I the only one rational in this relationship?

- Don't worry, punishing you will be far more pleasurable. - this time my whole face blushed. I knew red color flow over my pale skin and I felt a strange expectation inside.

- Bastard - I said only - but still thank you, I was shocked when he touched me...

Then Kinn showed up and took Vegas for a quick chat. Porsche on the other hand dragged me to Arm and Pol. Soon Kinn, Vegas and Tankhun came to us. Weirdly Khun and Vegas were hugging, or maybe I should say that Khun was forcing himself on Vegas but I did not disturb them. *Whatever makes you both happy. This family is truly weird.*

***

The world we are living in is dark and cruel. You do not see it normally, as all of the ugliness is mostly hidden in shadows but for someone who exists in darker parts of it, the real horrible face of life is just something daily. Being in mafia tought me that there is no good only and no evil only. Everywhere are shades of both colors especially when it comes to people. When I look at Vegas I can see both colors mixing with each other. Sometimes his aura is lighter, sometimes darker but he is never fully white or fully black. The same is with me.

After the party ended, we said goodbye to the host, but Vegas did not get into the car with me and Macau. I could see the determination in his eyes and the approaching storm, so I pretended to get in, and when Vegas disappeared around the corner I ran after him. I didn't want to stop him, oh no. However, I had to make sure that his anger did not exceed certain limits.

When we finally appeared in front of the abandoned building and Vegas dragged Mashimoto inside, I quickly circled the entire place and peeked inside through the broken glass.

- I'll do anything, anything - Mashimoto's terrified voice echoed through the room.

The man was already covered in blood, a rod sticking out of his hand. I saw Vegas looking around and then walking up to the wall.

His suit was stained with blood, and I sighed in disappointment. I liked this outfit and wanted him to fuck me today while still wearing it. *Well, one fantasy went to trash.*

- You... should... not... touch... my... lover... - this time I saw a thick chain in Vegas's hands.

Each word was marked with a punch. I wasn't sure Vegas was even watching where he was hitting. Some of the blows fell on the chest, but some reached the head. Mashimoto shivered, then made a few clumsy movements as if to escape, and when the chain fell on his head again, he stopped moving completely.

- My favorite suit - I heard and shook my head. *OUR favorite suit, you Vegas bastard.*

Vegas left shortly after, wiping his hands on his already worn clothes. I ran around the building quickly, not wanting him to drive away. He was almost at the front door.

- You didn't have to kill him - I shouted, wanting his attention.

He stopped and stared at me, eyebrow raised. *Yes, you bastard, I was following you and you didn't even realize it, ha! And who's the best bodyguard here? Of course I am.*

- I asked you to go back home - I stood right in front of him and snorted at his words.

- And I asked you to calm down, apparently we both are disappointed today.

I glanced quickly at the stains that were strongly reflecting on the white. I couldn't forget about losing that suit. *Goddamnit!*

- He touched you. I couldn't leave it there.

Of course, as always, Vegas was able to take my breath away with his corny lines.

- But it was a yakuza member, you shouldn't piss them off - I just wanted him to understand my point of view. - You have to think logically.

- There is no such thing as logic when it comes to you.

I felt like melting inside. *How, HOW, can I be angry with someone like that?*

- I just don't want anything to happen to you - I put my hand in the place where his heart was beating and I got closer.

- Pete - he just whispered, but when I tried to kiss him, he pulled away from me. - If you kiss me now, I'll end up taking you on this trunk and I won't be gentle.

I laughed inside. Since we got back together, Vegas has never hurt me. Sometimes he was brutal in bed, sometimes he dominated me and made me lose my mind, but he never hurt me. I loved feeling his power over me, maybe it's not normal, but I didn't mind this domination. I pulled him closer to bit his plump, lower lip,

tugging it lightly.

- Never back away from me again. - Saying that, I licked the place I bit. - Let's go home.

I could see my words woke his little man up, but I had no intention of making love to him in this place. Too much free space, and if anyone showed up, I didn't want to parade around them with my naked body, much less Vegas's body. So I gave him a "don't you dare" look and we got into the car. As soon as we fastened the seat belts, I began to explain to him exactly how important it is for us now not to make enemies. I talked and talked and he nodded and gave me a warm look every now and then, so I sighed, knowing that he must have stopped paying attention in the middle of my monologue.

- I know that you are not some saint, I do not expect this from you, but I can't lose you, especially not by something like that, do you understand? - I wanted him to know how much he meant to me.

Once again he took his eyes from the windshield and looked at me, then his pupils widened in horror. I could feel the light coming from the window behind me, and before I could react, something powerful struck me, pain piercing the entire left side of my body. It jerked me and I hit my head against something. The car was rolling and I passed out while feeling only pain with one last thought - *Is this truly how it all will end?*

Chapter 6: Only Love Can Hurt Like This

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

I'm just gonna leave it here and go to sleep.

~*~

- I'm so sorry, Mr Vegas. We couldn't save him.

The silence that followed these words settled heavily on my body. What was the doctor talking about? I pushed him away and walked into the room Pete was occupying. He was laying and some machine next to him made a steady sound. On it screen, a thick line that usually went up and down while showing how heart is functioning, this time was horizontally flowing across. ***Pete died.***

I stood in the hospital room watching the doctor hide his body from the eyes of others. White material landed on his pale skin, covering him completely.

- Death has occured at 2:34 - said an unfamiliar voice in my ears.

I took a hesitant step forward and touched the bed frame. My whole body was shaking like in fever, but I couldn't stop it. *It isn't true, please no, no, no. God, no!*

- It's impossible - I whispered, then pushed the fabric gently aside, praying to see someone else beneath it.

It was Pete. His expression looked so calm, as if he was just asleep. I laughed at the doctor's stupidity and shook him gently.

- Wake up, honey - I said. - You can't lie there, those idiots think you are dead.

But he didn't react. I shaked him once again, this time putting more strenght into it but nothing happened. Only coldness came out of him. I could feel it under my skin so I frowned, not wanting him to get sick. Maybe this is where issue was, maybe that's why he couldn't wake up?

- Give him blankets - I ordered, but they all looked at me as if I was crazy. - GIVE BLANKETS!

One of the nurses ran out fearfully, then came back holding what I had asked for. She carefully handed the cloth to me and moved as far as possible. I covered his cool body and started rubbing it to keep it warm.

- Mr. Vegas - The doctor tried to interrupt me, but I gave him a murderous look.

- You made a mistake - I growled, unable to figure out who hired that clown here. - Pete is alive, he just sleeps soundly! Come on, look at him! TAKE A LOOK!

But no one looked at Pete. Everyone's eyes were focused only on me. As I wrapped him tighter, one of his hands slipped out of bed and fell lifelessly. I grabbed it and pressed it to my lips, praying fervently. At some point I was getting mad at him. *How can you just sleep when everyone is stressed out about your health? Wake up finally! Stop pretending or I'll get really upset!*

- Please, wake up Pete, open your eyes, please.

However, he did not opened his eyes. He didn't even move. He was just laying there, his body stone-cold, without even drop of life. I sobbed as everything in me died. Nothing mattered anymore. and everything ended. **Everything.** It's over. My asylum is gone. The only thing that kept me sane just disappeared. Anger filled me all over and I gladly let it control me. I released Pete's hand and turned to face the man who was supposed to save him, but didn't. *You motherfucker.*

- Sir, please - the surgeon began, but I didn't let him finish.

I grabbed his head and slammed it against the wall once, twice, three times. Someone tried to pull me away, but I was screaming like crazy and no one could stop me.

- YOU TOOK HIM AWAY FROM ME! YOU TOOK MY PETE!

- Nobody took anything from you, you fucking bastard! - shouted a loud, familiar voice, and then everything turned pale as if covered with fog. I blinked a few times and suddenly saw a blinding light in front of me.

VEGAS:

I woke up screaming like crazy person. Someone grabbed my hands and tried to put me down on bed but all I could think of was Pete. *Where is he? Is he truly dead? Where is this fucker surgant?!*

- Pete, PETE! - I screamed, trying to break free but after accident, I was weaker than normally.

- Calm down you crazy bastard! - Kinn shouted and wanted to lie me down on bed but he was struggling.

Porsche came to rescue and tried to hold me back, but I pushed

him away until he hit the ground.

- VEGAS! - Kinn slammed me against the bed with the force of an elephant. I felt like I was out of breath. - Enough!

I knew I shouldn't push Porsche, but if they could just let me go and find Pete, nothing like that would have happened. To all of this, the bastard Tankhun wailed some funeral songs, while hugging Arm and Pol against the wall.

- Poor Pete - Tankhun shouted, crying vigorously and folding his hands in prayer. - My angel is gone! - Then he started singing again.

- WHERE IS PETE?! - I grabbed Kinn by the shirt and pulled him so tightly that he hit my forehead.

- Pete is alive - Porsche said, standing up and rubbing his lower back. He groaned in pain, and Kinn immediately pushed me and appeared next to him. - He's in the other room, you idiot. You just had a bad dream, that's all!

Then he went to Tankhun and slapped the back of his head.

- All of this is your fault, dumbass - he hit him again, and Kinn needed to stop Porsche.

Tankhun showed him tongue and kicked him in tummy. I looked at them in disbelief. *How is that possible? After all, I saw his body, I...*

- Take me to him - I ordered, and when no one moved, I added louder - THIS FUCKING SECOND!

A young nurse gave me a stroller and Kinn and Porsche helped me get into it. Everything still hurt after the accident, but I didn't care now. I had to see him, I had to make sure he was breathing. We drove into the next room and I immediately saw his body on the bed. He was wrapped tightly in bandages, and the tubes were sticking out of his hand, but the chest was drooping and rising nicely.

- He's unconscious from surgery so far, but the doctor says he's fine. - Porsche muttered, then walked over to Pete and stroked his head.

At last I was able to breathe normally. I closed my eyes, feeling the tears gathering under them, and took a cautious breath, trying to control myself. Showing weakness to Major Family was not going to happen.

- You're more of a drama queen than I am - Tankhun chewed on me, but I ignored him.

Pete is alive, that is all that mattered. We sat with him for a while, and the whole time I kept his warm, alive hand in mine, then they all escorted me to my room, helped me lie down, and left.

This is when I started crying. The tears flow thickly, but I had to get rid of that fear. I let them do it, and the sobs rang to the walls. For a moment I couldn't breathe, I was sobbing so hard, but with

each tear, the dark thoughts vanished from my head.

- It was so close for me to lose you, too close - I moaned, unable to cope with this knowledge.

I don't know when I calmed down, but at one point I was overwhelmed by sleep. I woke up when the doctor came to check on me. We talked for a long time about mine and Pete's condition, and his words reassured me that my boy gonna be alright. I was thankful and glad but I have had his bed brought to my room. If we are both hospitalized, we can be in the same place. The doctor agreed to this as long as I promised to be calm and good.

I was now lying with my head turned to Pete, watching him breathe calmly. He was still unconscious but his lungs worked properly and that what was the most important for me. I could reach his hand from my bed so I was holding it almost all the time.

Macau visited us on the same day, with Venice in his arms. Both of their eyes were red, and I knew my brother was as worried about me as he was about Pete.

- Phi - his lips twitched and he leaned in, hugging himself and the baby against my tired body.

- It's okay - I patted him on the back and stroked his head. - Everything is fine with us.

- I was so worried - he continued to cry, then sniffled and walked over to Pete's bed.

- Phi Pete - He grabbed his hand and Venice stretched out his little fingers towards my angel. - As soon as you wake up, I'll buy you the hottest curry I can find.

His voice trembled, as Macau loved Pete with all his heart. Venice, too, looked sad-faced, sobbing softly. He wanted Pete to take him in his arms, but he couldn't do it now. The crying increased, so I got up a little, sitting more comfortably, and stretched my hands out to Macau.

- Give me this little devil - I think it was the first time I asked for it myself.

Venice must have been as shocked by this situation as I was because he stopped crying and looked at me in disbelief. I held him in one hand, grabbed Macau's shirt with the other and made him sit down beside me, then wrapped my arm around his stomach and pressed against his back.

- He'll wake up soon - I said, and the boy stopped himself from hiding his feelings and sobbed loudly. - Now, now, you'll see Macau. Pete wouldn't leave us so easily!

- Please - the boy said with difficulty. - What are we going to do without him?

We sat there for a while, just comforting each other, then my

brother wiped his reddened cheeks and took the baby. He said goodbye, kissed me and Pete on our foreheads and wanted to leave when Tankhun stormed in.

- And here it is! - he shouted, looking at Pete and then at me. - Did you have to hide him from me?

After Khun run his two loyal bodyguards - Arm and Pol.

They greeted us, left the baskets filled with food and wanted to settle down when an idea occurred in my head. I didn't want Macau to be left alone in our big house, especially after Pete hadn't woken up yet. I looked at Tankhun with a devilish smile and sighed deeply, and he looked at me, eyes narrowed.

- What are you sighing? - he growled. - Maybe you'd think about waking Pete here! Maybe I'll sing?

Both Arm and Pol looked at him with terror but he got up and was about to show his abilities when I sighed again. Even louder.

- What a pity I'm in the hospital and nobody can take care of Macau and Venice - the five of them looked at me.

- Ugh - Macau said, still standing at the door, not understanding.

- Pete would probably ask someone closest to him for help, but who am I supposed to ask? - I looked around the room as Tankhun's eyes lit up like light bulbs.

- You have to be joking?! - he ran to my terrified brother and gave him a big hug. - Of course Pete would ask me! See, something in that brain of yours is working, Vegas. Excellent idea, we are gonna have SO much fun!

He then kidnapped both of them, muttering something about moving to a major family house. I gave Macau an apologetic look, but couldn't let him be alone with his sad thoughts. At least Porschay will be next to him and this crazy bastard, Tankhun.

- God, Pete, wake up and tell me I did the right thing because I feel like I threw the two of them to cage with lions.

But Pete was still unconscious, so I took his hand and focused on his calm face. *It will be okay, baby, no regrets now.*

***

Another day passed, but Pete was still in a coma. *This is what you must have felt when our roles were reversed.*

- Hope you're not going to lie like this for a month - I asked, then wiped his forehead with a damp cloth.

Soon after, we were visited by Kinn, Porsche, Kim, Porschay and Macau with Venice in their arms and even that madman Tankhun who decided to sprinkle Pete with some holy water. I sighed tiredly and rubbed my face. I just took the medication and felt my head gently lift before falling into a light sleep.

Around two in the morning something woke me up. A voice came

from the distance, repeating my name. I could feel a warmth spread through my body because I knew the person speaking.

- Ve... Vegas? - Pete's hoarse voice pierced my sleep and I immediately opened my eyes.

His head was slightly tilted towards me, his eyes kept closing every now and then, probably from exhaustion, and there was a grimace of pain on his face. His body has suffered a bit from the impact, nothing serious has happened fortunately, but bruises and scrapes will take a while to heal properly. For a second I thought it was only my dream, but when I didn't answer, he repeated my name, this time reproved.

- We don't speak to each other that you don't answer? - he pouted and I stood up with my mouth open.

- You talk - I got out of bed and could barely get ton my feet, but I was already sitting next to Pete.

- It shouldn't surprise you that much - he pouted and grimaced again. - Water.

I quickly poured the liquid into a mug and carefully brought it to his face. He took little sips while looking at me as if I was the most beautiful picture he ever saw.

- I was so scared that something happened to you - we said at the same time and we laughed, then both of us wince at the pain in our chest.

- What happened? - Pete asked.

- I don't know - I admitted. - When they came to pick us up, no one was on the road anymore. I don't even know who is the driver who hit us.

- I'm sick of this - Pete whispered, and I growled.

- Me too. - I touched his cheek gently. - Sorry, it's all my fault.

- Not true - he said immediately. - Don't you even dare take the blame now. Let's just find them, Vegas. Let's find them and end this, naaa?

His pouted lips only added to his charm. If only half his body wasn't bandaged, I'd...

A soft snoring came from Pete. The drugs must have really made him feel tired, because he fell asleep before he got my answer.

- Of course, honey. We'll find them and finish this whole circus. - I reassured him, leaned over and barely brushed his forehead with my lips, then went back to my bed but this time I fell asleep with peace in my heart.

PETE:

I was awakened by noise and screams from far beyond the room. I frowned in anger, I wanted to sleep for a while, but the voices grew louder until finally I had the impression that my head would

split in two. I struggled to open my eyes, and the harsh daylight made them sting. I groaned softly, whispering.

- Please shut up.

However, no one reacted. I couldn't get up and shoot them at those empty heads, and I couldn't scream either, so all that was left was to lie there and listen.

- You can't just move our bedroom to the major family! - Vegas shouted, and I froze as I realized what he said. *Move what to where?*

- And who's going to stop me, huh? - Khun replied dismissively. - Maybe you? Come on, try it with your weak body. You can't even get up for longer than hour, pathetic.

I didn't like what Tankhun said. Especially when he insulted Vegas. *Why they just couldn't get along for one day?*

- Don't provoke me, because your bodyguards won't save you!

- Enough! - this time it was Porsche who joined the discussion. - DO YOU HAVE TO SCREAM LIKE SOME OLD VENDORS, YOU ARE ONLY GOING TO WAKE PETE WITH THIS?!

His voice echoed across the room, no, I think even throughout the hospital.

- If they didn't wake me up, you would for sure, mate - I growled, feeling my head throbbing, and as his words were followed by silence, everyone finally heard me.

- Pete! - the crowd of people rushed towards me, and I wanted to cry. *Can we have a moment of peace here?*

Kinn and Porsche got to me first. I felt them stroking my head, squeezing my hand with joy.

- You're finally awake, man - Porsche muttered and I couldn't help myself and gave him a quick smile.

- I missed you guys.

Tankhun buried in between the pair and threw himself on my neck until I felt pain.

- I missed you so much - he sobbed, and I wanted to cry with him.

- Phi Khun - I whispered, knowing how much Tankhun liked from me to call him that. - It hurts a little.

A strong hand yanked him out of me and I saw Vegas's worried face.

- Don't squeeze him like that, his wounds have not healed!

I didn't have much time to look at his handsome face because Tankhun pulled him and they started arguing again. Arm and Pol tried to separate them but not effectively.

- Crazy buffaloes - Porsche growled. - Are you sure they didn't adopt you, Kinn?

- Phi Pete - Macau got to me this time.

He was slightly red around his eyes and I knew he was crying.

- Macau - I smiled at him and squeezed his hand. - I really wanted to see you. And you too, kid.

Venice sat in Macau's arms, looking at me expectantly. I knew he wanted me to take him in my arms. He reached out his small fingers towards me, and suddenly Vegas sprang like out of the ground, grabbing the little one.

- No chance, monster, he won't take you yet - he said to Venice, who was looking at me and then him with his wise gaze.

Then Vegas went back to their argument with Tankhun and I saw Venice waving a finger at his uncle. I think he decided to support Vegas in this battle.

- They're like that all the time - Macau muttered, smiling. - Since we live in the major family, Venice fights with Phi Khun every now and then.

- And you? - I didn't want him to feel ignored by us. - How are you feeling?

- I'm terrified - he admitted honestly. - Or rather I was, when you didn't wake up. Phi Pete, please don't leave us.

- Never - I said, squeezing his hand tighter. - I'll never leave my family.

After some time the doctor entered the room and quickly kicked everyone out, assuring that the patients needed rest. I sang a song of thanks to him in my head because finally there was silence in this room. We were examined and once we were left alone, Vegas sat down beside me and pressed my hand to his mouth.

- It was a tough morning - I could see that the earlier quarrel also left its mark on him.

- Who's to blame?

- That bastard, Khun - Vegas replied immediately, and I only raised an eyebrow in disbelief.

- You know you need at least two people to argue.

He said nothing, just showed me his tongue.

- Like a child - I curled my lips and replied with the same.

We teased each other for some time until I felt tired again.

- Vegas? - I whispered before I drifted off. - I love you so much.

My eyes were already closed, but I think he thought I was asleep. He leaned over me and brushed my forehead softly with his lips.

- I love you too - he pecked my cheek and inhaled my scent.

Then he went back to his bed and I heard a steady keyboard tapping. With that sound in the background, I fell into deep sleep.

VEGAS:

The phone rang just before midnight. I didn't even have to look to know who was calling. I picked up, and after some crazy laugh wild

electronic voice asked.

- Pete or Macau?

I was not upset. This time I was waiting for his contact. I laughed madly myself, but not loud enough to wake up sleeping Pete, and asked.

- Fast or slow?

There was a silence between us. For a moment I even had the impression that the caller hung up, but he answered me after a while.

- Slow.

- As you wish - I said politely. - I'll kill you slow.

- Or I'll kill your family slow - The voice was oddly distorted, but I managed to pick up a familiar accent nonetheless.

- In bocca al lupo - I muttered in italian and then repated it in english. - Good luck.

Call has been quickly ended but I already knew that this person will not escape me.

- Game on.

Chapter 7: The Real Game Has Begun

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

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PETE:

I escaped from the hospital.

I don't even know where this idea appeared in my head. I didn't plan anything and to be honest I didn't have the strength to do something as crazy as this. Half of my body was still bandaged and I was taking a good handful of painkillers that put me to sleep at the strangest moments. I was able to talk with someone and then suddenly just drift away. They said I'm adorable when I'm doing it but I just ignored their comments.

This stay in the hospital with Vegas brought us even closer together. On the first day, we talked about serious and more loose topics at every free moment. Then Vegas did with me all sorts of quizzes which should tell us what kind of people we are, but when Tankhun came over and brought a quiz about how well we fit together and we came out with sixteen percent, Vegas tore the newspaper and forbade others to bring anything like this again.

- Stupid thing - he kept repeating, and Khun tried to snatch a copy from his hands, which was soon in flaps.

- You're stupid - cried Khun, hugging the scraps of paper. - The truth is out, you must see it now, Pete. Leave him alone and we'll find you someone eighty four percent better!

- But I love my sixteen percent - I said calmly, and I saw how Vegas stick out his chest proudly.

- Don't worry - Tankhun replied to me - I'll train you in maths and you'll understand what a small number it is!

Then another quarrel broke out, to which soon joined Kim and Porsche. Kinn only looked at me regretfully, understanding my

pain. This was exactly the reason of my escape. I would have stayed in hospital for as long as I needed if it weren't for them.

After this quarrel they visited us every day, EVERY FUCKING DAY. How often can someone visit sick person? At first I even enjoyed it, despite my headache which was getting worse because of them, but on the fourth day I realized that I was in Hell on Earth. *Is nobody here doing their job? Why are they with us even during working hours? How is it possible for the entire clan to feast in one small hospital room?! Who is taking care off business?!? It's irresponsible!* These people made a Yok bar out of our room and no one was able to stop them. I know, I've tried. I've tried to talk and scream but they just patted me and said how much they love me. I never said they didn't, I just said they could show this love by not showing up in our room. No one listened.

Not only were they loud and uncouth like a herd of monkeys, they also used to smuggle alcohol that we couldn't even drink! I was hoping that Vegas would clear this up with them and just make them go to hell, but the accident left a significant mark on him and it must have scared him, because the guy did not leave my bed, and if I was unconscious for too long, he woke me up and only when I screamed at him he breathed with relief. *What the hell is going on here?!* And this is exactly why I needed to ran away. I felt a little bit ashamed but you gotta do what you gotta do to stay sane.

We had a serious check-up today, so the doctor has forbidden visits until it is over. I forced them to take me first, and when I waited for Vegas, I got dressed up in normal clothes, because to be honest, I didn't want to leave him here at first. My plan was to kidnap him and go home, but while I was waiting for his return, I heard Tankhun's voice outside the door saying something about the research being over in half hour then he'd be back and we'd be going crazy with his new karaoke set. *Freaking karaoke set in hospital?!* I couldn't risk it.

I'm sorry, darling, but I have to think about myself sometimes. I knew that I could not stand another day like this, so I left carefully, looking everywhere, and I don't know by what miracle, but I managed to sneak out. I panicked for a second when I saw Porsche and Kinn smoking outside the hospital, but they were paying no attention to anyone. Little fuckers were as always hugging tightly. Why I need to suffer when they have their best time ever? *Let's wait for you two to go to hospital, I'm gonna pitch a tent in the middle of your room!*

While still limping, I got to the taxi and begged the driver to leave quickly. I guess I stole it from someone, but when I promised to pay triple the guy agreed without any problems. I waved

goodbye to Vegas, though I knew he couldn't see it. *Forgive me!*

My body was throbbing with pain and I felt myself weakening with every minute that passed. Yes, I knew how reckless and childish my behavior was, but I could not take it longer. If they would just listen to me once and give me a day or two to rest, but no, they had to be there every day. *Suddenly they got interested, and when I disappeared for a few weeks, nobody cared!* I knew I was unfair, especially since everyone thought I was on vacation, but in the current situation I preferred to be nervous, it relieved the pain.

When I finally got out in front of the house, I surreptitiously entered and crept into the place. Luckily, I was there at lunchtime and a lot of staff members were gone, so I easily slipped inside by avoiding the rest. I was relieved when I finally found myself in a cool, shaded room. I grabbed the phone, texted Vegas, not wanting him to panic, and felt tears under my eyelids. *I made it, I will finally be able to sleep!*

I threw myself on a perfectly made bed and had the feeling that I was really going to die, because as soon as my nerves left me, I felt the pain with redoubled strength, but this silence. Blissful silence, God, it was worth it! I felt sorry for Vegas, as I had left him there to die with those lunatics, but at least I sent him a message. He couldn't be that angry with me. I just hoped that I wouldn't go down in this bed, because he would probably find me in hell to get his revenge.

I could feel the cool duvet under my body and sighed with delight. The silence was buzzing in my ears, but it didn't bother me. My eyes closed lazily, I had the feeling that something was vibrating on the caster, but I ignored the sound, letting my body relax. A strong sleep consumed me quickly. I didn't hear someone sneaking into my room a few minutes later.

∼*∼

- Yes, sir - whispered Nop, standing over me. - He is here. I think he's asleep.

A raised voice sounded over the receiver.

- I mean, he must be asleep - Nop corrected himself. - Yes, yes, he is breathing - then he listened to the instructions and terminated the connection.

- Pete, if Vegas kills me one day, it's because of you - he cried as he tucked the covers over me.

Then he raised the temperature in the room as his boss had asked, and carefully closed the glass door, not wanting to make any noise.

- I'm not fit for this job - he growled, trying to close the office door just as quietly.

VEGAS:

The tests recommended by the doctor were like a glass of delicious, cold water in the middle of the desert. We had finally had peace with Pete for a long time from this fucked up family. Who came up with this stupid idea to visit us every day? Of course, Tankhun.

I have spoken to Kinn about this many times, asking him to reassure his big brother a little, but of course no one could tame this colorful whirlwind. I was furious because I saw how much energy it took for Pete to deal with them. I also did not make it easy for him with those frequent awakenings, but after that dream I was unable to control myself. Sometimes he breathed so gently that I had to make sure he was okay. He screamed at me then, but then let me kiss him and he always said he love me. So he wasn't really mad, luckily for me.

I wanted to tell him this dream, so that he would understand where this panic came from in me, but because of this bunch of idiots, there was not even a moment for a serious conversation. Is it really so much to want to rest after a dangerous accident? The doctor tried to limit visits, but the Theerapanyakul family is not just some random anybody. Nobody will dictate what they can and cannot do. Especially this madman, Khun.

I even spoke to Porsche once, hoping it might affect the rest, but they ended up arguing here. I wanted to drown them all in the glass of water on my cupboard. Only Macau and Porschay tactfully visited us twice. They might have dropped in more often as they were both calm and made Pete smile broadly. Especially when they brought Venice with them. But the rest could just let it go.

Once they even brought alcohol with them, celebrating some anniversary, probably of Kinn and Porsche first meeting. I looked at them and thought what I could do to them when I got out of here. I still remembered the stupid things his friend had reminded Pete of. Revenge is the sweetest fruit of anger. Then I smiled with an unfriendly grimace and felt Pol's eyes on me. He jumped up when I noticed him staring at me, then he hid behind Arm. I think the two are getting together, because Arm nodded to me and dragged Pol to far corner. How low did I have to come down to start paying attention even to such things? I had to get Pete out of this hospital as soon as possible.

So when the doctor told us to repeat the tests, I prayed that everything would turn out well and that we could leave the hospital. Pete was taken beforeme as he insisted on it, and I was surprised, but maybe he wanted to sleep right after them for a while? As soon as he came back he gave me a hesitant smile, but I

had the feeling that his eyes were wandering, as if they were looking for an escape route. Maybe I was tired, because a second later, I saw calm and tiredness on his face.

Before I was taken I leaned over and kissed him loudly on the forehead, and he laughed lightly and pinched my cheek.

- Come back soon - he whispered, and again I had the strange feeling that his eyes seemed to be darting away.

***

I came back after my research and a crowd had already gathered behind me. Khun had a loudspeaker and a microphone in his hand, and I was hoping they would kick us out of this hospital finally. *Are there no limits for these people?* I shook my head tiredly. After talking to the doctor, it turned out that we have to stay here for another week. I knew Pete would go mad when he hear this so I decided that no matter what I will limit those mad visits. I stopped in front of the door and glared at them all menacingly.

- Now you all shut up because Pete may be sleeping - I ordered. - And if he sleeps, everyone get out.

I said it in the darkest tone possible, hoping it would work. Khun was about to start arguing when Porsche covered his mouth and seemed to choke him for a few seconds.

- No problem - he said, then looked at Kinn in a way that made me want to laugh.

His eyes screamed "get your brother under control, or no more sex" and Kinn apparently understood the meaning of this gaze in no time.

- Of course - he said, lowering his voice.

I quietly opened the door and went inside. I felt something strange against my back, as if shivers ran between them. There was a strange bulge on Pete's bed, but it didn't look like his sleeping body.

- Pete? - Cold sweat washed over me as I pulled back the covers and saw the pillows underneath. - Pete ?!

- And this is how it ends when someone fits you in only sixteen percents.

Blood rushed to my head, and it felt like I was really going to beat this madman. Arm and Pol, however, tactically pulled him out of my room before I got him in my hands. It didn't matter now, I had to find Pete. *Someone kidnapped him from the hospital? But how?* I was fumbling about for signs of fight when my phone chirped. I got a message. Maybe it was from the kidnapper, I thought, but the sender was Pete.

- What the hell?! - I just muttered and then started reading.

[Vegas,

It's not your fault, I just can't live like this anymore. You must know my decision was impulsive, but I needed to go. Please keep them all as far away from me as possible. I'm sleeping at home, Love you, Pete]

Me being shocked is an understatement. I was literally speechless. I looked at the phone and couldn't understand why the message was so dramatic. Pete must have been very tired and didn't know what he was writing anymore, because with the first two sentences my heart stopped. I looked at the crowd watching me and for the first time in a long time I didn't know what to do next.

- Give me that phone - Porsche grabbed the receiver, wanting to read the message, but I broke free from him quickly and hid my cell phone behind my back.

- Get out! - I just said, but the rest started shouting, asking what happened to Pete.

- Shut up - I rubbed my tired eyes. - Pete is asleep, he was so exhausted by your visits that he had to find another place to rest. You fuckers made me feel the fear once again. Do your jobs maybe, do not just stay here all the time!

Then I pushed them out the door and slammed hard. They were grumbling about how ungrateful I was, but I didn't care. I made a quick call to Nop and he confirmed Pete was asleep in our bed. I breathed a sigh of relief, gave him a few orders, and hung up, deciding to take advantage of the situation. I made another call to a good friend who promised to come to me today. Overjoyed, I logged into my laptop and checked my e-mails, looking for one that should come to me today or tomorrow.

"Confidencial" in the title of the email was reflecting heavily on the whiteness of the screen. I clicked on the attached file and started reading. Each word made me smile wider and wider. *I'll get you soon, you son of a bitch.*

***

I stood by the window, staring at the picture of sleeping Pete that Nop had secretly taken, and I was waiting. I zoomed in on the screen and I could see the pouted lips pressed against my pillow. He was hugging it against his face and I had the feeling that when he breathed in, he was inhaling my scent as well with air. I shivered, gently caressing the screen where Pete's cheek had been. I leaned my head against the cool glass and stood there, leafing through our photos together. There weren't many of them, but each one brought with it a memory of our happiness.

Someone knocked on the door and, without waiting for my answer, entered. Acazio was a tall, athletic man with an olive complexion and thick, dark, curly hair, falling slightly over his

forehead. He was a typical Italian beauty, which made a sensation among women, and since the guy loved everything that moved, you could meet his mistress everywhere. There were times in Italy that we both went to satisfy our desires, me with the man and he with whoever. Gender never played any specific role for him, he just needed hole. One night we even ended up taking care of a couple, those days were wild and kinda scary. I had no boundaries, no fears only hollow inside of me which nothing could fill but thanks to those dark times I was able to meet him. We have known each other for a long time and I could call him my friend.

~~words written as ***this*** are in english~~

- ***Vegas, brother*** - Acazio looked at me indulgently. - ***You look like seven misfortunes.***

- ***It happens*** - I muttered, and we shook hands.

- ***I feel like I know what will help you*** - he winked at me. - ***Maybe I'll get you some fuck boy, the doctors won't get angry.***

I held out my hand and showed him the wedding ring I've received from Pete.

- ***I'm already taken.***

The shock appeared on the face of the Italian. I never thought I would surprise him so much that he will start to gape at me and open his mouth in disbelief.

- Impossibile! - he shouted, then put his hand to my forehead. - ***Aren't you sick? The Vegas I know would start laughing at his own joke already.***

- I'm not kidding - I looked into his dark eyes with a serious expression.

- ***Well then congratulations*** - Acazio sat down and crossed his legs. - ***I can't wait to meet that angel that got you out of the hell of constant fucking strangers.***

I shook my head, then walked over to the bed, grabbed my laptop and put it in his hands.

- ***You will meet him soon and then you will get it, I promise, but for now I have a request for you, since you are already in Thailand.*** - I sat down in front of him. - ***Someone is trying to destroy my family.***

- Some suicide man?

I smirked at his comment.

- ***I think so*** - I ran my hand over my lower jaw. - ***Look through this data, maybe you can find something.***

- For a friend everything - he assured and then we changed the subject to something lighter.

Alcazio was not an ordinary Italian visiting my country. He's a member of the oldest Italian Mafia and he is also one of the

smartest and brightest people I have ever met. He knew everything about everyone, but nothing was known about him. We met years ago and our characters made us become friends, although maybe for him it was not a friendship but an ordinary acquaintance that could help him in the future. I was looking at his slim, handsome face now, and knew that if anyone could find who was threatening me, it would be Alcazio. *Game on.*

***

It struck midnight and I stood up, squeezing Alcazio's hand. We haven't seen each other for a long time so I told him what happened recently. I didn't want to stay in the hospital anymore, especially when Pete was home, so I asked him for a lift and he gladly agreed but only for being able to stay with us for a few days.

- ***I don't like working in a hotel*** - he said so I agreed, hoping that I would not regret this decision.

Alcazio is a reliable man, and bonds are a priority for him, so I knew he wouldn't touch Pete, but I felt a prickle and a fear of meeting them nonetheless. I changed and quickly packed my things before requesting a discharge from a terrified nurse. Soon after, everything was taken care of and we were driving his Lamborghini towards the minor family house.

When we got there, we were greeted by Nop who assured me right away that Pete was still asleep. I ushered the visitor inside and asked my bodyguard to brought Alcazio to the guest room. We said goodbye and I moved quickly towards the bedroom. Nop could say what he liked, I had to see Pete with my own eyes. Cautiously, I stepped inside and stared at the familiar bumps under the covers. I breathed a sigh of relief, then stripped off my clothes and slipped on my side only in boxer shorts. I fought Pete for my pillow for a while, but when he finally smelled my scent, he released it and immediately lay down on my chest. I gritted my teeth, groaning in pain unwillingly, and only took a breath when he settled down. I stroked his hair and inhaled his scent myself. Filled with it, I fell asleep. *There is nothing better than home.*

Chapter 8: Stranger and Colpo di Fulmine

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

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~*~

I hope you will like my second story, also about Vegas and Pete, I've just added **Prologue: Devil Doesn't Bargain**

~*~

PETE:

~~words written as ***this*** are in english~~

I woke up surrounded by the warmth of Vegas. His hand was under my head, I pressed my face against his chest and I threw one of my legs over his hips. I felt pain in the area around my chest, but the familiar smell was soothing my nerves. I struggled to free myself from his arms and stood up, not wanting to wake him. I glanced quickly at the clock which made me realize that it was almost lunchtime. I slept long and hard, but finally felt the strength slowly returning to me.

I gently rubbed my skin with a damp towel, then slipped on one of the Vegas shirts. I was as hungry as a wolf and didn't care what other people thought about my outfit. I carefully left the room, trying not to make unnecessary noise, and slowly dragged myself down the stairs. I greeted the bodyguards passing by, smiling to new people every now and then, and quickly answered questions about my health. When I finally stood in front of the kitchen door, I felt a delicious scent coming from the room. I almost drooled, so I stepped inside with a smile on my face.

- Mrs. Luna, are you back already? - I said aloud, as the cook hired by Vegas was an elderly woman and she often had hearing problems.

I looked towards the table, expecting a lively, chubby lady, but

there was an unfamiliar man with pale, honey-colored eyes, now partially covered by glasses falling over his nose, an olive complexion and curly dark hair. The stranger was not wearing a T-shirt, he was only in black sweatpants. Man was fit, well-muscled, and his left hand was tattooed with a wolf howling at the moon.

- ***Good morning*** - said a low voice, and I was still standing at the door, not understanding what was happening right now.

Something gurgled and the man quickly got up and walked over to the stove.

- ***Hope you don't mind me stealing your kitchen for a minute?*** - he said, stirring something in the pot.

I admit that I was not sure what he was saying. Vegas used to use all sorts of English phrases before, but recently he only spoke Thai and my learning of foreign languages has stopped at a fairly low level. But I understood the word "steal" and wondered if this guy was telling me that he was stealing from us.

The foreigner turned off the stove, then leaned against the cupboards and focused on me, especially my bare legs, and blinked. I felt myself flush and he reached out to me and started talking again.

- ***Hello, darling*** - I shuddered, not fond of others using such phrases in my direction. Apart from Vegas, of course. - ***You must be the angel Vegas told me about.***

He had a strange accent that I must have heard before. I think it's Italian. I rubbed my eyes just in case, fearing that I might be hallucinating, but his hand was still extended towards me. I heard my stomach rumble, so I gave him my hand quickly, and he gripped it strongly, not letting me to pull away. He kissed my fingers and gave me another smile.

- Bellissimo - he muttered, and I laughed awkwardly, yanked out of his grip, and without saying anything, turned, hobbling into the room.

I burst in like a storm, well more like a little drizzle cause of this car accident my body was weak, and while repeating "Vegas, Vegas, Vegas", I sat on his side of the bed.

- Pete, not now, I don't have the strength - he muttered sleepily, covering his head with the quilt.

I slapped him on the butt and ripped off his covering. My side started to hurt again, but I was so hungry and some Italian was lurking in my kitchen.

- Vegas, horny bastard! There is a stranger cooking in our kitchen - I said in alarm, and he opened one eye to me and stared without understanding. - And he calls me "darling"?

- Ah, yeah - he merely nodded. - Acazio. He says that often.

- Did they gave you in the hospital Italian guy after discharge? - I asked, waiting for some explanation, and when he didn't answer I added - Maybe I should return and officialy leave so I will get mine?

This time he opened his eyes and looked at me reprovingly.

- I just remembered that you escaped from this damn hospital alone, wounded too - he growled now, waking up completely, and I looked up, praying for a little patience.

- You'll give me a lecture later! - I slapped him again. - I am hungry Vegas, better give me food, fool! I can't even cook cause there is a stranger in the kitchen.

Vegas sighed, then dragged himself off the bed, slipping over his navy blue silk robe.

- Come on. - He took my hand and carefully led me back into the room.

On the table there were already prepared three plates filled with what resembled spaghetti but in a Thai style. I sighed with disappointment as I wanted a curry.

- ***You're back, my angel, and you brought the devil with you*** - Alcazio said, and I stepped behind Vegas, glancing at him uncertainly.

- Speak my language - Vegas asked, then looked at me in surprise.

- Since when you hide in corners because of strangers? - I must have amused him, because he stroked my head without losing his smile even for a moment.

- I don't get along well with very good-looking foreigners- I whispered, not wanting the Italian to hear my words.

- You're dealing pretty good with me - Vegas's voice changed a little this time.

- Ah, because you are you and he is he, and you are not a foreigner! Vegas, bastard - I muttered, feeling the argument looming, then quickly walked over to the table.

- Sorry, your presence surprised me - I greeted him and sat down on one of the chairs.

Vegas stared at me with narrowed eyes as if to indicate that this conversation was not over.

- No problem - Alcazio said in Thai and blinked again. - Vegas told me a lot about you. He said you like spicy food, I hope you will enjoy it.

I looked at my plate and felt so hungry that whatever was on it, I would swallow it whole.

- Thank you - I grabbed my fork, and as soon as Vegas sat down next to me, I stuffed a good chunk into my mouth.

I have to admit, for the first time, the pasta tasted just as spicy as

food I am eating normally. The sharpness was on the spot, and typical Thai products made me feel like I was eating one of the meals that were once prepared at home.

- Mmmmm - I groaned, shaking my head in disbelief, then took another bite and danced gently, smiling at Alcazio in thanks.

- I see you like it, angel - he smiled back, and then I felt him watching me eat.

I heard Vegas jaw tighten next to me so I looked at his plate, knowing spicy food wasn't for him.

- Too spicy? - I asked, then grabbed the piece and tried it. - No, yours is fine, but if you don't want it, I can prepare something else for you.

A soft laugh came from the Italian, but I didn't pay much attention to it. Lots of people giggled at times like this, but what was I supposed to do? I wanted Vegas to be happy.

- No need - he muttered, nibbling on his plate.

I took the cutlery from him and put a good amount of food, then lifted it to his mouth.

- Come on - I encouraged, and he grabbed my hand and slowly ate what I handed him.

- Suddenly so obedient - I shook my head, put down his spoon and fork, then gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and went back to my meal.

- ***You are so cute that I feel like vomiting*** - Alcazio said, and unfortunately I didn't understand him again.

I glanced at Vegas, but he just smiled and then held my head down and kissed my temple.

- ***You can always get out if it bothers you. Oh and get dressed, you won't be walking naked around my house.***

- Why are you so easy to pissed? Jealous much? Of my perfect body or because of him looking at it? - Alcazio laughed so hard he almost fell on the floor.

I looked from one to the other.

- If any of you will speak english again in front of me, I promise you will regret it deeply - I said, smiling innocently, then I filled my mouth with food again.

VEGAS:

We returned to the bedroom after our meal, and Pete lay down on the couch, sighing in satisfaction. He ate everything that Alcazio put under his nose, who would have thought he would like spaghetti so much. *Not me.* I narrowed my eyes at my irritation returning. I was jealous, jealous as hell, although I had nothing to be jealous about, but the way Pete praised this Italian asshole food... I rubbed my tired face and heard the sound of the phone.

Reminder to visit a doctor.

- Well, well, well - I looked at Pete and felt the anger and fear that had settled in my head yesterday. - I think we need to talk.

He opened his eyes and looked at me innocently. *Oh no, not this time. It is about your safety.*

- Sit up straight - I ordered, and he seemed to understand that he would not get away from this conversation.

- Okay, start this lecture - he sat down with his arms folded, looking at me expectantly.

I sat on the table, putting his legs between my own. My hand stroked gently his naked knee, and he raised one eyebrow.

- Pete - I started, then took a deep breath. - You can't leave the hospital like this. You can not! You barely made it home, Nop said you slept like the dead man! What if someone caught you when you were driving? What if someone kidnapped you?! What would I do then?!

Pete grabbed my hand and squeezed it gently, then brushed our fingers together.

- Sorry - the pouty lips trembled and those doe's eyes looked at me sadly. - I just didn't know what to do anymore. It's because of this awful lack of sleep.

I played with his fingers and we sat there in silence for a while.

- I saw you die - the words left my mouth with difficulty. - I don't know what it was, a dream or a warning, but in the hospital, before I woke up, I saw you dead.

- Vegas - Pete moved closer to me, and with a slight grimace of pain, he laid his head on my shoulder, hugging me tightly. - I'm so sorry...

- I can't lose you, understand?! - I still felt this separating pain, like then. - I just can't handle it.

I felt Pete's hands on my face, he lifted it carefully, and we looked deeply into each other's eyes.

- I... - he began and pecked me on the lips. - I'll never leave you...

He marked each word with a kiss, then swiftly stuck his tongue in and began to tease mine. We kept looking at each other, not letting this contact end, and I felt his taste filling me. When we finally broke apart, we both gasped with thirst.

- Try to leave - I warned - and I'll find you, bring you here, and fuck you until you will not be able to move.

Pete smiled as he rubbed his nose against mine, then stood up and wanted to lie down on the bed, but I held his hand.

- I'm not joking, Pete - the dark tone of my voice suggested that too. - I'll find you everywhere. You can't hide from me.

He put his hand on my cheek and ran his finger along my tensed

jawline.

- You promise? - he asked, and then he slipped out of my hands and flopped down onto the mattress.

- I want you now - I said simply and heard him laugh.

- And I want you, but no chance, you bastard - he sighed sadly. - I have no strength for those things.

I got up and walked over to him, leaning just above his slim body. I felt his muscles tense under my breath. I sniffed his neck and slowly made my way downstairs, nuzzling his back every now and then. Then I kissed the spot just above his buttocks where he had cute dimples but this time still covered with the shirt he wore. My shirt.

- I can wait - I knew he heard the hunger in my voice as he shivered and groaned softly, making my body hard.

I got up and quickly grabbed the towel, needing to take a cold shower immediately.

***

We were lying hugged, a movie was playing on the laptop, but I couldn't focus on it. I was frustrated, still jealous, and even a long, cold shower couldn't help. But I gritted my teeth, knowing how weak Pete was right now. He was lying snuggled against my body, his bandages were replaced by the doctor who visited us when I was in the bathroom and he reprimended us, talking about everything that might have happened if we were not so lucky, but he also agreed to our return home.

Pete's fingertips were scratching my bare chest, and he laughed every now and then, only making the whole thing less and less comfortable for me. I couldn't stop thinking about the last few days and wanted to feel his warm body under me. Maybe then I could get this damn vision out of my mind? I was so focused on my thoughts that I didn't notice Pete's hand slowly going down, gently caressing my muscles.

- Maybe I should go back to learning English - I heard vaguely and suddenly I was back to reality.

- Wait, what? - I looked at the sparks in his eyes and then at his hand and prayed for a sea of patience. *What are you doing with me?*

- English - he repeated, his finger already touching the hem of my pants. - I could hire someone to help, or I could ask Alcazio, you know, your friend.

His voice sounded strange.

- Hmmm - I was breathing hard, unable to concentrate on anything.

- Did you sleep with him? - The sudden question made me open my puzzled eyes and see Pete's gaze fixed on me.

- Me and him? - I huffed. - Never. We both prefer to be the ones on top.

I squeezed my eyes shut again as Pete played, brushing my stomach.

- He is very handsome.

The whole body trembled from the sudden stab of jealousy. I couldn't even react properly because I felt like I was about to pounce on him, those goddamn fingers brushing the bottom of my stomach made me go crazy. *Sooner hell freezes over than I let this playboy teach you.*

- I can give you lessons - beads of sweat appeared on my forehead, even though it was quite cool in the room. - Repeat for me "***I want you inside***"

Pete laughed hoarsely against my ear. Dear God, for what sins this torture?! I swallowed hard, telling myself everything would be fine. His short fingernails dug into my stomach, only causing me to harden more.

- The last time you taught me, I embarrassed myself in front of a friend. - Pete growled, and I remembered telling him "***I'm in happy relationship with my husband*** " is a simple greeting.

Well, at every meeting foreigners would come up to him and I could see those flashes in their eyes. I had to stop it somehow! It is a pity that he noticed so quickly. Again, I felt him touching me right next to the material of the trousers and I wanted to move gently upwards so that I could feel his working hands on me.

- Pete - I said with difficulty, squeezing my eyes shut and mentally saying the mantra. - I can't do this anymore...

- We can't make love, but - his face came closer to my ear. - ***I can touch you.***

Then the hand slipped under the fabric. I was not wearing any underwear as I was not planning to leave the room. The skin burned at his touch, and not long after that, I felt him grab my entire length into his beautiful fingers.

- ***You're so big*** - he whispered in my ear and my whole body trembled with delight while hearing him speak english.

The heat waves passed through me and the skin on which his breathing fell was almost numb. His thumb gently twirled circles on my head, and I could feel the pre-cum oozing out, dirtying it. I was so close, yet he had just touched me. It was funny, pathetic, not like me, but we hadn't been together for a good few days and I didn't have the strength to hold back.

- ***So tough*** - he added, and I groaned, afraid to open my eyes.

He moistened his hand with my dripping juice and began to move lazily up and down, occasionally moving his finger over the

sensitive head. I gripped the pillow with one hand, Pete's head still laying on the other, and I felt fulfillment coming. It was then that he squeezed me tighter and traced the path from the tip to the balls with his fingernail.

- ***All mine*** - he leaned in even closer this time, biting the lobe of my ear, and I came.

He stroke me few more times, kissing my lips which were just repeating one word - Pete.

MACAU:

This, what I felt, I could simply call Colpo di Fulmine, love at first sight.

He was standing in only his underpants, wiping his, dripping with water, body. The olive skin glistened under the sun's rays, settling delicately on every curve of his chest. He stood sideways to me, wet hair falling over his face as he wiped the damp from his muscular belly.

I felt numb and wanted to back away, giving up swimming, when my leg caught on one of the recliners. The sound echoed across the pool, and the stranger looked up at me. That's when it happened. Colpo Di Fulmine.

Invisible lightning struck me, sending tremors across my body until I didn't know if I could still stay on my feet properly. My throat felt dry and my stomach was suddenly filled with flying butterflies, but I also felt completely calm, as if everything had finally fallen into correct place. My heart was pounding at the speed of light, and it felt like it was about to pop out of my chest and run towards him. My cheeks stung from the fire that filled me and I realized I was in love.

I didn't know who he was, I didn't understand where he came from, or why he just bathes in our pool, but I knew it was him. I was waiting for him. And everything suddenly became so simple, so logical. I could see a piece of heaven waiting for me. There was no turning back, there was no way to escape. Those honey eyes trapped me, engulfed me to the end. I lost and my heart was at stake.

- ***Who are you, kid?*** - His voice melted into my skin and I had the feeling that every word marked me. - Shouldn't you be at school, boy?

When I finally understood what he was saying, I froze. His eyes glared at me mockingly, and I felt my entire face and neck turn even more red. He looked up and down at my body, and as I was wearing only a towel on the hips, he could see everything and I knew it made no impression on him. *Holy shit, goddamn it!*

Without a word, I turned and ran away asfast as I could. His

laughter seemed to follow me. I jumped into the room and leaned heavily against the door. I was gasping for breath, but was unable to calm my flushed face. *What is happening to me?!* I looked around unconsciously and realized that I had run into the Venice room by accident. I rubbed my face with my shaky hand and went to the crib. The boy was sleeping soundly, not even realizing that his brother had just lost his poor heart.

Chapter 8.5: Younger Son, Macau Theerapanyakul

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

I've decided to put short side story for Macau. Hope you will enjoy it. :)

***

Excerpt from the Diary:

When I was born my father got mad drunk and destroyed the entire office. I heard rumors that he slapped my mother in the face right after giving birth and that was the last time he touched her. I don't know what made him so angry, apparently I wasn't good enough for him even on my birth day. From that moment on, all my father gave me was scars. I would like to remember mother, but her presence in my life is a big blank page. Vegas knows much more, and the loss of her took away a large part of his soul, so I suspect she was an important woman for him.

The moment I started to understand how the world works, I realized that nothing is free and what really has value is power. The power my father had over me. The power my uncle had over my father. Everything revolves around it. *Power*. The problem was, I didn't care about this in my life. It may sound childish, but all I wanted was family and because of this I tried my best to get my father's attention. Wasn't being the perfect student enough? I could start acting like a spoiled brat just for him to take care of me. But he ignored my existence.

Vegas was a lot like me. I saw how much he tried to please dad, how much he sacrificed just to hear a good word. Well, he never heard it and neither did I. How much can you crush your soul for

another human being? I still wonder about it as I sometimes run my fingers over the scar on my wrist. How low can you fall by not having love?

I know, of course, that my brother loved me dearly, even if he didn't quite understand it. I guess it was hard for both of us to grasp the whole concept of "love" because we never fully experienced this feeling. How can you know how much you have lost if you don't know the real price? So we existed a bit like a zombies, shallow inside, pretending to be the perfect family outside. If only the walls of our house could talk, everyone would understand the horror we've gone through.

Then miracle happened. Miracle with a slender but strong body, chocolate, floppy hair, dark eyes and this huge, sunny smile. *Pete*. Pete showed up, and I suddenly realized what big gap there was between life without love and that with it. It's as if someone suddenly takes headscarf off your face and for the first time you are able to clearly see everything just how it is, but the problem occurred. I was already broken. Years of ignorance and silent hatred had created wounds in my heart that would not heal easily, so it was difficult for me to just understand that someone could love me for who I am.

Every day I work to heal all wounds. Life is strange, but I am beginning to see its advantages and learn about the sides that were previously hidden from me.

MACAU:

~~words written as ***this*** are in english~~

From the early morning I felt a constant shame. The moment I opened my eyes, the memory of my escape yesterday made me want to bury myself deep in the bed and never get out of it. All those thoughts related to love... *I? In love? At first sight?* I wanted to laugh at myself, but I felt so ashamed that it was probably better to forget about that event. I must have felt just weird yesterday to react like that. Maybe I ate something stale? That's for sure was the reason.

I couldn't believe my heart was beating faster to a total stranger. In the past, while my father was still alive, I had few dates with girls. I wanted to hide my preferences from everyone, especially after what dad did when he found out Vegas was gay. So I decided to pretend that I was interested in the opposite sex, but I think he knew but just didn't care. Maybe I wasn't important enough to make him angry, I wasn't the first son after all.

When my father finally died, I gave up pretending to be someone else, and with the tremendous help of Pete, therapist and later Vegas, I decided to fix my mindset. In the past I was molded and

changed too many times and I ended with a lot of broken pieces inside. The creases that were appearing on my psyche all this time could not disappear easily and I couldn't deal with them myself.

So since then, I have focused on me, and I have put topics such as love away from my mind. That's probably why I reacted so strongly. I wasn't that interested in anyone before, and this stranger was just my type. It isn't real love, just a puppy type of feeling that would go away. With these thoughts, I put on a tracksuit and decided to burn off some energy. I asked one of the bodyguards, Mark, for a quick training and after the warm-up we did a boxing sparring.

I was focusing on hitting and blocking when I felt someone's eyes on me. The hour was early and I was sure Pete and Vegas were still asleep, especially since they tried to recover quickly after the car accident, so I suspected the foreigner must have been watching me. It is possible that my face showed some blush, but it was only due to physical exertion!

I asked Mark for a few minutes of break and went to the table while opening a bottle of water in the process. I was just taking a long sip, still pretending how much I wasn't interested in that man when I heard it from behind.

- ***Nice form*** - a low voice rang in my head. - ***For a kid.***

I forgot I had water in my mouth, and as I tried to reply by turning to face him, some of the liquid flew out of it. I quickly wanted to swallow the rest but I ended up choking and coughing loudly, unable to catch solid breath. A heavy hand fell on my back several times and I felt the warmth radiating from it. Finally I got it under control and took a strong gulp of air.

- It's okay - I said, as the man continued to pat me.

For a moment, I had the feeling that fear for me was reflected on his face, but it had to be just an illusion.

- Even drinking is a problem for you? - he muttered and stepped away.

I still felt my throat burning and my cheeks turned completely red because I knew I was looking like a fool. I really wanted to show him that his presence did not affect me in any way, so why I ended again as laughingstock. *What is happening with me?*

- What do you mean?! - I started aggressively, and he raised an eyebrow and this fucking ironic smile reappeared. *Aghhhhhh!* - Who are you?

I don't think he liked my question, because he looked at me with a disappointment that he quickly covered with a mask of indifference. He muttered something about my tragic memory, rubbing his hand against neck. *Did we meet before?* I visited Italy with Vegas once, but I don't remember meeting a man like him.

- Alcazio - he said, his accent strengthening and I felt twitch in the vicinity of the chest. - I'm working with your brother.

Alcazio... Alcazio... I know this name from somewhere. I looked at him thoughtfully, and he walked over to Mark, taking the gloves from him.

- Alcazio - I whispered, wanting to feel his name settle on my tongue.

It had a beautiful sound, so soft. I wanted to repeat it more often.

- Train with me, I need to move - he asked, entering the makeshift ring.

Physical contact was probably not the best idea. With that thought, I ran to him, not wanting to see how he changes his mind. *I'll show you what kind of a child I am!* I truly wanted to beat this smile from his smooth face. We started calmly, I took a few hits and he blocked them easily. I was focused and avoided his eyes. I felt a strange weakness every time I looked at them.

- How serious - he muttered, laughing. - ***Let's change.***

I made a huge mistake, I looked up as he spoke to me. I was about to start blocking his punches, but my fist just shot out and hit him in the nose. Alcazio stepped back, looking at me in surprise. I widened my eyes and held my breath and a good minute passed. We were just watching our reactions. I saw a dark shadow in his gaze, some gleam, as if Alcazio was getting ready to attack. It was that sight that made me step back and run away in panic. Or rather, I wanted to start to run but his muscular arms tightened on my chest without letting go.

- ***Oh no, no, no*** - My whole body shuddered as I felt his warm breath against my neck. - ***We're not finished yet.***

- Hahaha - I laughed nervously, trying to break free from his iron grip.

I felt my back brush against his chest, and that only made me hot. I was wearing tank top, so our hands were touching skin to skin, these places were already on fire. Something was wrong with me, I couldn't react that way to someone with whom I hadn't even exchanged a few decent sentences! This situation was embarrassing enough, and then I felt his lips brush against my neck. My breakout attempts led to this, so I froze. I don't even know if I was breathing then, waiting for Alcazio to let me go.

- Don't you think you should apologize? - he muttered and my legs felt like jelly.

- It's not my fault you didn't defend yourself - I replied as if out of anger.

I was having troubles breathing correctly and we both knew it. *How humiliating.*

- ***Apologize*** - this time I heard real demand in his voice.

- I'm sorry - I started, and when he loosened his grip, I quickly added - for you not being able to block a straight punch.

Before he reacted, I disappeared out the door. I ran into the room and locked myself inside, fearing that he was about to appear. Why would he do this? I have no idea, but I quietly wanted him to come.

***

I had an appointment with Porschay in one of the galleries, so I had to shower quickly and move on, time was running out. I took the keys to the bike Vegas bought me for one of my birthday parties and slipped out of the house. Fortunately, I did not met him. When I finally got there, the boy was standing in front of the entrance and immediately waved at me. I smiled as he was eating ice cream and as he started swinging the ice fell to the ground, staining his shirt.

- Not this again - he groaned, and I walked over, laughing at his clumsiness.

- Bro - I shook my head and we went to the bathroom.

We had no specific plans, just shopping. Chay was particularly interested in music stores, and then we wanted to grab quick meal. We were leafing through the exhibitions, talking about everything and nothing, when a familiar figure flashed through the glass. *No, that can't be true.* For a moment I was sure I was dreaming, but no. Alcazio was standing behind some brunette, in short dress, in a jewelry store, fastening sparkly necklace around her neck. It had to be expensive because the girl's eyes shone like diamonds. Then he kissed her on the crease of her neck and they left for the exit.

I think the shock took a heavy toll on my face because Chay looked at me fearfully.

- Macau? - He put his hand to my forehead and then forcibly led me to the chairs. - Sit down, suddenly you look so pale.

I don't know why this view shocked me so much. *I don't know this man! I don't care if he's dating someone or just taking her to a hotel to...* I took a deep breath, feeling dizzy. *What is happening with me?* Maybe I should see a doctor.

- Khun - I felt Porschay insert a water bottle into my hand. - Something's wrong, come on!

I looked at him and decided to consult my issue as he was experienced with Kim. Maybe he can help me understand it all. So I told him about the meeting and about today, and he, serious at first, now tried to hide his smile.

- It's not funny, bro - I growled.

- Sorry, sorry, of course - he bit his lower lip and gave me a sidelong glance. - Well, it's love. you fell in love.

I shouldn't ask him, I should talk to someone else. Maybe to Pete?

No, he could tell Vegas about it.

- No - I said, and he looked at me indulgently. - I'm telling you, it's not love. You can't fall in love with someone just like that.

- I don't know, man, you tell me if you can or can't - he only muttered, and he wasn't hiding his smile anymore.

He sat there with his hands on belly and laughed until he almost choked. Maybe I shouldn't have lecture him before on how much I am beyond simple feelings like love, but he didn't have to laugh at me that much. He almost flew out of the chair, bastard.

***

The next day I was getting ready for the exam. I couldn't sit in a locked bedroom any longer, so I unfolded the papers in the kitchen and while sipping my coffee I started to read the previously prepared notes. I didn't want to waste my time on school, but I had to keep my head with something. I saw Alcazio leaving the house in the morning, so I hoped to have some peace for a while. I was mumbling to myself the memorized information when Pete entered the room.

- Khun Pete - I greeted him and he walked over and ruffled my hair.

I liked how he was always doing it.

- Am I bothering you? - he asked, going through my papers.

- Phi never bothers me - I gave him a chair, and he sat down next to me. - I need a break anyway.

- Are you stressed by exams?

- No - I laughed. - I'd rather have them already behind me.

We chatted a little and I felt the nervousness of the last few days disappearing. Pete cut apples for us and gave me a slice for every good answer. If I ever hesitated, I could see his eyes telling me that what I was saying was going in the right direction and I felt more confident. We talked like this for a while when the door opened and Vegas and Alcazio walked in. Pete was standing behind me, elbows on my shoulders, chin resting on my head, and he held a fork in front of me with the fruit on it. I bit it and almost choked when I saw who was entering. *It's alright.*

Brother walked over to us and kissed Pete hard on the cheek. I was sure he blushed.

- So here you are, angel - Alcazio said, sitting down in front of me, his eyes focused on Pete.

As soon as I stopped staring at him, I could feel his gaze on my body, but when I looked up, he was again staring at Pete. *Is he interested in him?* But how could he, after all, it is his friend's lover. I frowned because I didn't know Alcazio enough to judge what kind of person he was. I knew there is no one other than Vegas in Pete's

eyes, but the stranger looked at him in such a way that it was hard to tell what he could do. He was also calling him "angel". Who normally addresses his friend's boyfriend like that? I was jealous, and it made me feel uncomfortable. I couldn't just sit here.

- We're getting ready for the exam - said Pete and I felt his hand ruffle my hair again, but this time I wasn't that pleased with it.

- Huh, are you going somewhere? - I asked, as I saw Vegas wearing a suit.

- I came back - he slumped into the chair next to me and also began looking through the papers I had scattered around. - Are we bothering you?

I denied and started collecting notes. It was almost lunchtime, which is probably why everyone suddenly appeared in the kitchen. Alcazio helped me with the papers, and for a second our hands met. I could feel the fire pulsating from there, but I took my hands faster and put everything in bag. I didn't look up at him, I didn't want to make a fool of myself again. I have to limit all contacts, I knew this was the only way out in this situation.

- Phi - I began ingratiatingly. - I've made an appointment with Porschay for lunch. Can I go?

Vegas didn't like me skipping meals together, but before he could reply, Pete cut in.

- Sure, go - he sat down by Vegas and laced fingers around his. - Have fun.

I gave him a sincere, thankful smile and quickly disappeared from the room. It felt as if the honey eyes were following me, but that couldn't be true.

I left shortly after but I lied to them. I hadn't made an appointment with Porschay. What's worse, I knew my friend didn't have time to meet today so I stopped at some cafe and sat there all noon, thinking about this strange situation I am in.

Chapter 9: Silence Before The Storm

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I have this feeling that I add chapters too often, but I can't help myself, I'm so into this story. :D

VEGAS:

A few days have passed since our accident and I could confidently say that both Pete and I are feeling much better. The bruises and scrapes were still visible, but everything was healing at an incredible speed. The doctor was pleased to see our convalescence and forgave us for leaving the hospital quickly. Everything would be perfect if it wasn't for one little detail. I was horny. From the moment of the Kinn ceremony, I was sexually frustrated and I had no physical strength to hold back.

I needed a week of crazy sex with Pete, but I made a promise to myself that until we were both completely healthy, I wouldn't do anything. But I couldn't stop staring at him, and suddenly everything he was doing was so sexy that my daily showers had increased several times over. Did he really have to assign tasks to the rest of the bodyguards in front of me? There is nothing more attractive than a guy in charge. And then he dared to go out to the balcony to smoke. His sensual posture, the way he held the cigarette, head tilted back as he let the air out of his lungs. I wanted to bend him over that railing and... *No, don't think about it, or you'll have to go to the bathroom again.*

I sighed in frustration as I sat at my desk. There was silence in the room, Alcazio was sitting with me a moment ago and we discussed what we had collected about man who persecuted me. We took a short break now and I was sitting like a donkey, remembering how sexy the sweat beads on Pete's forehead looked as he left with

Venice for the Major Family this morning.

- I'm going to die because of this - I slammed my hand on the desk and knew there was no way for me to hold back today.

I was wondering when they would return, since they had been there for two hours and thirty-seven minutes, when my phone rang. I picked up seeing it was from the main family number, and as soon as I heard Pete I asked.

- When you coming back?

- Why don't you just say hi firstly - he snorted.

I felt his voice harden everything inside me. It was too much, I just needed to be in him immediately.

- Hi, when you coming back? - I ran my hand through hair, frustrated.

The laughter in the earpiece made me chew on my lower lip.

- Pete - I lowered my voice and heard the other side suck in a deep breath.

I wasn't the only one who was horny. I could feel Pete's eyes on me every time he thought I wasn't looking. He snuggled closer to me at night and I knew he was provoking me, but I had to restrain myself. He was touching my body on every possible occasion then he was casually walking in our bedroom only in my shirt, sitting on my lap while I was working. No one can comprehend how much energy I burned down trying to hold back, but I saw the pain in his face when someone touched injured arm.

- Vegas - His voice lowered as well, giving me feeling like he was caressing my ear.

I turned the stool away from the desk and looked at the view that was spreading from the balcony. I shifted my chair, and the tent that had been present on my pants from the beginning of the conversation only reminded me that Pete was not home yet. I know I could have let him satisfy me with his hand, but after that last time I realized it wouldn't be enough. Nothing was ever enough between us.

- Where are you? - I asked. - In what room? You are alone?

- I'm in my old place and there's no one here. Khun stole Venice and I think he is trying to bribe him with some candies, so I used this time to call you.

- Wonderful - I murmured, and felt my hand reach up to stiff cock. - Pete... Tell me something naughty, naa?

Silence fell on the other side as I waited.

- Vegas... - I heard a deep breath, as if Pete was trying to hold back. - You know this phone is being recorded, right? I forgot my cell and I'm using one for bodyguards.

- Well this wasn't naughty, Pete - His voice alone was enough for

me, so I groaned as I moved my hand up and down - you have to try harder.

- Horny bastard - Pete growled, and then I think he hit his head on something because I heard a specific noise. - You are not the only one frustrated here, but if you don't mind others hearing us, then...

He moaned loudly and I vaguely realized that whoever was recording this conversation would be able to hear the sexy sounds of my lover. *My Pete!*

- Fuck! - I shouted and took my hand away from my body. - Don't you dare moan again, Pete!

He laughed and I almost cried out loud.

- We'll be back soon - he promised, then hung up.

Another visit to the bathroom awaited me. I left it after a good hour and was going through some papers when Macau knocked asking for a moment to talk.

- Sit down - I invited him. I could see he was upset with something. - What's happening?

He collapsed into a chair and scowled at me.

- How long will your friend be here exactly? - He was angry and this did not surprise him.

Alcazio, for some incomprehensible reason, accosted Macau at every step, and he, as if he were not himself, often forgot the tongue in his mouth. Most of the times my brother was able to shut others down quickly but with Alcazio he was like some shy puppy.

- Alcazio helps me with something very important and I don't know how long it will take.

- Shit - he slammed hand on the table in frustration.

- It's strange, I thought you guys liked each other - I was very surprised by their both behavior.

- Why is that? He's been mocking me all the time - I could feel the sad tones in my brother's voice.

- I'm not talking about now, I'm talking about your meeting in Italy - I reminded him, but Macau looked at me as if I was an alien.

- I met him in Italy? - he frowned, as if trying to remember that moment.

- Well, yes - I agreed. - He was the one who saved you back then.

The door swung open and the topic of our conversation burst through it.

- Vegas, we have to go to your cousin, I think I have something - he looked at me excitedly then his gaze shifted to Macau and I saw a familiar twinkle in his eyes.

- Do you have your father-son meeting? - he joked and I saw my brother clench his fists.

But something was wrong here. I've seen Alcazio in all sorts of situations, and this twinkle in his eyes only showed up when he was interested in someone. On top of that, these constant taunts, it's just not like him. Macau pretended to be angry too, but I saw him glance at my friend from time to time. *What the hell!*

- I have to go, I've made an appointment with Porschay - Macau said quickly, ignoring Alcazio's presence and was about to leave when I stopped him.

- Then let's go together.

I got up and grabbed my keys and wallet from the table. I just had the perfect excuse to go see Pete and who knows, maybe we'll spend this night at the majory family home. I saw that Macau was not satisfied with my offer, but he did not want to argue. *Good.*

He wanted to leave, but Alcazio was standing in the doorway, preventing him from doing so.

- Are you offended? - Alcazio asked, but my brother didn't even looked up.

- Please, can you step back? - Macau said softly, and I saw Alcazio reach cautiously towards his head, as if to stroke it.

All of this was taking too long, and I had no time for those foolish things, so I went over and kicked them both out the door, then walked briskly to the exit. However, I stopped and gave a few more orders to Pok who was standing next to kitchen entry. At the same time the two of them went to car. I turned to walk out on my own, when I heard a loud bang coming from outside.

The sound of the gunfire echoed in my head, so I immediately leaned over and reached for my gun. I opened the door a little and out of the corner of my eye I saw Macau sitting next to the car. Behind my brother was Alcazio, one of his hands encircled the boy's chest and pressed his back against him. He had a gun in his other hand.

Blood was dripping from his head to the ground. The windows by the car were broken and those two were surrounded by glass, both nozzling, pale and nervous. Before I could locate the perpetrator, the motorcycle drove away.

I quickly ran to them, checking if my brother was okay. I had difficulty tearing him away from Alcazio, they refused to let go of each other.

- Everything's fine? - I grabbed his face in my hands and he nodded, but I could tell he was still scared. - And you?

I looked at my friend's side, the cut on his forehead must have been caused by the glass only. *Luckily for us.*

- Okay - Alcazio merely muttered, then as if he realized that he was still hugging Macau's body against his, he released him and

stood up. - This was close.

- Mark, Pok, Kim! - I shouted and the three bodyguards immediately ran up. - Check the cameras and tighten up the security. This situation is unacceptable! Bring a new car, we're going to Kinn.

I imagined what could have happened had it not been for Alcazio's amazing reflexes. I hugged my brother tightly and thanked my friend for saving him. I couldn't let anyone in my family get hurt ever again.

***

We drove in silence, I was in front of the wheel and both Macau and Alcazio were sitting in the back. My brother found hydrogen peroxide and plasters in the first aid kit and was taking care of the man's wound. They said nothing, just looked at each other and I knew there was something going on between them. I didn't mind Alcazio, but he loved to fuck people. The guy was literally known for not letting anyone go. It didn't matter what gender the person was as long as there was hole for him, and I didn't want my brother to end up as one of his fuck toys.

- Why don't you two step away from each other, hm? - I said, and they must have felt the menace in my voice as they both suddenly focused on the panes on their side.

Not only am I horny as a teenager, but they also have to cause problems for me. We quickly drove up to the house and a smiling Porschay came out to greet us, but when he saw Alcazio and Macau's white faces, he became worried.

- What happened?! - He grabbed my brother's arm and pressed his fingers to his forehead. - Why are you so pale, are you okay?

Alcazio ripped his hand away and held it as in greeting while smiling pleasantly.

- I haven't met you yet, sweetheart - he winked at Porschay, but before boy answered, someone pulled him hard back.

- Kim! - I was glad to see him. - Where's Pete? I mean Kinn. First Kinn, then Pete.

- Don't touch him - Kim muttered and hid Porschay behind.

- Where's Kinn?! - I asked again but Alcazio and Kim looked at each other like some alfa dogs.

I'm going to end up crazy, so frustrating! I grabbed Macau's arm and ushered him inside, deciding to just go into my cousin's bedroom.

- Don't look so sad - I asked, seeing my brother's face in the reflection. - If you don't want everyone to know you have a thing for Alcazio.

The boy looked up and I saw the fear in his eyes. Tears were coming to them, so I stopped at random room that was thankfully

empty.

- It's okay if you like someone - I said, ruffling his hair - but I know Alcazio and believe me, he's never serious.

- Phi - We hugged and he stamped his feet in anger.

- Shit - he muttered into my shirt. - It's okay, it's fine.

He stepped back and rubbed his face.

- I just want you to know that if he hurts you, you have to tell me. - We looked at each other for a moment.

- And what will you do? - Macau sat down at the table that was spread out in the center of the room.

- I'll kill him - I said, but my brother laughed.

- It's your friend, Phi.

- So what? - My tone must have convinced Macau, because he looked at me fearfully.

- He didn't do anything to me, Phi - he flashed a sad smile. - Can I stay here for a while? Go to Khun Kinn, I'll find you.

I thought for a moment if it's good idea to leave, but I couldn't force myself on him if he wanted to be alone.

- Come as soon as you feel better.

I left and headed to my cousin's bedroom, but before I got there, one of the security guards, Pol, asked me to go to the conference room. We went in and Kinn, Porsche, Kim, Alcazio and Pete were waiting for me there.

- Lovely, all there, so we won't waste any time!

I sat down beside Pete, kissing his cheek and ignoring the loud whistle from Porsche. Under the table I felt my lover's hand reach mine, I squeezed it tight and winked at him.

- Bastard - he moved his lips, but didn't say it out loud.

- Where's Macau? - I looked at Alcazio when he asked and made a mental note to talk to him seriously.

- Let's just start this meeting - I ignored my friend and focused on Kinn. - My friend, Alcazio, is helping us with finding culprit. You two meet few times so you know who he is, Kinn. I hope it's fine.

He just nodded, so I continued. Everyone was looking at me intently as I presented all we discovered recently.

- I think we are looking someone from Italian mafia. His accent is very specific but I am not sure from which part of Italy he is exactly because of this weird electronic voice changer he is using... I think he hired the one who attacked us today.

- What?! - Pete looked at me with worry. - What attack?!

I've told them everything, holding tightly Pete's hand in mine. *This shitshow will end soon.*

MACAU:

- Everything's all right? - Porschay stepped inside and looked at

me sidelong. - I've been looking for you for two hours.

Have I really been here for so long? Ever since Vegas left, I couldn't get my head together and just wondered what to do. I wanted to stop worrying about Alcazio, but I just simply couldn't. *Why life is not as easy as it should be!*

- It's okay - I replied and rubbed my head, feeling the migraine coming.

- Come on, Doctor Top is here.

I agreed and when we showed up doctor was already taking care of wound on Alcazio's head. Vegas and Pete were standing at the bar, whispering to each other, ignoring everybody else and ai could see sparks between them. Brother put his hand on Pete's back and stroked it slowly. *They really need to get a room or something. This tension between them is just too much!*

- Finally - Tankhun's voice echoed behind me.

He lightly pushed me away and I saw his colorful figure running up to the medic.

- I feel so bad, Doc! - he started right away, and I smiled under my breath.

There was a time when I pretended to have a crush on Dr. Top when I heard Khun had some feelings for him. I wanted to tease him because our relationship back then was very toxic. Soon I stopped pretending but I have to admit that Phi Top is a really good-looking man, maybe it would be wiser to fall in love with him?

- Not now, stupid - Porsche grabbed Tankhun by the arm and pulled him away. - Wounded first.

Doctor finished with Alcazio and approached me with a warm smile, so I replied with the same because I genuinely liked this man. He was kind and smart and he never teased me, not even once. *Not like him.*

- Khun Top - I greeted him and he asked me to sit down.

- You have to be careful - he murmured, looking at me, but luckily he didn't notice any wounds. - You probably got stressed by this situation, I will prescribe something to calm you down.

He ruffled my hair and I felt the hostile gaze of Khun and Alcazio on me. I understood why my cousin was upset, but he? He had no right to look at us that way.

- Phi, how is Phi cat doing? - I asked, wanting to extend our contact.

You want to see what it's like to be jealous? No problem. Top beamed at me and pulled out his phone. He brought his face close to mine and I heard someone stand up. Someone who has no right to stand up just because I was closer to another man. I secretly smiled then I

focused on the gray-haired kitten.

- I didn't think you'd remember - he muttered, shifting the photos. - It's cute, you'll fall in love with it when you see it.

- Phi has to introduce us - I blushed, because Top was more handsome when you watched him closer.

But before he answered me, Tankhun broke free from Porsche's hands and pressed his head between ours.

- Yes, yes, you have to introduce us - he assured, then pinched me until I jumped.

- Let's see some more photos - Khun said in a friendly tone and took my place.

I couldn't even react, because Porshay approached me immediately, pulling us aside.

- Let's go to my room - he whispered, and we said our goodbyes quickly.

All this time I felt a pair of honey-colored, angry eyes on me. *You have no right to look at me this way!*

PETE:

Doctor left rather quickly, and I didn't even have time to say goodbye to him, because Vegas's hands were wandering around me from moment the meeting ended. I was on the verge of screaming because we were still among the others and he acted as if we were alone at least. He kissed my cheek, rubbed his nose against it, and I pinched the fabric of his shirt to calm him down. *Bastard.*

- That's good enough! - Tankhun shouted and literally pulled me away from Vegas. - I'm angry, we're going to Yok.

I wanted to stop him, but he was shouting to Pol and Arm to catch Porsche. Someone pulled my hand, didn't let me go, and a loud sound of fight came to everyone. Porsche was not going to be kidnapped this easily.

- I'm not going anywhere, we don't have time for stupid things - he growled, but Arm and Pol insisted on doing Tankhun's request.

- Let him go - Vegas threatened Khun at the same time, and I really felt like I was surrounded by children.

- Enough! - We all froze as Kinn stepped inside. - Porsche, let's just go. We have to wait for information from the Italians anyway. Staying here stressed doesn't make sense.

Tankhun screamed for joy and tried to drag me behind, but somebody's strong fingers were still gripping my poor hand.

- Please, not the arm - I felt that I would have bruises there for sure.

Vegas looked at me quickly and let go, what Tankhun used for this advantage. Meanwhile Porsche argued with Kinn a little more, but eventually he gave up when Kinn whispered something to him

and they just went outside. Even Alcazio got up, also getting ready to leave, and I quietly hoped to run from all of them.

- Okay, I'll go too - I heard from Vegas and wanted to hit my head against the wall. Now I won't be able to disappear if he is also going.

Soon after we were in bar. All group went inside and I saw new, young bartender who was talking to Yok. He smiled as he greeted everyone and we went deeper to sit on couch. I didn't even have time to freshen up, so I went straight to the bathroom. It was empty so I took care of myself and was washing my hands when Vegas walked in, closed the door and stood behind me.

I could feel the heat of his body against mine, and I wanted to throw myself at him, but we were in a place that was easy to enter by others.

- I missed you - I heard and felt the hairs on my skin stand on end.

Big hands fell on my hips and began to spin circles. I looked up to see a pair of brown, hungry eyes staring at my soul. I rested my hands on the sink and summoned all strength to calm myself down.

- We can't - my voice was hoarse, full of frustration.

- We can - Vegas started sniffing my neck, still staring at me.

- Someone will come in - I whispered, feeling my stubbornness fade away.

- They won't - he assured me, and I felt him rubbing against my back. - I already took care of that.

His lips brushed my neck, tongue reached the hollow between it and my arm, and he stayed there for a deliciously long moment. My knees buckled under me, I had no more strength to refuse our desires.

I took a deep breath and nodded.

Chapter 10: Ruins of Our Paradise

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

NEW EPISODE TODAY, I CAN'T WAIT! HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY MY CHAPTER!

VEGAS:

I agreed to go out to that goddamn bar, though all I wanted to do was throw Pete over my shoulder and get him out of there. We were in the car with Tankhun, one of his bodyguards was driving, and we and Alcazio were sitting in the back. I held Pete's hand in mine, gently stroking his skin and thought about what to do next. I had the feeling that everyone could hear the gears in my head working, but I really crossed the line and needed my lover right now.

We got out in front of the entrance, the rest were already there, waiting for us, when I felt Pete's fingers tearing from my grip. Tankhun grabbed his arm and began to pull him towards the door, but I wasn't mad this time. There was a kind of crazy plan in my head that I was about to fulfill. Alcazio walked past me, but I stopped him and offered a cigarette. He agreed, and after a while we were standing alone on the sidewalk.

- Help me - I did not ask, but ordered, and he looked at me in surprise.

- What do you need?

- I have to be alone with Pete for a while, watch the bathroom for me, let no one go in there.

My friend laughed, shaking his head in disbelief.

- You're a horny asshole - he continued to chuckle, but nodded. - No problem, boss. I'll help you fuck your wife.

I put out my cigarette butt and slapped him jokingly as I went

inside. I heard his lazy steps behind me.

It was stuffy in the bar, the temperature had risen a few degrees and my shirt was starting to stick to my body. I stood in front of a bartender I had never seen before and ordered a whiskey with ice. I was taking glass from him when I noticed, out of the corner of my eye, Pete making his way towards the toilet. I quickly put the alcohol down and followed him. I just turned to catch Alcazio's eye and he winked at me and stuck his tongue out. *I'll kick his ass later.*

I entered the room and quietly closed the door with the latch. I knew that if someone drunk punched it, the rusty metal would let go and the uninvited guest would come in, but I also knew Alcazio for years, and as he promised to help, he will help, so I focused on Pete standing by the sink. He was just washing his hands when our eyes met.

I approached him from behind, feeling the warmth radiating from his slender body.

- I missed you - I whispered, and he shivered.

His eyes fog up, so I placed my hands on his sexy hips and began to spin my fingers around lazily. We were finally alone and I was going to use this moment to the very end.

- We can't.

I could hear the fear in his voice. He didn't want anyone to find us during our love time.

- We can - I ran my nose up his neck, inhaling the sensual scent.

- Someone will come in - he whispered, but he also bit lower lip as if he didn't want to say it truly. As if he didn't want to interrupt.

- They won't - I assured him and brought my body closer to his back, rubbing. - I already took care of that.

With light kisses, I made a path from his neck to the hollow on the shoulder. I stayed there for a while longer, sucking on this delicate skin. In the mirror, I saw him nodding in agreement and I finally smiled with relief. I was just waiting for this, I wanted him to let me touch him, I haven't had Pete in my arms for so long. He was hot, sweat was gathering on his skin. He apparently felt, like me, the higher temperature in the room.

Still pressed against his back, I began to undo the buttons of his jacket, then threw it to the ground.

- Hey - he elbowed me, but I just chuckled.

I then undid the buttons on shirt and ran my fingertips along the lines of his muscles.

- You're beautiful - I said, but he just snorted.

I bit his neck as a punishment. *When I say you are beautiful, then you are!*

- Mhmm - he moaned, feeling my teeth against him, so I did it

again. - Ve... Vegas!

- You like it? - This time I licked the reddened spot and Pete nearly fell to the ground.

I gripped his hips firmly, not wanting him to hurt this perfect body, and again slipped my tongue down his temptingly bent neck. Pete's raw, manly taste in my mouth, mixed with the saltiness of his sweat was everything I ever needed. The familiar smell of his skin made me feverish, but I was focused on giving him as much pleasure as possible.

- You're so delicious - I murmured, and he huffed in disbelief.

- You're kidding, right? - he was breathing hardly, but still answering me. - I didn't even have time to shower, I'm sweaty.

- You taste like a five-star dish - I amused him, but when I bit the earlobe of his ear, he stopped laughing.

- Ahhh - he moaned, brushing against me. - Aghhh.

His groans seemed to echo off the walls of the room, and I prayed they wouldn't be heard outside.

- What are you doing with me?! - I growled as the scraps of my control were disappearing at a terrifying rate.

I threw off his shirt, then quickly unbuckled belt and pulled his pants and underwear down. I stared in the mirror at his pale body, flushed in many tempting places. He was as hard as a rock, yet I hadn't touched him there yet. Pure male satisfaction spread over me and I could feel it pouring out onto my face. I watched with an arrogant smile as the love of my life rubbed against my still clothed body and purred with delight. My hands rose to hardened nipples on their own, and as I brushed them Pete pressed harder against me.

- Oh yeah - he kept repeating, and I caressed his chest, nibbling on his crooked neck.

My whole body throbbed with the urge to enter him. It felt like my pants were going to explode with tension, but I also wanted to stay there, watch Pete's reflection, who was now in state of pure ecstasy. Everything else was relegated to the background. My orgasm? It could wait. Now all that mattered was that I could see this beautiful, perfect body at the moment of its fulfillment. Pre-cum began to ooze from his hard cock and I bit my lower lip when Pete reached for one of my hands and moved it downward.

- Touch me here - he begged, then wrapped my hand around his cock and squeezed it. - Ahhh, Vegas!

The way he moaned my name was driving me crazy. I ran my rough fingers over his dick and irritated his sensitive head.

- I'm so close - he whispered, pressing harder at me. - So close, please!

I pressed against his plump buttocks, my fingers gripping his penis tighter. I pinched the swollen nipple and at the same time bit again gently space between his neck and shoulder.

- Ahggh - he shouted, and I felt his whole body twitch in convulsions.

White, milky liquid shot from his quivering cock right into the mirror, but I didn't stop. I was still moving my arm, pressing my body even harder than before. Pete tensed a few more times and then, tired, almost fell to the ground.

- My legs - he croaked, but I held him down.

I struggled to take off my black jacket and set it on the counter, then helped Pete sit up. He was leaning his sweaty back against the mirror, barely breathing, and I had to admit I had never seen anyone so sexy.

- The way you turn me on - I leaned over and kissed him hard on the lips.

PETE:

I had no strength for anything, a long time passed before I came so hard. Vegas sat me down on his jacket and stood between my legs, hands at my sides, watching. I felt cool glass under my back and was grateful for it, this feeling of burning inside never left me. I had a hard time catching my breath and felt like I was going to pass out, but Vegas was kissing me so sweetly. I felt dizzy every time his tongue attacked mine.

- I can't think because of you - I managed to say between kisses, and he smiled and this time he kissed my forehead.

I felt his hands massaging my hips and then descending lazily down to my knees, opening them wider. It was all so sinful, so embarrassing. I was now completely open to him, and I could feel a flush across my face.

- Pete, naa - Vegas's pleading voice seemed to come to me through a fog. - Let me...

I was so excited I couldn't think, and yet I came a few minutes ago. *How is this even possible?* I nodded my consent, and he pulled something out of his trouser pocket, and shortly thereafter a cool, gel-covered finger gently entered me. I closed my eyes, focusing on the careful movements, but Vegas paused.

- Open your eyes, Pete - he ordered, and I overheard desire in his voice.

He was looking at me with such lust and determination. I had the impression that in a moment I would come without him touching me.

- You need to watch me make love to you - That authoritative tone would normally have infuriated me, but right now, at this

point, I just wanted him to wiggle his fingers again.

- Yes, sir - I promised, and his eyes lit up.

- Hmmm, I like what you said - he smiled, lifting one of his eyebrows up as his finger returned to what it had been doing.

I gripped my hand firmly on the sink next to me, the other rose involuntarily to my mouth. I bit my thumb, groaning incessantly as Vegas prepared me for himself. I am not sure if knowing that someone could come in made me more sensitive, but every touch caused a flood of convulsions and heat from the place he was just stroking. He pressed a second finger inside me and I felt myself stiffen. I leaned towards him, staring into his focused eyes and repeating his name in the most pleading, ingratiating way to me.

- You're so bad for this - he growled, and pulled his fingers out of me.

I felt so empty inside, so I cried with dissatisfaction, and he quickly unbuttoned his pants and pulled out the tough evidence of his excitement from his boxers.

- What are you doing with me?! - he whispered to himself, spreading all the remnants of the gel he had.

Then I felt his little head slowly push into me. It was uncomfortable getting inside me, I had to relax my muscles, but we hadn't done this in a few days and it felt like Vegas was bigger than usual.

- Ah, it hurts - I blurted out, and he stopped right away. - Shit, don't stop! - I added, and he slowed down even more. I had the feeling that we had been in this bathroom for hours before he finally entered me.

- You're so tight. - Vegas kissed my neck where he had bit before. - So warm.

He flooded me with a wave of gentle kisses, caressed my cheeks and forehead, gently brushed my nose, then stopped in front of my mouth.

- You're perfect - and he began to move.

All the world disappeared from my thoughts. Nothing mattered, just those strong, hard thrusts hitting my beloved point. I quickly came with his lips on mine, but he kept entering me. I wrapped my arms around his sweaty back and tightened my trembling legs around his tiny waist, helping him penetrate even deeper into me. My back was still pressing against the mirror, but this time it felt as if my body heat was melting it.

It was all sinful, crazy but so perfect. I was close to orgasm again and I felt Vegas was coming too, because his movements were rougher, faster and he was moaning right into my swollen mouth when someone yelled loudly outside the door. I jumped, scared,

tightening my grip on his hard cock.

- Don't hold me like that, I'll come right away. - he warned me, but I was afraid that someone would come over here soon. - You like to make love when someone may interrupt?

I dug my nails into his back, but the noises outside the door renewed, and I tightened my grip on Vegas again. *Was he right?* With each unfamiliar noise, I felt it even more inside. *Adrenalin?*

- No - I whispered, though, and buried my head in the crease of his neck.

His whole body trembled as he laughed, then he groaned aloud, pushed me deeper and came strongly, whispering my name. A few more thrusts, then he rested his sweaty forehead against mine and touched my nose with his.

- I love you - he assured me.

- I love you too.

***

A good couple of minutes passed before we managed to get it back together. I was ashamed of going outside, I wasn't even sure how many of people were there. I just hoped the rest were completely drunk by now. Vegas opened the door for me and we stumbled upon Alcazio once again. He was throwing to us a meaningful, perverted smile and all I wanted was to disappear from this world. I didn't wait for what he would say, but I quickly ran into the room and sat down by Porsche. The whole situation was so embarrassing and although I didn't regret what we did, I would prefer to do it in our bed instead.

- You two must've been starving for a long time - Porsche muttered, sipping his drink.

I didn't answer, but I took the glass from him and drank the contents in a quick gulp. The alcohol eased my tense muscles immediately.

- Don't worry - he added. - Do you know how many times Kinn and I have done it here? Sometimes I think they should name this bathroom in our honor.

He got up and headed for the bar and I followed him.

- Same again, twice - he asked, and the bartender started preparing.

I've never seen him here before. He was relatively young, his face had bis scar going from his chin to ear, and it wouldn't matter to me if he didn't throw his eyes one way or the other, as if he was afraid of something. I had a weird feeling about it and wanted to tell my friend my suspicious when Tankhun bumped into us dancing his weird moves.

- Asshole - Porsche shouted and walked away for a moment,

dragging him far from the bar.

- Please. - I got my drinks handled and felt someone pull me over to a table.

Vegas was sitting with Alcazio and they were talking about something, but when he saw me he shifted, making room for us. I served Porsche one drink and we watched Arm and Pol lift Khun up, who suddenly decided to wave at us like a king. I drank my glass quickly, but the alcohol tasted strangely to me. I knew Porsche liked to drink herbal stuff, so I shrugged and let myself pour another one. Alcazio just looked at me and blinked.

- You look blooming, angel - I felt that damn blush creep onto my face again, but something occurred to me.

- Alcazio, why are you talking to everyone with angel, baby, darling words? - - I was very curious why he added these diminutives, even when talking to strangers.

He shrugged and leaned back against the chair.

- It's a habit.

- But you don't say that to Macau - I added, and Vegas next to me stiffened.

Something on Alcazio's face told me I had hit his sore spot. After all, I was not blind, I saw the two of them playing cat and mouse game. I didn't want to mention anything beforehand, but the alcohol untied my tongue strangely.

- Well, Macau is just a kid - he replied cautiously, but I couldn't help but stick to the topic.

- Porschay is kid too, and yet you call him like this.

- Okay, I need a drink - Vegas stood up and walked over to the bar.

I took a quick glance there, but he was already served by Yok.

- Alcazio? - I sat down closer and waved with my finger for him to come closer.

- Hm?

- If you hurt Macau, there will be no place on earth where you will be able to hide - I said, and gave him my kindest smile. Someone handed me a glass and I tilted it quickly.

- I'm not interested in him - Alcazio replied, but I just snorted.

Lie to yourself if you want, I know the truth. We sat like that for a while, then Alcazio went to the bathroom and I started talking to Porsche again, but it was hard for me to concentrate. I felt worse and worse. I had the weird impression that we both talked a lot, but there was no real conversation between us. As if we had the need to be talkative. My mouth went dry and I felt my breathing start to speed up. Porsche was whispering something about my flushed face and when I looked at him I wanted to laugh.

- You're beet red yourself - I stammered, and suddenly everything was all mixed up into one, single spot.

I struggled to my feet, heading to where I thought was Vegas. The image was blurry before my eyes, my head was booming, and I couldn't focus on anything. I saw my grandmother standing in the middle of the bar and reaching out to me.

- Ma? - I whispered shocked. - What are you doing here, ma?

I hugged her, but she had a strange male voice.

- What the hell, Pete?! - Tankhun shouted, trying to break free. - Stop drinking, I'm not your grandma!

Someone pulled me away from him and I saw Vegas's face, larger than usual. I had the impression that it was inflated like a balloon and it was about to burst. I was scared, so I started crying, begging him not to die, then suddenly I vomited.

- Something's wrong - someone said, and I started twitching like crazy before I hit the ground.

- Pete!

VEGAS:

I was just at the bar and Kinn was talking to me about something when Tankhun's scream caught our attention.

- What the hell, Pete?! Stop drinking, I'm not your grandma!

I focused on my man, but he had a strange look on his face. He was red, but not from the blush, but as if he were burning with a fever. He was staring in all directions with dilated pupils. Porsche appeared next to him, in the same condition, and I felt fear.

- Pete? - I pulled him away from Khun and I wanted him to focus only on me, but he started to cry, shouting something about my head that will explode in a moment.

- Something's wrong - Kinn screamed. Porsche was on his lap, vomiting heavily. Pete joined him soon.

I brushed his hair back, letting him throw away whatever had hurt him inside, but he began to twitch as if in fever and fell unconscious to the ground.

- Pete? PETE?! - I fell to my knees, trying to wake him up, not understanding what was happening.

Someone called an ambulance, and Alcazio, who had seen everything, grabbed the glass Pete was still clutching in his hand and sniffed it.

- Shit! - he cursed and ran to the bar.

He shifted things around as if looking for something, then picked up an empty, stained board to his nose. He dismissed it quickly as the scent reached him and ran towards us.

- Kinn, let Porsche throw up while he's conscious - he ordered, and my cousin forced his fingers into his lover mouth.

- Pete? - Alcazio knelt beside me and suddenly slammed Pete in the face. - Wake up!

I was tempted to attack him, but Pete opened his eyes and stared at us dimly. Wasting no time, Alcazio turned him on his side and shoved his fingers into Pete's mouth, causing him to vomit.

- What the hell?! - I was holding Pete's hand, staring in disbelief at what was happening.

- He has a fever, get some ice here - my friend shouted, and although I was like a child in the fog, I decided to listen to him.

I threw myself for the ice and quickly wrapped the cloth around it. I put it on Pete's hot forehead, and Kinn did the same for Porsche.

- Atropa belladonna - Alcazio reminded me. - Someone poisoned them.

There was only a silence after his words and my murderer's instinct was awakened. *Someone has poisoned the drinks.* I got up, leaving Pete in the care of Alcazio, and slowly walked over to Yok.

- Mr Vegas, please, it's not me! - she screamed, and I was about to attack her when suddenly Tankhun asked.

- Where's the new bartender?

They all looked at him in surprise, then looked around the room but the boy was nowhere to be found.

Chapter 11: The Truth Behind The Scars

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

TRIGGER WARNING! SUICIDE TOPIC WILL APPEAR, IF YOU ARE NOT OK WITH SUCH THINGS, PLEASE BE CAREFUL OR DO NOT READ THIS CHAPTER!

I added Alcazio pov, what do you guys think? It's fine or too much?

VEGAS:

Several hours passed before Kinn finally entered the conference room where he had left me. Ambulance took Pete and Porsche to the hospital, but the doctor wouldn't let us stay when we both began demanding quick results from him. I wanted to remind those people who was sponsoring this place, but Macau forced us out of there.

- Calm down! - he shouted as we headed for the exit. - They have to take care of them, don't bother specialists!

I wanted to break away from him and I felt my movements pulled his weaker body away, then he stumbled, but before he fell Alcazio grabbed him and helped stand up straight. Then he walked over to me and hit me hard in the face.

- Enough - Alcazio ordered, and this time it was he who led me outside.

We arrived at the major family house and I heard that Yok was in one of the rooms. Someone from the bodyguards was questioning her and I wanted to go there, but Kinn categorically forbade me from doing it. *Goddamn it!* I didn't feel like listening to him, but he pushed me into a random room and locked the door, screaming he would let me out when I calm down. *As if it was that simple.*

I walked from corner to corner remembering all the details of our

stay at the bar. The boy was young, unremarkable, almost not recognizable with his plain face. This scar might have helped us track him down and I hoped it wasn't artificial, of course. I couldn't believe such child did so much damage to freaking mafia family.

My hands were shaking with anger and I had to break something, so I turned to look at the place I was locked in. A huge table, lots of chairs, electronic equipment, a shelving unit with glass... *Perfect*. I grabbed one of the pieces of furniture and slammed it against the counter. Relief of finally being able to destroy something came quickly, so I repeated it. I grabbed the glasses and slammed them against the wall and then I screamed. I screamed, cursed, yell into the heavens. I didn't care what others thought, I had to either do that or kill everyone in the immediate vicinity. So I was running around the room for a good few hours, I could feel the glass jam on my hands, sweat running down my shoulders, sticking my shirt to my body, but it didn't matter. All that mattered was Pete who was injured again, and I didn't stop it. *I was so focused on my damn dick that I lost my mind for a moment.*

When Kinn finally opened the door, I had my back to him. My eyes were closed and I was taking a slow breath. My anger didn't go away at all, but I managed to tame it for a while. There was not a single thing around that would have come out of the meeting with me unscathed. I heard Macau's, who peeked inside curiously, terrified voice, but I couldn't help it. I had thoughts so dark, so bad, that I could hurt him by accident as well, it's good that at least I had taken advantage of these items.

- Kinn - I turned to my cousin and saw him shiver as he backed away. - Any news?

- Yes - he cleared his throat and I saw that he himself had his arm wrapped in bandages, Kinn must have been hitting something for a long time. - The doctor said that the worst was behind us, luckily Alcazio's quick reaction saved them from greater consequences, but for now they are in a coma. I'll get them here, it'll be more convenient. We already have two bedrooms ready.

I nodded, not wanting to argue. We should now work together to solve this problem.

- Vegas? - Alcazio stepped inside and whistled, seeing what was left of the room. - Remind me never to mess with Pete.

I scowled at him, but remembered Kinn's words.

- Thank you - I whispered, looking at the man who saved my lover's life. - I'll do anything to repay you.

- Money or life! - Alcazio joked, but I was completely honest.

- Anything you want - I said.

His eyes fell on the door for a second and I had the impression

that he was looking at Macau who was still standing there, but he quickly turned and leaned against the wall.

- Maybe another time - he replied and winked. - We need to talk about that damn Atropa belladonna for now.

I nodded and walked slowly to the door. I wanted to closed it when I got in touch with Macau, his eyes reddened and he was staring at me in fear.

- Pete will be here soon - I said, and he only nodded. - We'll get you a bed in his room and something for Venice.

I could see he needed it, so he smiled hesitantly.

- I'll take care of it - Macau said, and disappeared on the stairs.

I closed the door and turned to Kinn and Alcazio.

- Speak.

- I have a guess - my friend began. - The Atropa belladonna only reassured me in this, but I'm not sure who exactly it could be, since the main man is dead.

- What do you mean? - Kinn stepped closer.

- Don - Alcazio replied simply, and I looked at him in disbelief.

- Him? But I killed him and all his people! - I was sure that I got rid of this problem.

- Well, he was known to use Atropa belladonna on his enemies - Alcazio added. - And it's not so easy to kill a family in the Italian mafia. You're sure his people aren't chasing you?

I frowned and thought deeply. Don had been buried for months now, most of his men were definitely dead, and there was no one there who could demand his revenge so much as to risk meeting me.

- It can't be it - I muttered, rubbing my face.

- Leave it to me, my people will check it - Alcazio patted my shoulder and we heard a knock.

- They're here - a muffled voice said, and Kinn and I quickly ran outside.

MACAU:

They placed Pete in one of the main guest bedrooms. The room was large so the extra beds didn't take up much space. I was sitting in the armchair, Alcazio in front of me, and we both looked at the sick man. He was still unconscious and pale, but he was breathing calmly, strapped to the special apparatus. My brother sat down on the bed and whispered something to Pete, then leaned over and kissed his temple and rested forehead against his. I winced because I could feel his pain from where I was and I was angry that I couldn't help in any way. Alcazio looked at me and frowned at my expression, but this was not the time to wonder what he was thinking.

Vegas pulled himself away from Pete with difficulty and looked at us.

- Alcazio, I need to talk to Kinn - he said in a dead voice. - Watch them, I don't want any more problems.

The Italian nodded and I ran over to my brother and patted him comfortingly.

- Everything will be fine - I assured, although I wasn't cartain if it was true.

Vegas gave me a quick smile and left the room, leaving me, unconscious Pete, sleeping Venice and moody Alcazio all alone.

Finally, I had the opportunity to approach the patient calmly. I sat down in the chair that had been placed next to his bed and I took his hand. I looked at our joined fingers and the bracelet he gave me flashed. I felt a pain in my heart because I had not given him any present myself. Not even once.

- Wake up quickly - I asked, then went to the bathroom, dipped the towel in the cool water, and returned to my seat, gently wiping the sweat that had accumulated on Pete's brow.

- Really? - I heard from the side of the table and saw that Alcazio was looking at what I was doing with the mockery.

I did not want to argue with him. Recently there was such a tense atmosphere between us that it could be cut with a knife. The fighting increased on both sides and I had the feeling that we were going to throw ourselves around our necks soon. *Or I will throw myself on his mouth. I have to stop thinking like that.*

- You care about everyone, hm? - I heard steps behind me.

I turned to answer him and bumped into his strong chest. He was standing so close to me that I could see the pores on his face.

- What... - I stopped talking when our eyes met. I swallowed saliva hard, feeling weird things in my belly.

One of his hands grabbed the towel and tossed it on the bed, then Alcazio approached and I, like some teenage girl, started backing up against the wall, feeling breathless. There was no way out, and his mouth was getting closer and closer until I closed my eyes, feeling his warm breath mingle with mine.

- What's with this reaction. You're a kid - Alcazio whispered, and I opened my eyes immediately.

He looked at me with one eyebrow up, and I had the feeling that I was going to burn with shame. He was laughing at me once again. I felt angry and before my courage failed, I muttered.

- So what? - and then I kissed him softly.

I just touched his plump lips for a second, but by that time his eyes darkened and I felt him grab my hair from the back of my head and pull me against him. His tongue carefully parted my lips

and then he sucked in my lower lip temptingly. I was out of air, and it felt like I was going to pass out when he suddenly pulled away from me and took a few steps back.

- First that friend of yours, then the doc and now me? - he muttered, but I had no idea what he was talking about.

Lips were still burning from our touch and I wanted to feel it on me longer, but when I stepped towards Alcazio, he walked over to the table in the middle of the room, then he laughed somehow so unpleasantly.

- And all this to keep your brother from figuring out, huh? - The mockery came back into his voice and I sobered up.

- Wait what?

- Vegas knows you're in love with his boyfriend? - Alcazio shot me a defiant look and I felt such disappointment in his person. *How can you be so blind?*

I squatted down because my legs were not obeying me, and I stared at him in disbelief.

- Don't look at me like that, it's obvious.

I closed my eyes trying to calm myself down and then made up my mind. I knew from what I'm gonna say, Alcazio will always look at me differently, but it was better than the constant screeching. We can't just fight all the time.

- I did it for the first time when I was twelve - I started and he snorted loudly, but I didn't stop talking. - I saw a knife on the kitchen counter. Father was just beating Vegas for some nonsensical reason, and I do not know why I just grabbed that damn knife. The first cut was hell of a pain, I guess I never felt sting like this, then the blood started to drain and I panicked. I screamed but deep inside I didn't want to stop the wound, I was so close to the end when my dad and brother ran to the kitchen. You know, before I passed out, I still saw Pa hit Phi Vegas, like again and again? He blamed him for what I had done, and I just wanted it all to stop - I felt a scar on my wrist under my fingers. A constant reminder of my past.

Alcazio stood up, staring at me in disbelief.

- Then there was the one time we came back from a meeting. I fell into the water, surprised by Porsche and my father was furious. I thought he was worried about me, but when we were left alone, he knocked me unconscious. He kept repeating what a loser I was, how I embarrassed them, how much he didn't want a son like me. Vegas tried to calm me down, but I ran into the bathroom, closed myself inside and packed my mouth with some pills - I laughed emptyly, remembering that day. - They saved me of course, I'm still here after all.

- Macau - Alcazio wanted to come to me, but I forbade him.

- When my father finally died, I didn't know if I was happy or sad. I was furious because this bastard had been destroying me and my brother for so many years, and I still couldn't fully hate him. How is it possible to feel the loss of such a monster? Then Vegas went to the hospital and he wasn't given much of a chance, and I don't know, I suddenly felt so lonely? As if there was nothing left in this world to keep me here. - I felt tears under my eyelids, but I didn't want to cry, I just wanted to quickly say what was needed to be said.

- I'm sorry... - Alcazio began, but I ignored him.

- I went to the hospital to say goodbye - I added, and a disobedient tear ran down my cheek. - I told unconscious Vegas how much I love him, but I can't live like this anymore and I wanted to jump off the bridge when Pete came out of the hospital and saw me standing on the sidewalk. I don't know if he knew what I was going to do, or if he just felt sorry for me, but he hugged me and took me home forcibly. I've never felt such warmth from another human before.

I looked at Pete, grabbed the towel again, and slowly rubbed his pale forehead.

- We slept that night together, hugging but NOT how you think. Hugging like brothers, like father and son and I thought to myself, this is how it feels when someone cares about you? He told me there's nothing wrong with not feeling well and I shouldn't be ashamed of my tears. Some days passed and I saw small light in the darkness. Then my stepmother attacked me, calling me fucking brat and ungrateful trash and I was again in this fucking hell but he said "You are not worse because you do not live up to someone else's expectations, this is your life and all you do is stick to your standards. You will not be selfish just because you think about yourself. Macau, just do what you want to do and I will be right behind you, supporting every decision" After it I stood up to her and when she left I heard that he was proud of me. Of me! Me, Macau, who was never smart enough, good enough, perfect enough. After all what happened someone finally was proud of me...

Alcazio came up to my side and put his hand on my shoulder, but I rejected the gesture.

- Of course I love Pete - I assured before looking back into Alcazio's repentant eyes. - I am not in love with him, but I would do anything to save him, because he saved me. Don't mock my feelings just because you don't understand them.

- Sorry - Alcazio assured me, but my heart was already bleeding.

- I don't know you this good so why I feel so disappointed in you?

I expected more.

- Macau...

I stepped back and looked at to the door.

- I need to get some things from home, stay here with Venice, I'll be back soon.

But before I walked away, strong arms encircled me and hugged me tightly.

- Forgive me. I'm just stupid, jealous man, Macau, please forgive me - I heard the pain in Alcazio's voice, but I was in such a sensitive state now that I didn't want to prolong this conversation.

I broke free from his hands and headed outside. I took a deep breath as I stood on the sidewalk. Warm air filled my lungs and I suddenly realized what I had done. Even my therapist didn't hear everything, so why did I tell Alcazio about those datk times?

I got in the car and we drove to the minor family home. We were halfway there when suddenly a black car forced us to stop. Three men ran out of it, all dressed in dark colors with masks on their faces and I realized there is only me and driver here. I wanted to take out my phone and text Vegas quickly, but I heard a shot and the man next to me was already dead. I wrote few words but before I clicked send, the door banged open and someone forcibly pulled me out. I wanted to scream, but they put a smelly handkerchief to my nose, then all I could see was the darkness.

ALCAZIO:

What have I done? For days now, I had struggled to cope with the feelings that were building up inside me, and I knew I was going to do something stupid soon. This was it. I didn't want to feel jealous, especially since I knew how much Macau respected both Vegas and Pete, but when I saw how delicately he was dealing with him, it suddenly just took my mind away. Then he kissed me and everything I had promised myself was crushed.

Macau didn't remember me, he didn't remember our promise, so I decided not to deepen our relations, but every time I saw him, I couldn't help but mock him a little. I know, I acted like a child, but it hurt me so much that he didn't remember Italy. It was first time in my life when I opened to someone and he just forgot. I worked for year to be able to finally come here and declare myself but Macau just lived his life, already throwing me out of the picture.

When I saw Porschay touch his forehead, I wanted to pick up this little brat in my arms, put him genly in the car and drive away from this friend and whole place as far as possible. But I kept my nerves in check. Then this doc showed up and watching them with their heads glued on laughing at something on his phone was just torture. More than that, Macau blushed! *Do you like him? You should*

have better taste.

I went to the club with pleasure and alcohol suppressed my cravings a bit, unfortunately this damn attempt happened. Someone had poisoned Pete and Porsche's drinks and I knew Macau would be sad about it. Shit, I should have figured it out sooner! I should notice something before they drunk too much of the wolfberry.

Now I was sitting alone in room thinking about everything he had told me. I wanted to hit my head against the wall and find some way to make him forget my stupidity, but that was not possible. Maybe it will be better this way? I have to step away from this boy before I do anything even sillier. I still felt his taste on my lips, and that didn't bode well. I was getting lost deeper and deeper in it, I guess it's time to end this. My life is dark and full of death and Macau deserves to live in light.

I made up my mind when Vegas bursted into the room, he was out of breath.

- What the ... - I started and he punched me right in the face until I fell down.

- Alcazio, you asshole, you were supposed to look after him!

I didn't know what it was about, but I felt a cold sweat on my back. *Macau? Is this about him?!*

- What happened?! - I jumped quickly from the ground, gripping Vegas's arm tightly.

- They kidnapped him.

Darkness.

I saw darkness before my eyes, then I saw red flooding it. I didn't listen to anyone anymore, I just went outside. There was a car in front of the entrance, which was being checked by security guards. I walked very slowly around it and saw the blood and the phone under the seat. I didn't have to pick it up to know whose it was. It had a message that had not yet been sent.

"Help, four men, veiled faces, black sedan"

All my life I was killing people for money. Others could pay a lot just to see someone dead and I didn't care much as long as my bank account was full. I was never scared, never afraid, because life is about death. You spend some time here and then you are ending buried in ground. So what is this weird feeling slowly penetrating my mind? Why my hands are sweaty and I feel shivers going down on my body? Why I feel like desert appeared in my mouth? Am I mad or afraid?

- We need to find him quick - Vegas appeared next to me. - Or they will kill him.

I looked into his determinated eyes and I knew hell just broke down and the hunt is starting.

***

Edit:

This is how I imagine Alcazio but with a little longer, curly hair and eyes are more honey like than green:

Chapter 12: Chasing the White Rabbit

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

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THIS CHAPTER INVOLVES PHYSICAL VIOLENCE!

VEGAS:

I stood in front of the unfolded map in Pete's room, going through all the possible routes this sedan could take for the hundredth time. For hours, Arm had been looking at the cameras from it's closest surroundings, but found nothing as if they had all collapsed into the ground. Only the footage of the kidnapping itself was extractable. Alcazio had been watching it continuously for over an hour, only stopping to scroll to the beginning and playing the whole thing again. He paused the video a couple of times and came closer, then wrote something down, but we haven't spoken to each other yet, too busy with our own tasks.

All boydguards were looking for Macau, even Major Family spread their impressive network of contacts but we found nothing. I was terrified, anger was consuming me from the inside, and I wanted to destroy whatever came my way, but the feeling that had haunted me since Macau disappeared was purely fear. I've been taking care of him from the day he was born. I cared for him as best I could, I even learned to change his diapers, because my father sometimes forgot that he had a son who needed to be looked after. I protected him at school and tried to protect him from what happened to me in home. Then we grow apart a little when my father heard that I was gay. I thought he was going to kill me that night, as I admit he beat me hard. After it we found an unconscious, bloody Macau in the kitchen. My heart stopped beating that evening because I realized that all my attempts to protect him were useless. He was still broken inside, just like me.

After Pete took care of us, I couldn't believe he could put us back together, but he somehow did, only now my angel was unconscious and I needed his support so badly. I wanted to calm my troubled nerves, but it all fell on us at the same time. I was so close to returning to Vegas the Monster and I was afraid. I was afraid that if I was overwhelmed by this darkness again, nothing would get me out of it. I was afraid I'd go back to my old self and lose Pete, but if I don't let the darkness engulf me, I might not see Macau. I was in an impasse. Damn it! *As soon as I get my hands on this fucking caller, I'll skin him!*

My phone rang and I received more pictures of hidden roads in the immediate vicinity of the scene. I quickly marked them on the map and asked Nop if that was all he could find. He confirmed, but also assured me that he would continue to search, so I grabbed the keys and pulled Alcazio away from the video.

- There are a few places to see - I indicated on the map the still unchecked areas.

- Then let's go - before I reacted, he was no longer in the room.

I sighed, trying to cheer myself up, and kissed Pete on the temple before leaving.

- I'll find him, you'll see - I assured, because I knew whether he was conscious or not, he certainly worried about Macau even more than I did.

I asked Porschay to keep an eye on Venice, and I was gone. Soon after I got into my car, Alcazio was sitting in front of the wheel, his fingers tapping impatiently against it.

- Maybe you'd hurry up - he growled, and I wanted to remind him who exactly let my brother go without better security.

However, I decided not to do it. Now every moment mattered, we didn't have time to argue. *Later. Later I will knock you out for that!*

We reached one of the roads leading to more secluded, wooded areas. Behind the bushes was a hidden, abandoned little building that I spotted by accident. We paused in front of it to check it out when a soft voice from inside reached us. I couldn't understand the words, but the tone was so familiar that, without thinking, I ran right into it. It was so dark there and I preferred not to go deeper, so I quickly started to tear off the cardboard boxes stuck to the windows to let in some daylight. Alcazio helped me as much as he could, and I heard him swear while doing it.

- Phi, help me - a terrified voice spread over the walls and we both turned around, but there was no one inside.

Instead, a large cardboard box was placed in the center of the room that seemed to be covering something. Cautiously, I walked over and pulled the box down, and a TV set appeared beneath it,

playing a looping video. Macau was on the ground, his hands bound in front of him. Blood was dripping from his head, going into his red, swollen eyes, but he couldn't wipe it off. He looked exhausted, covered in some dust and dirt.

- Phi, help me - he repeated softly, but his eyes went wild, as if he was not fully conscious.

I let go of the cardboard I had been holding in my hands a second ago. I took two steps back, unable to take my eyes off my brother. Alcazio slammed his fist against the wall, throwing another bunch of Italian curses, and my phone rang. The number that hadn't spoken for a while flashed maliciously on the display. I picked it up and put it to my ear without a word.

- Macau or Pete? Pete or Macau? - the same electronic voice asked as usual.

I closed my eyes, focusing on everything I could catch from his words, but that nasty laugh was driving me insane.

- You could have chosen and only one would ended with wounds, but you didn't. So I hurt both of them - the stranger chuckled. - It's your fault Vegas, everything that happens is entirely your fault.

The connection has been broken.

- Who was it? - Alcazio grabbed my hand, but I didn't look at him. - Vegas! It was him?! TALK TO ME.

- It's my fault - I whispered, and I felt the weight settle on my shoulders. *Is this karma for all evil I've done in the past?*

Alcazio did not wait longer, he quickly went to the TV, took out the recording and put it in his pocket, then grabbed the equipment in his hands and threw it against the wall. He turned to me, panting heavily, and slapped me hard in the face. Second time in a few days.

- Get a grip, you're not a little boy anymore, which needs constant support - he growled, grabbing my shirt and pulling me to him. - Your brother needs you, so wake up and let old Vegas come back, time to spill some Italian blood!

Then he released me until I hit the wall and he went outside. I looked distractedly at the cell phone still in my hand and suddenly I hit it with all my might against the ground. There was no turning back, I could feel all that anger creeping up on me, and the familiar metallic taste of blood rose in my mouth. I laughed like a madman.

- I'll kill you son of a bitch! - I promised and took the card out of the smashed cell phone, then left. I got in the car and Alcazio just asked.

- Where now?

- To my house - I said - then we have to pick up some rat from the shipyard and drive it to Kinn.

I was fed up with playing the good guy. This bastard was having fun with me because I didn't set the boundaries properly. Some things needs to come back but I couldd't relax, knowing I will soon be facing severe consequences of my actions. Still, I was ready to risk it all for my brother.

With a squeal of tires, we headed South.

***

When Don was alive, he once mentioned a man who helped him unpack his goods at the shipyard. They had known each other for many years and he called him Mr. Tatu, his friend. I have never met him, as I am careful though, I got a picture of this person and put it on my phone, maybe it could be of use to me in the future, I thought. This day has just come and I was going to find that man and have a sincere, insightful conversation with him. I had hidden my special suitcase in the trunk, and we were sitting in front of the entry, waiting for a middle-aged man, with gray hair and glasses falling over his broken in several places nose, to come.

Time passed and the people leaving did not resemble the person we were waiting for. I was losing temper, thinking that maybe he realized we may look for him and it was already ten o'clock in the evening when the man finally appeared from around the corner. Alcazio unnoticedly left the car and disappeared behind some pallets, while I opened the window and waited. The stranger walked by my side, whistling happily.

- Mr. Tatu? - I asked and he looked at my window in surprise and must have recognized me because he immediately started to step back. - We don't know each other, but please, relax. There is time for everything.

A muscled hand slipped out of the shadows behind the man, grabbing his neck and pressing down on the vital point. It was enough to hold him for a moment and he was already unconscious. Alcazio opened the back door, threw him awkwardly in, and he drove away to the Major Family home.

When we finally got there, Kinn was standing in front of the entrance, looking at us anxiously.

- What does that mean, Vegas? - he looked at the guy slung over Alcazio shoulder and at my black suitcase.

- Don't worry about it, I just need to borrow your basement - I gave him a cold smile and ordered Alcazio to tie Mr. Tatu on the table. Meanwhile I went to the bedroom.

Pete was still unconscious, and this time I was afraid to touch him. There is a high probability that after those events I will lose him, after all, he escaped from this dark me which I wanted to bring back. But I had no choice, time was running out and my

brother was suffering more and more. I took off my shirt and only in black jeans went to the door. I stopped there and looked again at Pete's dormant face.

I approached him uncertainly, stretching my trembling fingers towards him, but I did not touch him. I only traced the contours of his face in the air, the layout of his seductive lips, the simplicity of his nose, and I imagined him smiling at me. As I moved my hand like this, the ring he gave me caught my attention. I didn't want to stain it with blood, so I took it off with difficulty and put it on the cupboard next to Pete.

Maybe I'll never wear it again, who knows? I backed off, but by the time I made it out to the doors, I turned and I was next to him again.

- Better to have it after all - I grabbed the ring and put it where it belongs. - God, what am I doing, Pete?!

Then I ran out of the room and quickly went down to the basement, praying for survival.

***

To understand my fear, you have to understand that I haven't used my suitcase since I imprisoned Pete. Everything that was hidden there made me lose my mind and immerse myself in the pain and suffering of others, and it turned me on incredibly. Then I hurt Pete with my behavior, and since I understood my feelings, I haven't opened that damn box. I had the feeling that if I did, all the demons that were hiding there would take me away and I will go back to what I was before. I'll be an empty shell bubbling with hate again.

Of course, that doesn't mean I became soft and couldn't cope with my enemies, but this suitcase was something else. With it, this whole torturing was no longer about gaining information, but about inflicting as much pain as possible, just to please myself. What I could hear from victims was a bonus, in reality it was all about a clean expression of agony on something alive. At least I thought like that before, now I was standing in front of all the devices that I used to use so hard in the past and I wasn't sure how to get this all started.

I pulled out one of the knives and ran it over the counter. Mr. Totu was already awake and looked at me with a challenge. He was old enough to know the consequences of being in this industry. He understood that who he worked with will bring him to death. So I couldn't take it easy on him. *Old, sadistic Vegas had to come back in the best style.* I put the tip of the knife under the man's neck and lifted his chin slightly.

- I hope we both have a good time - I wanted to lower my voice,

make the other person feel fear, but he snorted, not impressed.

- The second devil of the minor family has come to me - he hissed, squinting his eyes. - The first devil was of course your dead daddy. Even in this field you are not able to be on the podium.

I stared in disbelief, can't comprehend what I heard. Blood rushed to my head, and it felt like it was about to explode. I saw white flickering spots before my eyes, and a soft voice appeared at the back of my head. *Are you really going to let him offend you like that?*

I pushed the knife away from him and this time I grabbed the pliers.

- It could have been so nice - I said, then grabbed one of his bound legs.

I had to hear him scream immediately. I tightened the pliers on one of the nails and began to pull. Blood came right away, it started dripping from the sides, but he didn't even squeal. I did it a couple of times, then grabbed his hands and pulled out a few nails as well, but still nothing. But I wasn't angry, I just felt the excitement. This guy challenged me, and I took it, knowing I would win.

- Hope you like pain - I whispered, taking the gas jet - because I do.

I didn't like the smell of burning skin, but there was nothing better than fire when it comes to stubborn people. So I turned on the device, took his feet again and put it on. For a few seconds, Totu tried not to show his pain, but when his skin began to turn black, he screamed loudly, trying to break free.

- Don't kick, we've only just begun - I said, and put the gas jet to the other leg.

ALCAZIO:

I had to get out of this basement, I couldn't bear the screams sounding like the slaughtered pig any longer. I stood in front of the entrance, but I still felt that burning itch around me. Before I left, I saw Vegas taking this man kneecaps out of his knees and I nearly threw up. But we learned something, Macau was alive. Totu had no idea where he was being held, but he wasn't taken out of town, it's always a relief.

I've been a hired killer for a good few years, and I've been doing a lot of wrong things. I tortured people, killed them, kidnapped them, but I've never been in the state Vegas is now. This spectacle he put for himself made even my stomach feel too weak. However, I had no problems with this version of Vegas. He was cruel, inhuman, but effective, and that's what we needed, effectiveness.

Macau had been imprisoned for several hours, and I still had the tape with me of him being tied and lying somewhere waiting for our rescue. I had to get him out of the hands of those

motherfuckers, I just had to. If I was going to use Vegas madness for this, go ahead. As long as there are results, I will agree to anything. I didn't know what we were going to do after we found Macau, because I didn't think Vegas was going to easily recover, but sometimes you have to make sacrifices to get to your destination.

The screams continued, so I pulled out my cigarette with a trembling hand and prayed for someone brave enough to tame the beast that Vegas was now.

VEGAS:

Blood was dripping down my chest, staining my pants, but it didn't bother me. I felt so alive, so filled with strength. I looked at the corpse in front of me and stuck my knife into it again. *I broke you son of a bitch and you were so brave.* I laughed under my breath and thought I heard a voice behind me, but ignored it.

- Vegas? - the voice repeated and I turned to look at Pete dressed in a white pajama.

He looked like some fucking angel, but it wasn't possible. My Pete wasn't definitely standing here staring at my bloodied figure, he was still in bed, recovering from poison. So I smiled cruelly and let my imagination run wild.

- Look who's here - I muttered with delight. - Our cinderella decided to wake up!

I lazily approached him, knowing that he was about to run away and the vision would vanish, but he stood in front of me and looked at me reprovingly.

- What are you doing?! - he growled, and I laughed at how brave he was suddenly. - What do you think you're doing when Macau is in danger!

I shuddered at his words, I had the feeling that someone was calling me from the back of my head, as if trying to pull me out of this abyss. Two more people appeared on the stairs shouting at Pete, but I ignored them. I started to walk around him, and as I was right behind his slim figure, not voluntarily, I leaned over and inhaled his scent.

- What's with the tone, Pete ?! You can't talk to me like that! - I growled, though as that masculine, familiar fragrance enveloped me, I knew I was losing control.

- I'll talk to you however I want to - he shouted even louder, and I shivered. - WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOU BASTARD?!

My heart was beating abruptly and I realized this is not my imagination, he was truly standing there, looking at me angrily. *Oh God, did I lost him? Is he seeing what I've done? Why I am covered in blood, this should't be like this?!* I couldn't stop panicking, and then

he took step closer.

Chapter 13: The Devil in Me

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

☕ If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

THIS CHAPTER INVOLVES PHYSICAL VIOLENCE!

I KNOW I ALREADY ADDED ONE CHAPTER TODAY BUT I FINISHED THIS ONE SO QUICKLY, SO IT'S JUST LIKE SURPRISE FOR PEOPLE WHO ENJOY MY WRITING. :)

PETE:

I woke up suddenly, not fully understanding what was happening. It was dark outside, and I had the impression that I had slept for several months, everything ached from the numbness but Porschay, standing next to me, assured me that it had only been three days. He held Venice in his arms as boy slept and rocked him as he paced quietly around the room. My mouth was dry, so I held out a trembling hand for the glass and took a careful sip, fearing that too much at once would make me sick.

- Where is everybody? - I asked and Porschay looked at me fearfully. - Porschay?

- Ah, I shouldn't tell you this... - he began with hesitation, and I froze.

- What happened? Where is Vegas? Why he's not here? And Macau? Porschay, talk!

I flooded him with a wave of words, but he slowly put Venice down and walked over to me, asking me to be quieter.

- When you slept, someone kidnapped Macau - he said with sadness in his voice, and I sprang to my feet, standing in front of him in white long pajamas pants and shirt from a set.

- What?!

I felt dizzy but I decided to ignored it. Porschay grabbed my hand to keep me from falling, then Kim walked into the room.

- Oh, you're alive - he muttered, but he was pale and looked frantically at the door that had just been closed.

Something must have been going on outside, I pulled away from Porschay, grabbed the phone from shelf and walked over to him.

- Stop him, Khun - Chay asked, but I gave Kim a sharp look.

- Where is he?! - we both knew I was asking for Vegas.

He didn't answer for a moment, then sighed deeply. Kim couldn't win with me this time.

- In the basement, but Pete - he warned before I managed to leave. - You better not go there, it's not the Vegas you know.

I turned to him with arrogant, angry look.

- I know every version of Vegas.

I left and carefully descended the stairs. I didn't know what was going on while I was unconscious, but Macau was in danger, and Vegas probably couldn't find him. Just before entering the basement, I saw Alcazio leaning against the wall. He was pale as paper, with blood on his hands, and his eyes were just lifeless. Man was smoking a cigarette and didn't even pay attention to me. I continued my walk, leaning on the railing to keep from falling off.

First I heard a scream and a piercing laugh. A laugh so crazy it reminded me of the early days of my imprisonment with Vegas. I shivered, feeling the fear pouring in, but I had to get to my lover before I will completely lose him. Vegas was standing in front of the table on which the remains of the man were lying. The taut, sweaty, naked back reflected the muffled light. I saw his hard muscles glow and then he flexed his neck as if to stretch it. The hand he had held in front of him fell to its side, and I saw him holding a knife, blood dripping from it. This damned liquid covered his whole body, and I felt as if I had caught the devil in his torture chamber. He didn't hear me, just kept saying "where is he?" but the pile of meat that was left of the man he was questioning could not answer him anymore.

- Vegas? - I whispered as I descended the stairs but my words didn't seem to reach him, so I added louder - Vegas?

He froze, and I froze with him, then he lazily turned towards me and I saw that insolent, cruel smile on his lips.

- Look who's here - he muttered. - Our cinderella decided to wake up!

The sarcasm with which he uttered every word should hurt me alive, but I didn't feel it. No matter how deeply Vegas got stuck in the dark, it was still my Vegas, the man I loved more than my life.

- What are you doing?! - My angry tone made him laugh as he slowly started to approach me like a hunter to a victim.

I didn't step back a millimeter, I was so tired and everything hurt

from lying down too long, but I didn't allow myself to be weak. I looked at him with anger and disapproval.

- What do you think you're doing when Macau is in danger! - This time I shouted, and he paused for a second.

I saw a twinkle in his eye that then disappeared, but suddenly Pol and Alcazio ran into the room.

- God, Pete, get out of here, he's going to kill you. - They were both standing on the stairs, holding out their hands to me.

I ignored them, and Vegas got so close that I saw little scraps of meat on his chest. He surrounded me slowly, I could feel him inhaling my scent as he was behind me, but I didn't shudder. I didn't move away, didn't let him see any fear in me. This was not the time to be weak.

- What's with the tone, Pete?! You can't talk to me like that! - I heard when he stood in front of me again.

He had the face of a real demon, and if I had met him for the first time, I would have fallen on my knees, begging for mercy, but not today, not now. I raised an eyebrow and tilted my head slightly.

- I'll talk to you however I want to - I growled, then raised my voice again. - WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOU BASTARD?!

This time I took a step towards him, never taking my eyes off his wild gaze. Submission would not wake Vegas, I had to be strong and tough, even if all I felt was tiredness.

- Where's Macau, Vegas?! - I pressed at him, and he suddenly took a step back, a small one but still - I'm unconscious for three days and you lose my family member?!

- I didn't lose him! - we both screamed at each other, and Pol and Alcazio looked at it in horror.

- So where the fuck is he! - I wanted an answer and I saw Vegas starting to break down.

He backed away more and more until his body hit the table. Then he released the knife, which hit the ground with a clatter.

- Where is he, Vegas?! Where is Macau?! - I kept saying, grabbing his arm and pulling him to me as he was trying to get away from my touch.

- I don't know - Vegas whispered, and his stare from the savage turned into terrifyingly pained. - God, Pete, I don't know.

Tears started to run down his face and he suddenly fell to his knees, me with him. He howled like a wounded animal, resting his forehead against mine. His body was covered in blood, but now he looked like a little boy who had lost his way in the woods and couldn't find his family. He sniffed and sobbed repeatedly.

- I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do anymore - he

spoke every word with difficulty.

I cupped his face in both hands when I noticed he was gasping for breath.

- Shhhhh - I massaged his temples, trying to calm him down. - Everything will be fine, you'll see.

For a brief moment he looked at me hopefully, then disbelief ensued.

- He's nowhere to be found! - Vegas gasped, and though he was still crying, this time he was able to talk properly.

I pulled out my phone and launched the app, which I installed right after I found out about those weird calls. The beeps started coming from it, and Vegas looked at me questioningly.

- There was a GPS in the bracelet - I was ashamed that I'd given him a tracking device, but I had to protect my family and I didn't know when the stranger would attack.

- What?! - the three of them exclaimed at the same time, and then Alcazio ran downstairs and grabbed the phone from my hand.

- Dio Madre! - he exclaimed, leaning down and kissing me hard on the cheek.

I flinched and Vegas tried to catch him, but Italian ran out of the room without looking at anyone.

- What just happened? - Pol whispered, then he looked at us and shivered as he saw my white clothes covered with bloody stains. - I'm sick of this whole family.

He left quickly and we were once again left alone. Vegas looked at me uncertainly and was unable to say anything. We both knew Alcazio would bring Macau here, even if it means to kill half of the town.

- Macau will be back soon, I promise. Why are you so quiet? You suddenly forgot your tongue? - I muttered, then groaned in pain as my disgruntled knees began to ache.

- What's wrong, baby? - He jumped up and helped me, then he saw how I looked like and turned pale. - God, Pete, I could have killed you!

He moved away from me, as if not wanting to infect me with some disease, and then he saw the table. He noticed where my eyes were going and was terrified.

- Please, don't look over there! - He asked and I just sighed and then I felt that I was losing ground under my feet.

Vegas immediately grabbed me before I hit the floor and hugged me tightly to my chest. The smell of blood enveloped my nose and I winced, but I didn't want him to see my reaction.

- I need to lie down - I said, wrapping my hands around his neck. - Vegas, naaa, take me to my room. Stop acting like I'm gonna run

away from you, there is nowhere for me to hide, just hug me.

He pulled me close and I figured I'd get bruises from his grasping fingers, but I understood that he needed to feel me. Madness almost overwhelmed him, I couldn't believe I had managed to bring him back, but my stubbornness had worked wonders. As he climbed the stairs I drifted away and I was on the verge of sleep.

I didn't see Porschay, but I heard his pinchy scream. He probably thought that Vegas had hurt me, and he calmed down only after Kim walked to him. Then the boy pour hot water into the bathtub at my lover's request and left, taking his boyfriend outside.

- But how he managed to calm Vegas down? - I heard from Kim and doors were loudly closed.

Vegas carefully pulled the dirty pajama from my almost unconscious body, then undressed himself and stepped inside, laying me down in front of him. There was nothing dirty about it, he only washed me, a bit like servant in the old days. I felt his warm, shaky hands on my body and I knew I came back to home. He made sure there wasn't even a drop of blood on me, then he came out with me still in his arms, dried us, and lay down in bed, cuddling tightly against my body.

ALCAZIO:

I went on the road looking at the symbol flashing on the cellphone. I drove out of town, reaching the quieter grounds, and stopped knowing that I would have to walk the rest of the way. I took a pistol and two knives out of the trunk, and also put a second magazine in my back pocket.

I didn't really know anything. How many people watched Macau? What is the place where they are located? Is there more than one way out? I had no idea. I've never worked this way, and it may have been wiser to take someone with me, but as soon as I realized we knew where he was, I just ran. Vegas and Pete trusted me otherwise they wouldn't let me go out and I was, after all, one of the better hired killers in Italy. I'll be fine, I hoped so.

I started walking in the direction indicated by the GPS and after several dozen meters I saw a small, dilapidated building. Next to it was a black sedan, the same one I saw in the video. I closed my hand on the gun and took a deep breath, calming my nerves. I walked around the building and heard whistling nearby. I hid behind the bushes and, coming closer, I saw a man with a cigarette in his mouth. He was pissing on some innocent flowers, singing a tune under his breath. I looked at him closely, but it wasn't the one who forcibly pulled Macau out of the car. But he seems he shot the driver. I took the knife out, not wanting to make a noise, and quietly approached him from behind. Before he did anything, I

grabbed the back of his head and ran the sharp edge down his neck. He began to choke, to tear, and blood was spurting all around. After a few seconds he stopped trembling and I slipped his body deeper into the forest. One off the head.

I returned to the building and carefully looked inside through one of the glass panes. Macau was lying unconscious on the ground, the guy with the tattoo on his facesat on him, laughing. I knew they had to beat him while we were looking, as more wounds appeared on his body. I tried to calm my nerves, but it was becoming more and more difficult. Opposite to Macau was a table and two more men sat next to it, so there must have been four of them, just as boy wrote.

- Stupid brat wanted to run - one chuckled, and I closed my eyes.

This was not the time and place for anger. I had to be composed and ready for anything, so I took another deep breath and went back to the one I had just killed. I searched his pockets and found a phone inside. I smiled, turned it on, and luckily it wasn't passworded. I set the alarm clock and carefully set the phone down by the woods edge, hoping they would hear. After a few minutes, the melody resounded, but no one left the building. I wanted to come over and see if they could hear the teasing noise as the short man suddenly appeared, scratching his head.

- Jara? Are you lost in this forest?! - he shouted and then heard the melody.

Surprised, he walked over to the phone and leaned to pick it up and then I gripped his face tightly, not letting him scream, and dragged his body deeper into woods. He struggled as much as he could, but my anger would not let him go, and after a few bangs of his head against one of the trees, he calmed down. I pulled out my knife and cut his throat as well. I preferred to be sure. Half done.

I was dragging him by the bushes when another came out, holding a pistol and looking around uncertainly.

- Boys?! What is this? - He waited for an answer, but only silence met him.

He took two steps forward and I think he sensed something was wrong because he turned on his heel.

- Something's not right - he shouted, and I tossed the knife I was holding and stabbed him in the back. Perfect throw.

He fell and began to crawl to the entrance, so I took the other knife out and this time I hit his hand. He screamed in pain, and I heard a roar in the room. I ran to the window and looked quickly, but I had to hide, because the last one was standing with a gun and trying to spot the enemy. I walked around the building, all the time accompanied by the sobbing man on the ground.

- Help me - his associate pleaded, but the door slammed hard, locking the last one inside with Macau.

I pulled out my weapon, praying for a stroke of luck, and then I saw the giant standing in front of the boy and raising his gun. Without thinking for a long time, I raised my hand and fired the entire clip. Glass changed the trajectory of some bullets, but one definitely hit the target. I quickly reloaded and aimed again, but he was lying on the floor holding his side, squealing in pain. I went to the entrance, shot the lock, and ran inside.

- Who are you? - he wheezed and I understood that it was he who dragged Macau out of the car.

I shot him in the leg without answering, and he screamed in agony.

- You shouldn't touch him - I said, then shot him in the hand. The bullet pierced her right through.

The man was bleeding out, so I didn't have much time. I stuffed the entire magazine into him, but without hitting any vital points, he must have suffered for what he did. Then I knelt in front of Macau and placed a trembling hand on his pale, bloody face.

- I found you - I whispered, carefully picking him up in my arms. His head fell on my shoulder, I made him more comfortable until his forehead rested against my neck and I left. It's time to go home.

PETE:

I woke up feeling cold chill on my back. Vegas wasn't hugging me anymore, and I knew I was alone in bed. I stood up cautiously, looking around the room, and noticed that he was standing by the window in long dark pajama pants, looking at the buildings piled up in front of him. I was naked, so I grabbed the shirt that was lying on the chair next to it and walked over to him. I put my arms around him and cuddled tightly against his back, but he stiffened. He entwined his fingers with mine and brought them to his lips, I felt gentle kisses at the tips of every finger.

- Alcazio is back? - I asked and Vegas nodded, still not turning to me.

We stood there for a long time, he staring at the sky, me pressed against his back, when I felt him let go of my hands and free himself from them.

- Pete? - he rested his forehead against the glass and sighed heavily - I think that...

I knew he was going to say something stupid. I heard numbness in his voice, and that was rare.

- ...we should break up.

I stared at his tense muscles in disbelief. *What did he just say? Should we what?!* I couldn't believe he was just trying to throw me

out of his life, it didn't make any sense.

- What did you say? - I had to make sure it was not a mistake.

- Let's part for a while - he said, then cautiously turned to me, still not meeting my eyes.

Coward. You coward, at least look at me when you reject me.

- No. - I replied immediately and I felt tears gathering under my eyelids.

- Pete, please, I can't go on like this - He raised his face, and this time he looked up at the ceiling.

I felt how much it took him to say all that that didn't mean I would agree to this thoughtless plan.

- Let's part until I get this sorted, then everything will be back to what it was - he promised, but I knew my own.

- No, it won't be back - I said, then grabbed his chin and made him look straight at me. - Listen to me, Mr. Vegas, because I won't repeat myself. Do you want to break up? Here you go, no problem. I will disappear from your life right away, but if you think that after some time I will come back because the problem has been solved, you are wrong.

- Pete... - We looked at each other, both of us with tears in our eyes.

I felt one of them slide down my cheek and knew I wouldn't be able to hold back for a long time.

- If I leave now, I'll never come back, do you understand? You told me once that you would find me even at the end of the world, but I promise you, you bastard, I will do everything in my power to prevent you from doing this.

- I just want to protect you - he croaked, trying to hug me, but I pulled away, not wanting to feel him against me now.

- Family should solve problems together - I said, rubbing my cheek with a shaking hand. - Family should support each other, not leave when it's uncomfortable!

I gave him another wounded look and walked briskly to the wardrobe. My clothes were not in it, but someones were, so I started putting them on.

- If you think my leaving is going to help, then we're not a family!

I hardly zipped my pants, my whole body trembled uncontrollably.

- It's not true! - Vegas shouted and grabbed my arm, pulling me against him. - Don't you dare say that, Pete. Don't you understand? You really don't understand, I can't lose you?! TWO TIMES, YOU ALMOST DIED, TWO TIMES! How, how am I supposed to act when all I think about is you?

- And kicking me out will for sure help you, right? - I yelled back,

struggling.

I went to the center, grabbed the vase from the middle of the table, and threw it hard against the wall.

- I'm not kicking you out! - Vegas wanted to come over to me, but I backed away immediately. - I just can't go on like this anymore!

- What you can't do?! Be with me?! Face it with me?! Am I so useless?! Maybe I'm bothering you?!

Vegas stared at me in pain as I blurted out my words. We were both at the edge and there was no return back. Some things needs to be said.

- DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, THAT MY FEELINGS FOR YOU MAKE ME WEAK?!

I was speechless when I realized what he said.

- You're my weakness, Pete, don't you really understand?!

- I weaken you? - My hands dropped and I had to sit down myself, because I felt that I was losing ground under my feet.

- No, that's not it - Vegas whispered, kneeling beside me. - You give me strength, but the fear that I will lose you overwhelms me.

- You never thought that this fear also makes you stronger? That it gives you a reason to fight harder? - I wanted him to understand at least this. - I'm scared for you every day, Vegas. I don't want to lose you so much that sometimes I can't breathe, but I would never make you leave because I love you and I know it will only get worse without you.

- I love you too...

This time I cried out loud and Vegas rubbed his nose against mine.

- Sorry, I must have gone mad - he said contrite.

- No, you're right, I should leave - I pulled away from him and rubbed my flushed face. I gave him a comforting smile, though I felt pain inside. - I'll pack my things today and take Venice with me.

- No, no, please - Vegas wanted to bring my face closer to him, but I fought strongly. - It was a stupid idea, I'm sorry, baby, forgive me.

- It's ok, I'm not gonna weaken you anymore - I put my hand on his chest to push him away, but he leaned in and kissed me hard before I could react.

- I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, baby - he whispered against my lips. - I lost my mind for a second, please, don't leave me, I beg you.

I sobbed, and this time I grabbed his shoulders, digging my nails into them.

- Never again - I ordered. - Never mention breakup again, do you understand? Because I'm really going to disappear!

- It won't happen anymore - this time I let him kiss me deeper.

He stuck his tongue in, mixing our flavors as if to make sure I didn't leave. I was doing the same, and the weight in my heart was starting to melt away.

The door burst wide open and Tankhun jumped in, looking at us like we were crazy.

- Can you two stop yelling? From the morning nothing but constant screams, my head is gonna explode!

Then Tankhun grabbed his head and fell to the ground, groaning as Arm and Pol came in, trying to pick him up. I stared at them for a second, then I brought the confused face of Vegas closer to me and kissed dry tears on his cheeks until I finally made it to his mouth.

Chapter 13.5: Save and Sound

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🖇 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

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This is a very short chapter as it is only a preludium to history about Italy. Next three chapters will be focused on Macau and Alcazio, especially their past. I hope you will enjoy it as I think their story is very special. :)

I need to check if grammar is ok yet but I'm do tired so please, just enjoy it, next chapter will be about their first meeting in Italy. :)

ALCAZIO:

~~words written as ***this*** are in english~~

I drove to the hospital ignoring all the regulations on the way. I pulled up to the entrance where Kinn and his younger brother Kim were already standing. While driving, I called them quickly, because Vegas didn't answer. Maybe it was better this way. He could kill me after seeing the state his brother is in right now. I got out and ran to the passenger door, carefully taking Macau's still unconscious body in my arms.

- The doctor is waiting - Kinn assured me, and I quickly carried the boy into the designated room.

They wouldn't let us stay inside while the examination was taking place, so I waited in the corridor, unable to find a corner for myself. My thoughts wandered after our last conversation, and I couldn't shake off this guilt. I should have been more persuasive, keep him with me and not just let him leave, but I was shocked at what he told me. If he had succeeded in what he planned, I might never meet Macau and to this day still be in Italy, in the service of the mafia. His coming into my life changed so much, but so easily everything could cease to exist, and I would stay as just a pawn in

the game of those at the top.

And our kiss. Whenever I closed my eyes I could feel his warm on lips. The taste of Macau passed through my skin and pressed deeply into it. I couldn't stop thinking about him anymore. I slept with a lot of people in the past, kissed even more because there was nothing for me that I would consider on such topics as "left only for that special someone" and yet now I would knock out anyone who tried to come near me. The mere thought that Macau flavor was going to disappear, hidden behind another, made me shudder.

- Sit down at least - Kim pulled my arm and sat me down beside him. - I'm already dizzy from this angry walking of yours.

- What about Vegas?! Is Pete fine? - I asked suddenly remembering our last meeting.

- They're both sleeping like angels - Kim laughed, then pulled out his phone. - Look, I even took a picture of them when I realized that I had left my jacket in their room. Fortunately, they weren't doing anything I didn't want to see.

I looked at the photo and wanted to laugh too. Vegas was lying on his side with Pete huddled against his back. He looked like baby with his pouty lips and puffy cheeks, surrounded by Pete's hand.

- Kim gonna use this to blackmail him. Anyway better to not wake him up - muttered Kinn. - We still have to wash the entire basement.

I swallowed loudly as bloody images appeared before my face. I didn't understand the power Pete had over Vegas, but I assumed it was similar to the power Macau had over me. Fortunately, the boy did not realize it yet so I could play cold instead of running after him like little dog. Well in reality I was running after him but he just didn't see that. I waz really good in hiding. *I wonder what would he do if he knew that when he saw me in a jewelry store, I wasn't there by accident but I followed him to the mall?*

We waited in silence for information, and I was hoping that I arrived soon enough to prevent any permanent damages. I should have been torturing that giant longer, but there was no time to waste.

- Mr. Kinn - the doctor who had dealt with my wound previously approached us with a bundle of papers.

I didn't like him much, especially after Macau blushed at him, but I couldn't show it, after all, he was taking care of him now. *You're lucky you are usefull, doc.*

- Dr. Top, how's it? - We both got up, only Kim was still sitting, playing with his phone.

- His condition is stable, but he will have to stay in the hospital for a few days. From what we noticed, Macau has a broken rib, but

luckily the bones did not pierce his lungs. You can see a lot of bruises and scratches on his body, someone has had to beat him for a while, but nothing is life threatening. The right wrist is twisted, unfortunately it does not look good, I suspect that the rehabilitation will take several weeks. In addition, there is a black eye, a bitten tongue, sewing will be needed here, the body is generally tired, you can see that he has not been given water or food for several hours. The patient is asleep, I don't think he's gonna wake up today or tomorrow, but of course we can't rule that out.

Kinn nodded as he listened to the doctor's words, and I stared at the door behind where Macau lay inside. I clenched my fists and tried to calm shattered nerves, it was not a good place to explode. I had to find some outlet for all these emotions. I could of course attack someone I didn't know, kick the shit out of them and hide everything, but I promised myself not to use violence if it is not necessary. I sat down next to Kim and cleared my throat.

- Do you have a shooting range or something?

He looked at me out of the corner of his eye and snorted.

- ***Are you so angry?*** We do, of course we do. I'll take you back when we get back.

I nodded and turned my attention back to the doctor's words.

- It's best if someone from the family is with him when he wakes up. The last thing he remembers are the kidnappers, he might be shocked.

- Of course, thank you, doctor - Kinn patted Top on the back and we went into the room.

Macau lay with a pale face, now cleansed of dust and blood. He looked like a little boy sleeping soundly in a huge hospital bed. I felt my heart skipping a beat, and as Kinn was talking to his brother about something, I walked over to him and sat down, gently taking his fragile hand and avoiding any tubes coming out of it. At that moment, I understood that I will not go to any shooting range, I will not beat anyone to let my emotions out, because there is no force in heaven and earth that would take me away from here.

- Someone has to come, maybe Tankhun? - Kinn asked Kim, who snorted in response. - Chay won't leave the house until Porsche wakes up.

- You want Macau to go crazy here? Imagine Khun waiting quietly for his cousin to wake up, because I can assure you, in five minutes the entire retinue of monks would be here, chanting some prayers.

- Pete and Vegas would be the best, but I don't know how they feel after all this.

- I'll stay - I interrupted Kinn's next line.

He looked at me in surprise, thought and, seeing no other option, he accepted my words.

- We'll bring Vegas and Pete here as soon as possible - he said.

- So, as I understand it, the shooting range is not gonna happen? - Kim walked over to me and rested a hand on my shoulder. - You Italians are so sensitive when it comes to love.

I stepped away from him, ignoring the tapping. *Well, the boy was right, but it doesn't mean I'm gonna confirm it so easily.*

***

It struck six in the morning and I was half asleep in my armchair when the door to Macau's room opened softly. It was too early for the doctors, so I tensed up and wanted to attack when I heard.

- Go now, Nop, I won't be kidnapped here! - Pete grumbled, trying to push the security guard outside.

I breathed a sigh of relief before I got up and stretched, then took a quick look at Macau, but he still looked like he was asleep, so I walked over to the fighting pair.

- Okay, I'll take care of him - I assured Nop, and Pete looked at him as "I told you so" and sat down by the bed, in the place that I had recently occupied.

Nop blocked the door for a moment longer, as if he didn't trust me completely, but then he sighed and accepted the defeat.

- Vegas is going to kill me - I heard, and then the man hurried to the elevator.

- I feel sorry for him - I said, because I understood what would happen if Pete was hurt. - He looked really stressed!

Suddenly I swallowed loudly, realizing that the responsibility now rests with me. If anything will happen to this man, Vegas will hunt me down and take me with him to hell. *What I agreed to?*

Pete was leaning over Macau, brushing his hair back from his forehead. then he straightened the covers and grabbed the boy's finger, apparently afraid he would damage some cables.

- When you wake up, we'll go on a long vacation - he promised - Just you, me and Venice, cause your brother pissed me off.

I sat down on the couch across from the bed and raised an eyebrow at what I heard.

- I didn't think you'd be mad because he massacared that guy.

Pete gave me a cold look and averted his eyes back at Macau.

- I'm not angry about it, I'm angry because he had a stupid idea of leaving - I sensed in his voice more pain than anger.

- He probably wants to protect you. I can understand that - I tried to support my friend, but Pete looked at me again, making me feel the shivers down my back.

- Of course he wants to protect me! Which doesn't mean that he

can do whatever he likes, just to do it. I also have an opinion here, after all, it's about us together.

He talked to me like to a baby and I wanted to kick him because I didn't like being treated this way. But I knew the consequences would be too big, and Macau would have my head off if he found out. I also saw Pete exercising, he was really fast with his moves, fit and endured pain in large amounts, such an opponent is difficult to beat because he is tough. I wasn't sure if I could handle him, even with my years of experience.

- We need to fight one day - I blurted out, and Pete laughed.

- I wanted to propose the same since I saw how you treat Macau.

I swallowed hard at the threat in his voice. I guess I should leave some ideas for myself.

VEGAS:

I woke up suddenly, just before seven in the morning. I was cold so I wanted to hug Pete but he disappeared and I couldn't find him anywhere. The bed was cold, which meant he had vanished a while ago. I stood up suddenly, looking around, still keeping in mind his assurances that he would go away if I wanted to. The room was empty and there was no Pete's phone on the cupboard. I felt my heart skipping a beat so I grabbed my cell and dialed a known number, but no one answered.

- Damn it! - I tried again and again and only after the fifth attempt the phone was answered.

- Yes? - Pete's low voice calmed my troubled heart, but I didn't know where he was.

- Pete? Where are you? - He must have heard the panic in my voice as he sighed.

- What do you mean, where? In the hospital, of course, someone has to be with Macau.

- I thought you were gone - I admitted painfully.

- But I left a card and yet you still panicked? - when he said that I saw white paper on table - and you wanted me to leave you...

He was mocking me, but he could do it for the rest of our days as long as he didn't disappear.

- I'll be with you soon - I promised and quickly put on some clothes.

I left my room when I found Tankhun standing in front of it. He was leaning against the wall and examining his fingernails. We both knew he was waiting for me, even though he tried to pretend he wasn't.

- Vegas, what a surprise! - Khun exclaimed and made a shocked face.

- You must be very surprised to see me leave MY room - I

muttered but waited for what he would say next.

- Yes, yes - he waved his hand at me, then smiled ingratiatingly. - I was just thinking how you and Pete and Macau need a break.

I looked at him suspiciously, because if I could still believe that he was worried about Pete, if it was about me and my brother, he was not, that's for sure.

- And?

- And Venice will need care, and you have to regenerate, but I, for example, am completely healthy!

- He can stay here - I said, and he began to cry.

- You don't have to be so mean, it's only for few days!

- But I'm saying that he can...

- You always have to argue like this?! After all, I will not hurt him, the nanny will also be with us.

- I'm telling you YES!

Tankhun looked at me carefully and smiled victoriously. *Sorry, Venice, but this crazy man will at least keep you safe for a while.*

- But why scream about it? - He asked, and I wanted to jump out of the window. - You could just answer calmly. Stupid Vegas.

- I don't have time for this - I sighed, exhausted by this few minutes of conversation and, ignoring him, walked away.

When I finally got to the hospital, I firstly turned to the doctor, asking him to describe Macau's condition but what I heard irritated me. *No one had the right to abuse my brother.* I entered the room, thinking I was calm now, when I saw Alcazio standing across from Pete. His hand was touching my lover's neck and he was explaining something. Without hesitation, I approached quickly, said "hello, sweetheart" to Pete and punched Alcazio in the face with all my strength. He fell to the ground groaning in pain and I saw his nose was bleeding. *Well, it happens.*

- Don't touch him - I said, trying to be nice, but Pete shook his head.

- He only showed me what vital point to press in order to deprive someone of consciousness.

I stroked his face, unable to help myself. He was so cute when he wrinkled his nose and looked at me embarrassingly.

- I figured that, punch was for Macau - I replied.

- Okay, he deserved this one - Pete admitted I was right and quickly kissed my cheek.

At the same time, Alcazio got up from the floor and carefully went to the bathroom, trying to stop the bleeding. He was inconsolable, but he couldn't argue with me, as I was right.

- I spoke to the doctor and Macau has...

- I know - Pete interrupted me. - I'd rather not hear it again, it

makes me twist when I think about what he went through.

I hugged Pete closely to me, absorbing his warmth, and felt that I was at home. Then I leaned over Macau, kissing his forehead.

- We're waiting for you to wake up - I whispered. - I hope it won't be long. You know how impatient Pete is.

I felt a gentle hit and a snort against my back.

- If Macau is just like you, we can wait a long time before he decides to wake up - Pete growled, and I sat down, grabbing both of them by the hands.

- My family is almost complete - I laughed. - The little monster is in the house, but I count him for the whole.

Pete ruffled my hair and placed his free hand on the one I was holding Macau.

- Now nothing can tear us apart.

Alcazio entered not long after, looking our way longingly, and I recognized the gaze. I was looking the same way when Pete returned to the Major Family, escaping my prison. I wanted to say something to him, somehow cheer him up, but I didn't know how. I wasn't the best at such things.

- Alcazio, what are you waiting for? - Pete said impatiently. - You also have to grab our hands, it may be embarrassing, but this is what we do as family.

- But I - my friend came a few steps closer - I'm not a family.

- Are you opposing me? - Pete only asked, and Alcazio quickly placed his hand on Macau.

Serial killer shaking his pants because of my lover. *How does Pete just puts everyone under his slipper?*

MACAU:

It was dark when I woke up. I wasn't quite sure where I was, but I felt as if I was safe now. It took a good few minutes for my eyesight to adjust to the darkness, then I saw someone holding my hand. Pete's dark hair, barely visible but still very recognizable, made me want to smile, but my face was numb. I looked ahead and saw my brother on the couch, he was lying with his feet resting on Alcazio as he was snoring softly. I was thankful he slept when I woke up because I knew he was getting ready to give me a long lecture about safety. As long as I was able to calmly observe everyone, I decided to focus on Alcazio.

He was sitting-leaning against the headrest, his long legs stretched out in front of him and hands wrapped around Vegas's calves. This man, not like my brother, wasn't snoring, but his chest rose steadily up and down. I wanted to improve my posture on the bed to see him better, and then one of the springs squeaked. Honey eyes opened instantly, staring directly at me. I saw regret and

sadness in them, but most of all a sense of guilt.

- Don't look at me like that, Caz - I mouthed, and then I fell strange wave of memories attaking my weak head.

Caz, Caz, Caz... I passed out.

Chapter 14: "Italian Incident" - The Illusion

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🖇 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

Italian Incident will be put as Macau Pov and Alcazio Pov.

[EDIT] I KNOW I PUT IT BEFORE AS PART 1 AND PART 2 BUT I PREFER TO HAVE IT ALL IN ONE CHAPTER, SO SORRY GUYS FOR MESSING THIS UP!

Sorry to make it like this but story is longer than I predicted! I'm so scared you all not gonna like it, but well, this is how I imagined their meeting and whole beginning. :)

MACAU:

~~words written as ***this*** are in italian~~

One year ago, Italy

We were sitting with my father and Vegas on a plane that was due to land in Rome soon. This is the first time they have taken me to a client overseas and I was quite nervous, but most of all I was overwhelmed with excitement. I have always dreamed of traveling, but there was never enough time for it, although probably if I packed up and disappeared, my dad wouldn't cry. But I couldn't leave Vegas alone, he didn't deserve to be treated like that. So when I heard about the departure, I agreed immediately. Beautiful scenery was flashing outside, I pulled out my phone and snapped some photos. As a souvenir. After all, I didn't know when I would be able to leave Thailand next time.

- Remember - my father's sharp voice distracted me. - Mikolaj is our best chance to expand power in Europe, you have to do whatever he tells you - Pa looked at Vegas and I saw reluctance in his eyes. - Everything!

He stressed the last word in a special way, and I saw a shadow appear on Vegas's face. One night I heard screams in my father's room. I went to the door, wondering what was going on, and then I heard it. This man was forcing my brother to have sex with his business partners. As it turns out, many of them or their sons preferred men, and as soon as Pa heard about it, he decided to use Vegas' sexual preferences. How long he was already doing it? I didn't knew. Every day he disdained Vegas and me in this regard, but as soon as he realized that he could make money from it, he started to even brag about his gay son.

- Yes, sir - we answered together, and this time when I looked out the window, everything was covered with a shadow of our reality.

This excursion was not an opportunity to spend time as a family, but just for another memory to be thrown into the box marked "trauma", but I didn't care about myself now, but about Vegas. *How can you do something like this to your own child?*

I still couldn't shake the grimace on his face when he heard his father, so when we landed on Mr. Mikolaj's private lane, I patted my brother reassuringly on the shoulder. *I'm sorry I can't protect you like you are protecting me.*

- What is it? - Vegas smiled at me, ruffling my hair.

- Nothing, I'm just glad we'll spend some time together.

I never admitted to my brother that I knew what was going on. I was too much of a coward to stand up to my father, and I didn't want to lay any more on Vegas's shoulders. That one thing had to remain as their secret. All I could do was play a good, supportive brother, although it was torture to watch Vegas fade away more and more each day. We didn't deserve something like that, it was not right and although I dreamed of a family and would do anything for it, at these moments I wanted to kill my father with my bare hands. *Maybe our lives would be different then? Maybe we could be even... happy?*

We walked through the balcony into a massive room painted in white and gold. The walls were filled with frescoes related to history of Italy, the old-style furniture perfectly matched the whole and as much as I wanted say it looked tacky, I was impressed of every single room we saw.

- Hello! - a tall man with snow-white hair and a thick scar going from his ear, through his neck to the inside of his shirt, stood in the middle, surrounded by several bodyguards. - Welcome in my home, friends!

He had unsettling, even black eyes that were reflecting off the pale skin. Mr. Mikolaj was not Italian, he was born in Russia, but he spent most of his life in this country and soon became one of the

bosses in the dominant mafia here. He was well known for his craziness and cruelty but when he was calm, you couldn't notice the devil in him.

- Mikolaj - my father bowed respectfully and extended his hand to the man. We followed him like obedient sons should.

After a brief greeting and a meal, we were shown to our private rooms. Mine was on the second floor of the building, next to the roof. It was sizable, decorated in earthy tones, with a large four-poster bed and a fireplace. It had two wide windows with a balcony overlooking at a endless forest. I went outside staring at the green when I suddenly smelled cigarette smoke. I frowned as it was destroying my vision of nature, so I looked around.

Right next to my room was another one, also equipped with a balcony, on which stood a man with olive skin and honey eyes. He was leaning his elbows on the railing, and in his hand he held the reason for my dissatisfaction. Normally I didn't mind smoking, most of the people I know are addicts, but I was hoping for a little peace here.

- ***Sorry*** - I said in broken Italian, still unsure when using the language. - ***Could you please put it out?*** - I nodded at the cigarette and he looked at me, first quickly then slowing down significantly. It felt like an X-ray as his eyes slid from my feet to the top of my head.

- ***Honey, I will have to say no, unfortunately*** - announced a gruff voice. - ***It's the only thing that relaxes me in this damn place.***

Handsome stranger straightened, the white shirt clinging to his body taut as he stretched his hands up. For a few seconds, I saw his flat belly and a dark trail of hair going from it into his pants. I was looking at him as I didn't understand why he called me "honey", we didn't know each other yet. This is quite rude but I didn't know exactly what to say.

- Asshole - I muttered in my own language and gave him a fake smile. - ***That's okay, sir!***

He raised his eyebrows in surprise, but I was already inside my room, closing the door. I was hoping that the neighbor would not stay with Mikolaj for a long time. We were going to spend a few days here and I wanted to enjoy them fully. I lay down on the bed and had to fall asleep because when I opened my eyes I felt a rope on my hands. Something was constricting my movements and I couldn't do much.

- ***You shouldn't call me an asshole*** - said a voice from the balcony, and I looked around quickly to see him sitting on the back of the bed.

- I don't understand - I muttered and tried to pull away, but the

rope tightened on my skin.

- I said you shouldn't call me an asshole - I looked at him in shock and he just laughed. - Yes, I speak your language. I know nine other if you are curious, I understand a few more.

- You tied me up to show off? - I stared at him in disbelief as he pulled a wallet out of my backpack and began to check what was inside. - Maybe some privacy? - I wanted to kick him, but couldn't reach.

- My sunny boy, you are in the nest of vipers. ***What kind of privacy you are talking about?*** - He pulled out my ID and raised an eyebrow in surprise when he saw my name. - Are you Vegas's brother?

- Yes - I was irritated by this situation, but hoped the stranger was not one of those who had sex with Vegas for the benefits.

- But you are so... soft? - he said, looking at me, and I wanted to twist his neck by that damned rope and choke him.

- Let me out, I will show you how soft I am! - I don't know what made me say it as he was much bigger and stronger than me and I think he thought the same because the man laughed, almost falling to the floor and then as if nothing had happened, he untied my hands.

He was standing over me, waiting for what I would do, and I, without thinking for a long time, just threw myself at him. My fist felt as if it was already reaching his arrogant face when he quickly grabbed my hand, twisted it around, and I landed on the bed, face down on the pillows, and he fell on top of me.

- I slipped, but this position is quite interesting, don't you think, honey? - My cheeks went immediately red and I was so embarrassed that I didn't even hear a knock on the door.

- Sadly we don't have time for this type of fun.

I wanted to find some sharp riposte, but before I had the opportunity, I felt the other body move away from me and it suddenly went colder in the room. I got up quickly and ran to the balcony, unfortunately he was already gone. The knocking increased, and this time I went to the doors, opening it for servant. The woman in uniform was standing in front of me with a tray on which there was a black card with stamped gold letters inviting me to the evening meeting. Elegant clothes were required.

I sighed with dissatisfaction, and then pulled out a previously prepared burgundy suit. I wanted to lie down and forget about this unpleasant meeting, but I did not want to tempt fate. *What if this guy shows up again?* I closed the balcony tightly, but I had the impression that he was the type of person who would always find a way if he wanted to be somewhere. *Damned type!*

***

We entered the room when it was already completely filled with guests. At first I decided to stick to Vegas, as I heard many different foreign languages around and was afraid that I'm gonna inadvertently do or say something wrong. My father would have killed me then, so I didn't want to risk it. Brother handed me a glass filled with juice, and he picked up a glass of wine himself.

- Don't tighten yourself like that, it'll be okay - he assured me, and I nodded. - Just smile and if something is not right, say you need to go to bathroom.

We chatted for a while, and not long after that people started showing up in front of us, introducing themselves and talking to Vegas about work. I listened to them with one ear, but I was more focused on watching the man I recognized right away. He was wearing a simple black suit perfectly cut for his physique, and I had to admit, for a second it took my breath away. As soon as my brother broke free from familiar people, I pulled his hand, pointing in the direction of the stranger.

- Phi, do you know him? - I asked, and the person I was talking about suddenly turned to us, as if sensing my eyesight on him.

- Alcazio - Vegas muttered and waved to the man. - He's a good friend of mine, if you get in any trouble here, remember that you can turn to him. He will definitely help you.

I wanted to make fun of my brother after hearing that. I couldn't imagine seeing this arrogant guy helping me just because I asked him to. For a second our eyes met and Alcazio blinked to me until I felt the blood begin to circulate faster through my veins. Then a beautiful blonde approached him, and he put his arm around her waist and kissed her naked shoulder. But he didn't take his eyes off me until I felt the chills. I had the impression that I was drowning in his eyes and nothing could pull me out of them, then the host stepped into the center and communicated loudly.

- Ladies and gentlemen! Time to start our fun. The first of the games will be quite simple, we will pair up in a moment. I hid a few precious stones in the house and garden, whoever finds the most will be able to keep them or replace them and thus sign a contract with me. Isn't that hilarious? - He laughed hysterically and people started to applaud him.

At the same time, waiters spread around the room, holding sacks with cards in them. Each of us picked up one and waited for the host's further comment.

- You have 3 hours to find a partner and search, at twelve the person with the most stones needs to be in front of my office to win. Good luck!

I saw a piece of paper that had one short word written on it.

- Destiny - I whispered, and it felt as if someone was standing behind me, eavesdropping, but there were so many people around that I had to imagine it.

I looked around, approached people who were searching for a couple, but I couldn't find the other half anywhere. For a moment I wanted to give up and go back to my room, but my father's cold gaze stopped me. Then I saw him, the devil with eyes like honey had a note pinned to his chest with the word I was looking for. I closed my eyes praying it was just a joke, but the damn inscription was still there. So I approached him hesitantly, and he raised his eyebrows in surprise.

- You must be joking - he tore the paper from my hands and looked at it. - We have to be destined for each other, sweetheart.

- Hello, Caz - I said, putting a heavy emphasis on the diminutive I had given him. He narrowed his eyes and I knew he didn't like what I called him. - Let's try to spend this time like civilized people.

- Call me that again and you will see how civilized I can be, dear - the Italian accent sounded stronger than before. His smile did not leave his mouth but eyes were deadly, and I admit I couldn't help it.

- I can't wait to see it - I stood right in front of him, only millimeters apart, and I leaned over even further just to add - Caz.

Before he reacted, I turned on my heel and headed for the balcony door.

- Let's start with the garden, partner - I left quickly, but I could still feel Alcazio's murderous gaze on me.

Warm air hit me as soon as I stepped onto the grass. I wanted to take my clothes off and jump into the pool next to it, but that wouldn't be very wise. I started to look around, pretending that I was looking for stones and the Italian trailed behind me.

- You have to be very brave to ruin my name like that, baby - he growled, and I rolled my eyes for the hundredth time.

I couldn't bear his babbling anymore, so I turned to him and we bumped into each other. He grabbed me hard to keep me from falling and pressed my face into the hollow on his shoulder. I took a deep sniff of his masculine spicy scent and I felt my head spin. I didn't know what perfumes he was using, but they made me so insane. I suddenly woke up as he pushed me away and I took extra steps back, hoping that evening weather and less lit place would cover the dark flush that had crept across my cheeks.

- Hmm - I began hesitantly. - Maybe we'll make an agreement that you will stop saying "baby, sweetie" and those other funny words to me, and I won't call you Caz anymore?

He raised an eyebrow, folding his arms in front of him.

- People like when I call them that.

- Well, I don't like it, so address them the same, but please spare me - I asked and quickly walked away, going deeper into the garden.

I couldn't even take a few steps when something heavy hit my head until I felt it split in two. I fell to the ground with the remnants of my consciousness and heard Alcazio scream behind me, then a thud, followed by darkness.

***

I woke up with pain radiating from the back of my head. I groaned a few times as I tried to get up, but I didn't have the strength to make the better movements. I would have fallen on my face had it not been for Alcazio's hand to help me rise. I didn't understand what had happened or where we were, one thing was for sure, someone kidnapped us. We both had dirty and torn clothes, as if we were being dragged across wet ground. I looked around a little distractedly, but the room looked like an abandoned hovel. Only in the center was a bag of food and drinks, blanket and flashlight.

- What's happening? - I looked uncertainly at Alcazio.

He seemed tired, especially with blood stucked to his forehead. Someone must have hit him hard in there, just as they struck me.

- We've been abducted - he said calmly, then walked over to me with a bottle of water. - Drink, the body needs fluids.

I watched in disbelief as he himself nonchalantly opened the second water and took a long sip. This situation made no sense, why would someone kidnap me? And then the truth hit me twice as hard.

- So that's why - I wanted to laugh, feeling my hands drop to my sides. - How stupid I am.

Alcazio was frowning in my direction, not understanding my behavior. I looked at him and realized that he was caught up in this because he was with me. I was the reason he had a wound on his head and was locked in an old, smelly room.

- What's wrong? Are you claustrophobic? Are you gonna go crazy here? - He came up to me quickly and put his hand to my forehead. - Cold, it seems okay.

- Sorry, it's my fault - I just said, then rubbed my face and grabbed the bottle. - I did not understand why my father wanted to take me suddenly to a meeting with a client, but it is so clear. I am his bargaining chip. He is risking losing me just to make a deal.

I sat with my back to Alcazio, not wanting him to see my sad expression, and sighed, leaning my forehead against the wall.

- So you mean that your father decided to put your life at stake just to have a successful deal? - he summed up what he understood from my words and I nodded. - Well, that's fucked up.

- Well fucked up is a synonym for our family - I muttered and the Italian huffed with laughter.

- Don't worry, young one, I'll protect us.

I looked away from the wall and stared at him in disbelief.

- Of course, because you've been doing so well so far.

The sarcasm in my voice have made him throw the now half-full bottle at me.

- You have a sharp tongue, watch out or someone will cut it - he warned, and I showed him it and added to it my middle finger. - You're pushing my blood pressure up, boy!

I leaned my forehead against the wall again, and this time I chose to ignore my companion. I thought for a long hours about what to do when I heard snoring from behind my back. I turned to see Alcazio sprawled on the cot. He lay like a starfish, taking up the entire space of the mattress. I had been tired for a while, but there was no other place to sleep. I got up and walked over to him, kicking one of his legs.

- Hey, there's only one bed, we need to share - I growled, and he snorted even louder. *Italian bastard.*

I had no way of even putting half of my body there, so without thinking too much, I just lay down on the Alcazio. I fidgeted, used my knees and elbows until I finally managed to squeeze against the wall, but it felt like canned sardine.

- Stop fidgeting - he muttered sleepily, then pulled away gently, wrapped his arm around my body, and turned his chest so that his front was glued to my back.

I stared straight at the wall, feeling his body heat slowly creep onto mine, and my heart pounded once or twice as fast. I frowned dissatisfied with this reaction, and Alcazio pulled me even closer, threw his leg over my hips and pressed his nose against my neck. His regular breath tickled the standing hairs, and I knew that no matter how hard I wanted to, I would not fall asleep that night.

***

I was alone in the bed when I woke up. I pushed back the blanket that Alcazio must have covered me with and stretched my arms up. It was not the most comfortable sleeping place I have ever used, but there was no point in complaining about it. I looked around the room, but in the dusk I couldn't see Italian anywhere.

- Alcazio? - My voice pierced the silence, but no one answered me.

I hesitantly got up and decided to finally look around. The room

was quite small, with a bed, big table on which someone had put food and drink, and a wardrobe. I walked over to it and found clothes inside. They weren't of the best quality, but the black sweatshirt and sweatpants were certainly more comfortable than a worn suit. I took them and put them on the bed, and when I took off my jacket and shirt, something scratched. I turned suddenly, stretching my fists forward, and I saw one wall swing slightly to one side and open to reveal another room.

- What the... - I began, seeing Alcazio come out of there with his head wet as he was just wiping it with a towel.

- Oh, you got up - he smiled at me, and I tried to focus on him, not on his bare chest. He was wearing only the sweatpants, similar to those I found in the cupboard. - I found a bathroom, so I think they're planning to leave us here for a while.

He was talking to me, but his eyes were fixed on my naked body until I felt that I was flushing. I wanted to cover it with sweatshirt, but Alcazio stepped closer and touched my side where the ink was reflected.

- You have a tattoo, that's new - he said, touching the vertical text that marked Family. - Quite an interesting word choice.

There was a tingling sensation where his fingers brushed my skin. I looked up at him and it was as if time had stopped for a moment. We stood still, just staring at each other, his hand carefully twirling the circles on my side until I knew if I didn't do something it would end up bad for us. So I swallowed hard and gave a fake laugh as I took a step back and nearly fell onto the bed. I quickly gathered my clothes and, bypassing the Alcazio, I burst into the bathroom, slamming the door behind me.

- Coward - I heard again, but I did not want any additional confrontations.

This man, this Italian, influenced me in some strange way. It bothered me how easily he manages to make me lose mind. I've always been able to keep my nerves in check, especially when it comes to strangers, so why was I suddenly having problems? The situation was inconvenient to say the least, and I had to get out of it as soon as possible.

I got in the shower and let the water warm up. As I thought, it looked like someone had prepared this place for me for a longer stay. Negotiations could take several days, but we might have managed to get away with Alcazio earlier. Only if my escape thwarted my father's plans, was I ready for the punishment that would face me? The last time he raised his hand on me, I couldn't show my back to anyone for two weeks, which made it really difficult for me to do any physical activities like swimming. I was

locked in room for such a long time back then.

I spent more than half hour in the bathroom and when I finally left I could smell the food in the room. I was surprised to see two plates of noodles placed on the table.

- Finally, I was about to go there to get you - muttered Alcazio and invited me to sit next to him. - It may not be an amazing meal, but we need energy and I have the impression that I haven't eaten anything for a few days, you probably have the same.

I sat down on the floor next to him, our knees touched, and despite the material I felt the warmth emanating from him.

- Aren't you afraid it's poisoned?

He held a fork filled with noodles right in front of his open mouth, paused for a few seconds, then shrugged and swallowed quickly.

- What is the point of poisoning us if they could shoot us right away? - he asked rhetorically, then put a fork in my hand. - Eat it while it's warm.

I carefully lifted some of the dish to my face and sniffed it, but it smelled like any other pasta. I thought for a moment longer, but felt a strong suction in my stomach, I had to eat something. I broke down and started to consume, and Alcazio kept giving me interesting looks every now and then. I didn't take it all for long and put my fork down, drank some water, then turned to face him expectantly.

- What?

- Why family? - I sighed, hoping he would let go of the topic, but he continued to drill down.

- I don't know - I replied honestly. - I've always liked tattoos, so I wanted to have one myself, and since my father wasn't a supporter of them, maybe I thought that if I had it tattooed, his reaction wouldn't be too bad.

- The same father who let you be kidnapped? - Alcazio put down his fork as well and rested his arms on the floor at the back, gently bending his chest.

- Unfortunately, I don't have another one - I muttered, and then, for some reason, I added. - You know, he didn't even care about it, he just looked at me and said he didn't expect anything else from someone like me.

I swallowed and closed my eyes for a moment, not wanting the disobedient tears to run down my cheeks. *Never show weakness in front of others*, one of my father's famous sayings.

- I guess I'd rather him beat me up, at least I could pretend he cares.

Alcazio listened to me and then got up and took something out of

the bag that was lying by the bed.

- I feel this might be of use to us - he said, and handed me a can of beer.

I looked at it uncertainly, then back at him.

- Seriously? They even left us a beer? - I had the impression that this situation was too absurd to be true.

- They also left some condoms - Alcazio said teasingly, winking at me and I felt my whole body turn red, even my neck and chest seemed to be on fire.

I opened the can quickly and gave a stiff laugh, then took a long sip. I didn't drink often, especially since Vegas didn't like when I took alcohol in my mouth, but I admit that sometimes I drank beer or whatever I found at home.

- Take it easy, darling - Alcazio asked, and I wanted to slap his head.

- Of course, Caz, as you wish - I reminded him of the nickname, and he clenched his jaw at that.

- Okay, I admit it's my fault - he growled, sitting down next to me - but I don't understand what you dislike about those words.

- I don't feel you are taking me seriously when you talk to me like that. - I took another sip and he looked at me closely. - Like you don't respect me, you know. You don't need to understand it, and maybe others don't mind it, but I don't want you to talk to me the way you talk to everyone else. I'm not like everyone else.

I didn't know what I was saying anymore, I had the feeling that I was complaining that I wasn't special to him, and that isn't the point. *Right*?

- Okay - I saw his eyes twinkle and I felt he knew what I was thinking about. - So back to your rebellious tattoo, what about Vegas?

- He liked it - I just replied, and when he raised an eyebrow in disbelief, I sighed. - He really liked it!

- I never thought Vegas would be a person to whom family means so much.

- You can't even imagine how much - I whispered, taking another sip as I remembered what my brother had to do for our father. - And you? - I changed the subject quickly. - Family matters to you or not?

- I don't know what family is - he nodded, saying that. There was a pause between us for a few minutes, until suddenly Alcazio added. - Mine were murdered when I was six. On my birthday, which makes it all even worse. I went downstairs in the morning because my mother always made pancakes for my celebration and that's when I saw them. They were tied to chairs, gags in their

mouths and he was standing next to kitchen doors. He shot them in front of me, then turned to me and said I would either die with them or live with him. Guess what I chose?

He spoke coolly, without feeling as if those events didn't matter to him anymore, but I knew that he was screaming inside. I wanted to hug him, share my warmth with him, but he got up before I did anything and opened another can.

- I spent my whole life with him, protected him, cared for him, and hated myself for it every day.

- Why didn't you kill that man? - I got up too, unable to just sit there and listen to Alcazio's story.

- Why, that's the question - he laughed at me and tilted the can sharply. - Because it's a monster. He cannot be killed, believe me, many have tried and everyone has died. The truth is that here you either live with him in peace or you are against him, but in this case you end up buried a few meters underground, and me? Well, I'm a coward. I don't have enough courage to let him kill me, so I'm his obedient little dog.

- Who is this man? - I went to Alcazio, who sat on the bed.

- Mikolaj Vladimirovich, our dear host.

The irony with which he hissed the name made me suppose that Alcazio had never forgiven what this man had done to him. His eyes looked lifeless, but there was a feeling that a storm was raging behind them.

- I shouldn't talk about it, we chose a stupid topic - he laughed, crushing the can and throwing it against the wall, but I understood why he told me this.

- It looks like - I began, then squeezed his arm, trying to cheer him up - we both know what it's like to live with a monster. My father is like a poison that kills me and my bro every day.

We looked at each other and a certain thread of understanding ran between us. Something clicked, something that made me put the can down and hug Alcazio's taut body tightly. I felt him stiffen, dissatisfied with the contact we have, he even moved a few times as if he wanted to break away, but he wasn't aggressive, he didn't push me away. After a while I realized that he was starting to relax in my hands. His head rested on my shoulder and the Italian sighed, then his fingers tightened on my back.

- ***Stupid puppy*** - I heard and smiled because I knew we both opened up, even though we only knew each other for two days.

***

The next days were spent on constant talks, from what we like to do in our free time to dreams and plans for the future. We tried to get out of the place where we had been locked up several times, but

it was in no way possible, so we talked. I learned so many things about Alcazio that I had the feeling that I known him for years, even more, I had the feeling that I knew him better than myself. I hid some things at first, but then I became honest and even more talkative. Only the subject of my suicide attempts was left hidden deep within me. I didn't want him to know about it, I was ashamed of what I had done in the past, and although I had the feeling that he would understand, I preferred not to risk it.

I don't know when I realized that the more I hear about Alcazio, the more attractive he becomes to me, but when we were lying in bed on the sixth day, he was hugging me against my back, telling me what we should see while being in Italy, I knew that I will not forget about him that easily.

- I would like to see the Colosseum, but it is unlikely to be possible - I replied, stroking the hand on which I was lying. - As soon as the negotiations are over, my father will take us to Thailand, I am sure of it.

- I could take care of him, you know - I heard and I was eager to accept his help, but my conscience did not allow me to agree.

- He's my problem, I have to solve it myself - I felt Alcazio pull me closer to him, until his lips brushed my neck as he spoke.

- Tell me something - he whispered.

- When I was little - I began, entwining my fingers with his at the same time. - Vegas secretly took me for a ride to the beach because he knew I always dreamed of seeing it. It was my birthday that I forgot about. We left school and rode his motorcycle towards the sea, but before we reached our destination something broke in the engine and we ended up standing on the side of the road. Soon after, my father called, dissatisfied as always, and sent a car for us. We both got really bad punishment that day - I turned to Alcazio and stared into his honey eyes - I never thought about the beach again after that beating. I didn't want more pain over stupid frills.

- ***And now?*** - he asked, rubbing his nose with mine.

- I want to see the beach - I whispered. - Will you take me there?

We stared at each other for a while, until Alcazio pushed his hand out from under my neck, rested firmly on his elbow, and leaned over me. I felt his lips touch mine, softly like a butterfly. I stretched my hands forward and gripped his shirt tightly, but I didn't want him to pull away. There was a harmony between us that could not be logically explained. Alcazio didn't answer because he didn't have to. I knew the answer from the way his lips touched mine. He rested his forehead on mine and laughed weirdly.

- What am I supposed to do now? - he asked, and I stroked his cheek and rose to reach his mouth.

I didn't make the kiss stronger, I just grazed his skin, but it felt like electricity was passing between us. I wanted to deepen the contact when Alcazio suddenly got up and walked almost to the corner of the room.

- This was dangerous - he warned, his eyes blurry as he stared at me. - Very dangerous.

- Sorry - I whispered, and he just shook his head.

- Don't be - he assured. - I need to control myself better.

Then he took the towel from the table and disappeared into the bathroom. I heard the water falling and I wanted to go there, touch his skin, feel that tingling again that our every contact brings. The fingers touched my still-sensitive lips as I sighed loudly. It all got more and more complicated and I was starting to fear that when I leave Italy, I will leave without my heart. *Goddammit*!

After leaving the bathroom, Alcazio gave me a worried look, but I only smiled at him and went to take a bath myself. I had no idea how the night was going to go, but I knew that whatever happened, I wanted it. This time I didn't sit long, so when I left I was surprised by Alcazio's aching face. He didn't hear the door open, so he couldn't see me. He was standing with his back to the bathroom entrance and was whispering something in Italian. I heard pain and dissatisfaction in his voice, but most of all fear. He looked like someone whose heart had just been ripped out.

- Alcazio? - I got his attention, and he flinched and quickly changed his expression.

- Are you hungry? I can prepare something - he assured and it seemed as if he was looking for a place for himself.

- You don't have to, are you okay? - I was intrigued by his behavior, but I was also worried and wanted to make him relax.

- Yes, I just have too much energy - he said. - Lie down, I'll come to you soon.

But he didn't come. I watched from the bed as he found his next job, and finally I was overwhelmed by sleep. The next two days passed, as did the rest, but this time we didn't touch like before. Alcazio wasn't hugging me by surprise, he wasn't stroking my head, and I wasn't throwing myself on his back, wrapping my legs around his waist and ordering him to carry me. Something had changed and I didn't know exactly what until the ninth day. I fell asleep quite early while Alcazio was still in the bathroom. I had a feeling as if I had only slept three or four hours when I suddenly felt him hug me tightly.

- Macau - he whispered, and I parted my tired eyes and looked at him. - Could I touch you? - he asked, and I saw the need in his eyes. - I need to feel you.

I didn't answer, just stood up and kissed him on the lips. I heard him draw air sharply into his lungs, but he didn't do anything else.

- ***I need to hear this*** - he said, his accent growing stronger, giving the words a strange, sexual tone.

- Yes, you can touch me - I assured him and then his lips instantly felt on mine, crushing them with scary force.

Alcazio licked my neck, then bit it quickly, and I felt like I couldn't breathe. His hand passed under my sweatshirt, caressing my chest. He hadn't taken anything off me and I felt like I was starting to sweat with the heat. My cock stiffened, restricting my movements, but Alcazio's other hand reached up also there.

- Please - I whispered, clutching the pillow. - Mmmmm, yeah...

Each subsequent touch only made me crazier. I was so close to fulfillment, but I didn't want to go alone. I shouldn't finish this quickly but his fingers made me feel so good, I wanted to die from pleasure. Not only this, I also wanted to feel him, but Alcazio grabbed with hand that had previously been tracing my chest both of my wrists and held them over my head.

- This time is only for you - he murmured, increasing the speed of his fingers.

I felt myself explode and then the stars flashed before my eyes. I was moaning his name as I came and he covered my mouth and kissed me sweetly when he slowly descended to my neck. Everything happened too fast but I couldn't complain. This experience only assured me in my feelings.

- You look so sexy as you cum - I blushed, and he brushed the tip of my nose.

I didn't have any more strength in my body, I knew my eyes were closing by themselves, but I didn't want to end the night that way.

- I think I love you - I whispered, and then I was overwhelmed by sleep.

***

I slept as if I had been killed for several dozen good hours, and when I woke up I had a strange feeling that I was alone. I stood up suddenly with the name Alcazio on my lips, but no one answered. I saw the paper on the table, so I took the map and picked it up. It hadn't been here before, and that's when I noticed the door was half-open. I could go out, run away, come back to my family. *But where is Alcazio?* I knocked on the bathroom door, the silence answered me, and I felt a strange, cold feeling that I was completely alone here. I couldn't believe he would leave me and go, so I started to worry, but time passed and no one showed up.

Not knowing what else to do, I grabbed the map and headed outside. It was a long way to the Mikolaj estate, but I prayed that I

would find Alcazio there, who would explain everything to me. I was angry with myself and him, but most of all worried. *What's wrong, Alcazio? Did you leave me or were you taken? I had to find him immediately!*

Chapter 15: "Italian Incident" - The Truth

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

Italian Incident will be put as Macau Pov and Alcazio Pov.

I KNOW I PUT IT BEFORE AS PART 1 AND PART 2 FOR EACH PERSON BUT I PREFER TO HAVE IT ALL IN ONE CHAPTER, SO SORRY GUYS FOR MESSING THIS UP! CHAPTER 14 IS FULLY MACAU STORY AND THIS CHAPTER IS FULLY ALCAZIO STORY!

Sorry to make it like this but story is longer than I predicted! I'm curious what you all think now about Alcazio. :)

ALCAZIO:

~~words written as ***this*** are in italian~~

All my life, death followed me like a shadow. Every moment in the past, every good, warm memory was hidden by her, and over time I learned to accept that reality. There was nothing in my existence that I would consider good, I was surrounded by evil and cruelty everywhere. At one point, it filled me so much that I had the impression there was nothing positive about me.

I worked for a man whom I hated with all my empty heart, doing for him things so horrible that a place in hell had been waiting for me for a long time, and yet I didn't care. What does it matter what will happen to me? After all, I do not worship anyone, there is not one person who would care about my fate. Yes, that's the truth, a lot of people know me, I fucked even more, and one could assume that in this whole ocean there would be at least one soul for which my fate would be important, but unfortunately it was not like this. Everyone only interacted with me when they needed a favor or a fuck.

Therefore, when I got another order, I accepted it right away. This time the fucked-up Mikolaj asked for the head of the young

Theerapanyakul on a tray. I looked at his picture and the description my people made and didn't even feel sorry to kill a seventeen-year-old boy. This was the world we lived in. Dark and cruel.

I heard about their arrival immediately, but I didn't have a free time to look at my target. I knew his bedroom was right next to mine and this assured me that soon we will met. I went out on the balcony, lit a cigarette and patiently waited. I knew that sooner or later he would showed up and then I will be able to look at him closely. Poor boy, sold by his father to a real psychopath.

I took a good puff and then heard footsteps. Someone stepped onto the balcony next to me.

- ***Sorry*** - sweet voice said in broken Italian - ***Could you please put it out?***

I looked at him and had to admit, the photos did not reflect his beauty. He was slim, shorter than me, with black, deep eyes and styled, equally dark hair. The puffed, full lips were actually grimacing as he waved his hand at my cigarette. What a pity such beauty had to die.

- ***Honey, I will have to say no, unfortunately. It's the only thing that relaxes me in this damn place.***

I straightened up, stretching my arms upwards and deliberately showing him a piece of the body. I could feel where his gaze had stopped and I wanted to laugh. *Naughty boy.*

- Asshole - he muttered in Thai and then showed me strange smile - ***That's okay, sir!***

I was shocked and then curiosity took over. I couldn't believe he just called me an asshole, and I laughed because it was the first time that I got curious about someone in this place. I waited a moment, then smoothly made my way to his balcony. The window was closed, but for me it was not a problem. Boy was lying on the bed, snoring softly, so I quickly tied his hands to the bed and waited for him to wake up. He was really cute, especially when he frowned suddenly and sighed, but when he realized he couldn't move, he quickly opened his sleepy eyes, looking around.

- ***You shouldn't call me an asshole*** - I said while searching his backpack.

I grabbed wallet and looked at the picture of him and Vegas. They had similar features, but Macau cought my attention more. There was something in his eyes that I hadn't seen anywhere else.

- I don't understand - he muttered.

- I said you shouldn't call me an asshole - this time I repeated it in his native language. He stared at me in shock, I couldn't help but chuckle. - Yes, I speak your language. I know nine other if you are

curious, I understand a few more.

- You tied me up to show off? Maybe some privacy? - he wanted to kick me but his legs were too short to be able to do it.

- My sunny boy, you are in the nest of vipers. ***What kind of privacy you are talking about?*** - I pulled out his ID and raised an eyebrow in pretend surprise. - Are you Vegas's brother?

- Yes!

- But you are so... soft? - I said, wanting to make him angry, and I succeeded because his eyes began to cast lightning.

- Let me out, I will show you how soft I am! - I laughed, almost falling to the floor and then decided to untie his hands. *Show me what you got, kid.*

I saw his fist approaching my face, but before it reached me, I grabbed it quickly and tossed him face down on the bed. I tripped by the way and landed on his back.

- I slipped, but this position is quite interesting, don't you think, honey? - I whispered and saw how his cheeks are becoming red. - Sadly we don't have time for this type of fun.

I heard a knock on the door and I quickly stepped back, dashed to the balcony, jumped over to my side, and entered the room while closing the window. I got to know my target and had to admit it, he was tempting. If only he didn't have to die, I would love to show him how good it could be between us, but in the present situation it was impossible. Special room was waiting for us and today Mikolaj was supposed to create an opportunity for me and him to be alone. Then I will kidnap him and hold for a few days. After this he will be killed. It was all settled with Vegas's father, who assured us that as long as we pretended it was done by someone else's attack, we could kill the boy. Macau was sweet, if only he didn't have family from hell he could live a long time. What a pity.

***

The party began and I immediately sensed someone's curious eyesight on me, so I turned to see Macau pointing at my direction and whispering something to Vegas. He was wearing a burgundy suit which only made him seem more charming. I had the impression that many men and women were watching Macau and his brother with curiosity. I have known this company for a long time and such innocent morsels were treated as delicacies here. For some reason it made me angry.

I watched as his eyes locked on me and a thread ran between us. I had the feeling that I was swimming in those wide, chocolatey pupils until I felt a woman's touch on my back. I didn't remember her name, but it was one of my old booty calls. Macau's eyes widened when he saw us together, so I bowed my head slightly and

kissed her shoulder without taking my hungry eyes from him. Time stopped, voices merged into one, and it seemed to me that we would both move towards each other soon, when everything was interrupted by the arrogant voice of Mikolaj.

- Ladies and gentlemen! Time to start our fun. The first of the games will be quite simple, we will pair up in a moment. I hid a few precious stones in the house and garden, whoever finds the most will be able to keep them or replace them and thus sign a contract with me. Isn't that hilarious?

Waiters spread around the room, holding sacks with cards in them. I've chosen my word quickly, then went through all people to stand next to Macau.

- You have 3 hours to find a partner and search, at twelve the person with the most stones needs to be in front of my office to win. Good luck!

I followed him imperceptibly from behind, trying to read the inscription on his note.

- Destiny - he whispered, and I quickly stepped back and scanned the others.

After a few minutes, I found a man with this exact word, so I pretended to run into him and quickly swapped our lines. Then I stopped near Macau's father, leaving the note in a clearly visible place.

I watched him look around for his pair and I truly wanted to laugh. *Look at me, look in my direction, I want to see the surprise in your eyes when you understand who you will spend this time with.* It was all too simple... Then I felt his eyes on me. He stared in disbelief at the piece of paper I had pinned to my jacket, and I could see that he was hesitating. However, he decided to take part in the game, because he slowly came towards me.

- You must be joking - I tore the paper from his hands, trying to act surprised - We have to be destined for each other, sweetheart.

- Hello, Caz - he said, and I couldn't believe what I just heard. - Let's try to spend this time like civilized people.

- Call me that again and you will see how civilized I can be, dear - I smiled at him even when I knew it never reached my angry eyes.

- I can't wait to see it - he approached me until I felt a tingling sensation around my lips - Caz.

I froze as blood rushed to my head.

- Let's start with the garden, partner - he left quickly, and I just run after him, like some lost kid.

The boy seemed to be treating me like a servant, so I was glad that he would soon be politely locked up and separate from everyone else. I wanted to hold him tight and shake him and take

an apology for what he called me.

- You have to be very brave to ruin my name like that, baby - I growled.

He was walking in front of me and I didn't notice how suddenly he stopped and quickly turned to face me. He was about to fall when I grabbed him and pulled tightly against my body. I felt his hot breath on my shoulder, and I shivered. I pushed him immediately to limit our contact.

- Hmm - Macau began. - Maybe we'll make an agreement that you will stop saying "baby, sweetie" and those other funny words to me, and I won't call you Caz anymore?

I wanted to grab his beautiful, slender neck and squeeze it hard. *How dare he spoil my Italian name like that?* Show a bit of respect!

- People like when I call them that - I said truthfully, but he gave me a cold look.

- Well, I don't like it, so address them the same, but please spare me - he asked with annoying voice and quickly walked away, going deeper into the garden.

I smiled under my breath, ready to begin the first part of the plan. I followed him and when the occasion was right, I hit him hard on the head until he fell to the ground. I then pulled back and shouted his name anxiously, in case he was still conscious. After putting this whole show, I packed Macau into the car that had been prepared in advance and was on my way.

After many twists and turns, I got to the place I was looking for. There was a small house in front of me, surrounded only by trees. I carried the body inside, checked that everything what we needed has been put in correct places, and closed the automatic door. Only my key was able to open it again, and I hid it deeply with the phone. Then I walked over to the wall and banged my head against it until I felt blood trickling down my forehead. *Convincing enough*. Now all I had to do was wait.

***

I waited for Macau to finally open his eyes and for a moment was terrified that I had hit him too hard. Yes, I was supposed to kill him, but not like that after all. I looked at those long, black eyelashes that covered his eyes, puffed out lips, and now whitened cheeks, and I waited. Another hour passed before I finally saw him move. He tried to get up, but he didn't have enough energy, so I grabbed his arm to help. His skin burned mine, I did not understand why I react so disturbingly to our every contact. Macau looked around and then walked over to me.

- What's happening? - he looked at me and I saw fear in his eyes.

- We've been abducted - I said calmly, then gave me one of the

bottles. - Drink, the body needs fluids.

I took a long sip myself and sighed as it ran down my dry throat. We were supposed to stay here for a few days and I was counting on Macau to not act like a little child. I didn't feel like being a nanny.

- So that's why. How stupid I am.

I looked at him anxiously. *Did he understand that I am here to kill him? But how could he have guessed?* He was looking at me with big, sad eyes and I didn't know what to do.

- What's wrong? Are you claustrophobic? Are you gonna go crazy here? - I put hand to his forehead, pretending I care. - Cold, it seems okay.

- Sorry, it's my fault - he said and I just let him believe in that. - I did not understand why my father wanted to take me suddenly to a meeting with a client, but it is so clear. I am his bargaining chip. He is risking losing me just to make a deal.

I felt numb, understanding that there are some things we have in common. I was also used at every turn. Nobody cared about my life and I had the feeling that if I ended it, there wouldn't be one person who would cry for me. *No, you can't feel connection with him, you can't!* He sat down with his back to me, forehead against the wall, looking like some lost puppy.

- So you mean that your father decided to put your life at stake just to have a successful deal? Well, that's fucked up.

- Well fucked up is a synonym for our family - I laughed because I understood it all too well.

- Don't worry, young one, I'll protect us. - I said even when I knew only one of us will walk from here on their own.

- Of course, because you've been doing so well so far.

I threw the bottle at him.

- You have a sharp tongue, watch out or someone will cut it - when I said that he showed me it and then added to it middle finger. - You're pushing my blood pressure up, boy!

Macau ignored me and just sat again in front of a wall. I looked at him for a moment, but I felt he had a hard time coming to terms with what his father had done. *And you do not even know whole truth...* I lay down on the bed, my eyes still darting toward him, until I fell asleep.

- Hey, there's only one bed, we need to share - I heard but decided to ignore him.

It was quiet for a moment, and then I felt him lie down on top of me and force himself against the wall. I smiled, helping him find some space.

- Stop fidgeting - I asked, feeling a part of me starting to harden

dangerously, then I pulled away gently, wrapped arm around his body, and turned chest so that my front was glued to his back.

It was going to be a long, sleepless night, and I scolded myself inside for the sudden lack of composure. After all, it is just a body, although it fits perfectly into mine, especially when we are lying like now, but still only the body. I fucked many of such, so why now I acted this wierd? I swung my leg over his hips, hoping the boy would fall asleep quickly, then stuffed my nose into his neck and inhaled that strange, alluring scent. *Something was really wrong with me.*

***

As soon as I woke up, I felt a strong stabbing pain in my side. Macau's elbow dug into my body until I hissed. I struggled to free myself from him as he was partially lying on top of me, cuddled against my body, but after some time I was able to stand on the ground. I straightened up and I knew I needed a hot shower so I grabbed my pants from the closet and opened the hidden door leading to the bathroom. I took my time washing the hardships of last day.

I didn't expect Macau to say it was his father's plan. There was, of course, a grain of truth in it, but the plan was not to hold him until a deal was made, but to kill a boy as the icing on the cake. Mikolaj was mentally ill and expected each of his partners to pay for services. For their family, the price was unfortunately the head of the younger son. I was gonna keep him here until they figured it out, then kill the cutie and leave them a souvenir.

It wasn't the first time I had done something like this, but for some reason Macau was like a thorn in my hand. He irritated me, made me lose my mind, and I didn't know exactly how to act. From the very first moment I felt like grabbing his face and closing those cheeky mouth with a kiss, but it wouldn't be a good idea after all. *Or maybe?* Well, no one needed to know that something had happened between us, and he also reacted in a special way to me. I've noticed it immediately. Maybe instead of exhausting these few days, we'll just spend them having hot, meaningless sex? It would be that simple.

But I shook my head, not allowing myself to cross that line. The boy will die anyway, and when I do what I have to do, I will find someone to shake off these feelings. I got dressed and with this in mind, I went into the room, standing in front of a surprised, half-naked Macau.

- What the...

- Oh, you got up - I smiled, lazily surveying him. He was lean but well-muscled. He has golden skin, as if his body was kissed by the

sun, and my mouth felt dry. - I found a bathroom, so I think they're planning to leave us here for a while.

I noticed that he was raising his hand with his sweatshirt up as if to hide from me, and then I realized that the boy had a tattoo on his side. Vertical family inscription. Nothing was written about it in the report, and it should have been for my own sake. I really wanted to kneel and lick it whole. *What the fuck?*

- You have a tattoo, that's new - I touched it. - Quite an interesting word choice.

I knew the boy was shivering, so I ran my fingers over it again, and he suddenly looked up and I could see a storm of emotion in his eyes. It was enough to lean over and touch his pouted lips and the rest would have rolled out quickly, but it really wasn't a good idea. Macau gave a fake laugh, pulled back, almost falling on the bed, and then quickly grabbed his clothes.

- Coward - I just shouted, silence answered me.

Macau ran into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him. I smiled because for some reason I enjoyed playing with him. In the meantime, I took out the food I had prepared in advance and spread it out on the table. Soon after, the boy returned to the room, wearing a black sweatshirt and sweatpants. His hair was damp, a drop of water ran down his cheek, and I wanted to wipe it off, but I stopped myself. Enough is enough.

- Finally, I was about to go there to get you - I only muttered pointing hand to the place next to me - It may not be an amazing meal, but we need energy and I have the impression that I haven't eaten anything for a few days, you probably have the same.

Macau sat down next to me, his knee touching mine. It felt like a gentle bolt was running between us, but I ignored it. Apparently I was just horny as I haven't had a moment for pleasure lately. *Is must be this, I'm sure.*

- Aren't you afraid it's poisoned? - I heard when I took a large portion in my mouth.

I wanted to laugh because I had prepared everything myself, but I couldn't. This situation, for some reason, caused me a lot of trouble, I felt something I did not expect, regret.

- What is the point of poisoning us if they could shoot us right away? - I just asked, then shoved another fork in his hand - Eat it while it's warm.

I watched as he distrustfully picked up the food to his nose and sniffed it. He really thought he could smell the poison, if there were any? I laughed softly because at the same time his stomach growled loudly and the boy began to eat. I still had an image of his tattoo in my head, and was curious as to why this is what he decided to do

on himself.

- What? - he asked, giving me a quick look.

- Why family? - I heard him sigh, but I really wanted to know.

- I don't know - he replied with a shrug. - I've always liked tattoos, so I wanted to have one myself, and since my father wasn't a supporter of them, maybe I thought that if I had it tattooed, his reaction wouldn't be too bad.

- The same father who let you be kidnapped? - I put down fork on empty plate and rested my arms on the floor at the back, gently bending chest for more comfortable position.

- Unfortunately, I don't have another one. You know, he didn't even care about it, he just looked at me and said he didn't expect anything else from someone like me.

I could see that he was still experiencing this moment because he closed his eyes for a while and sniffed. I shouldn't have felt anything seeing this, people often cried in front of me, told me sad stories that were supposed to make me not kill them, so why did I want to touch his cheek now? We were too similar and it started to be dangerous.

- I guess I'd rather him beat me up, at least I could pretend he cares.

It felt like we needed some relaxation. All naughty thoughts I had could not fit in this moment, so I got up and reached for the beer I had left in room as well. *You never know what could have come in handy.*

- I feel this might be of use to us - I tossed him the can and he grabbed it, staring in disbelief.

- Seriously? They even left us a beer?

- They also left some condoms - I replied, winking at him, and he blushed all over, like a tomato.

I didn't think I would like the sight so much, but suddenly I wanted to see if he was red in other places as well. The boy quickly opened the can, laughed and took a long sip. *What a cute guy.*

- Take it easy, darling - I blurted out, and I saw fire in his eyes.

- Of course, Caz, as you wish - he said in such a tone that I felt my jaw tighten dangerously.

- Okay, I admit it's my fault - I added, sitting next to him again - but I don't understand what you dislike about those words.

- I don't feel you are taking me seriously when you talk to me like that. Like you don't respect me, you know. You don't need to understand it, and maybe others don't mind it, but I don't want you to talk to me the way you talk to everyone else. I'm not like everyone else.

You're not like the others? Or is it just that you don't want me to treat

you as I treat others? I wanted to slide my finger over those reddened cheeks, just to feel if they were as hot as their shade indicated.

- Okay. So back to your rebellious tattoo, what about Vegas?

- He liked it - Macau replied I raised an eyebrow in disbelief - He really liked it!

- I never thought Vegas would be a person to whom family means so much - I admitted.

- You can't even imagine how much - he whispered, taking another sip. - And you? Family matters to you or not?

- I don't know what family is - I admited. For few seconds I wanted to tell him some lie about my past but I was so curious to see his reaction to my words. Maybe he will look at me with pity? If he will show me that he feels bad, I hoped all those weird feelings I have will disapear. I hated when others felt bad for me, so Macau, please do it. *Feel sorry so I can throw you out of my mind.*

- Mine were murdered when I was six. On my birthday, which makes it all even worse. I went downstairs in the morning because my mother always made pancakes for my celebration and that's when I saw them. They were tied to chairs, gags in their mouths and he was standing next to kitchen doors. He shot them in front of me, then turned to me and said I would either die with them or live with him. Guess what I chose? - I added, trying to see every single change on his face.

I spoke coolly, not allowing any other feelings to show up. I spent my whole life suffering in silence, but I learned to hide everything so well that some people called me a robot. I watched everything which come up on Macau's face. I was searching for pity there, but he looked at me understandingly. I saw the pain and the need to support me, but there wasn't anywhere that pitiful look other people were throwing at me when they knew my story. I got up quickly and grabbed another can. This was bad, we had connection and Macau made me feel like there may be someone for whom I can have value. Very dangerous thoughts began appearing in my messed up head.

- I spent my whole life with him, protected him, cared for him, and hated myself for it every day.

- Why didn't you kill that man? - Macau stood up as well, folding his hands together in front of him as if that would keep those fingers from coming closer to me.

- Why, that's the question - I laughed and tilted the can sharply. - Because it's a monster. He cannot be killed, believe me, many have tried and everyone has died. The truth is that here you either live with him in peace or you are against him, but in this case you end

up buried a few meters underground, and me? Well, I'm a coward. I don't have enough courage to let him kill me, so I'm his obedient little dog.

- Who is this man? - he came closer and I sat on the bed.

- Mikolaj Vladimirovich, our dear host.

I couldn't help but fill my words with sarcasm while saying that damned name. My face was like a mask, but inside I felt anger wafting through every muscle. Sixteen years have passed since that day, and it still felt like yesterday. I hated the guy, but I hated myself even more. I ministered to my parents' murderer, how pathetic it was.

- I shouldn't talk about it, we chose a stupid topic - I laughed awkwardly, crushing the can I was holding and tossed it against the wall. But I couldn't keep it to myself.

- It looks like - Macau began, carefully placing his hand on my shoulder and squeezing it - we both know what it's like to live with a monster. My father is like a poison that kills me and my bro every day.

I looked up at him and it felt like everything had changed between us. We realized something among ourselves, as the blocks suddenly fell in the right places. I saw Macau put his beer down and then hug me tightly against his chest. I stiffened, unprepared for such contact, but he ignored my attempts to move away. His body exuded a strange power that calmed me down, relaxed me and made me not want to let go. This was so wrong, so inappropriate. He would scream and run if he knew truth about us and this place but in those few seconds I felt warm I never knew existed. Another body shouldn't make me feel this way and yet he did. And I will kill him. I will stop this warmness with my both deathly hands. If there was a chance for me, after killing that boy it will disapear and nothing will save my soul. How I can deal with that?

- ***Stupid puppy*** - I whispered, hiding the shy smile in his belly.

***

We lay on the bed, Macau in front of me, pressed tight against my back. I had one arm outstretched in front of me, his head resting on it. It will be a week since I locked us in here and we spent most of our time talking. I did not think that we would open up to each other so much. *Why was I so honest with him?* I don't know, it didn't make any sense. Soon Macau will be dead and I will return to my dark life. W*hy evacuate? Why approach him unnecessarily?* After all, I am only risking and although everything I say will not go beyond this place, the memories will not fade away so quickly.

- Alcazio, if your life had been different, who would you be? - Macau asked, and I frowned.

- ***I have no idea*** - I replied and thought for a moment. - I don't know if I can do anything else. I've never had a chance to find out what I'm really good at.

- You know so many languages, maybe you'd be a teacher - Macau laughed, and I felt his whole body tremble.

I myself smiled at that. What an absurd vision.

- ***And you?*** - I asked.

- I'd like to travel around the world - he whispered, and I noticed the blush on his cheek. - That is why I was so happy to go to Italy, but as you can see, I am not meant for overseas adventures.

- I'd like to take you to Florence, you'd love it there - I said softly, lazily stroking his head - but let's start with Rome. Maybe the Colosseum? Everyone who visits Italy should see it.

- I would like to see the Colosseum, but it is unlikely to be possible. As soon as the negotiations are over, my father will take us to Thailand, I am sure of it.

I felt my throat tighten because I knew Macau was still unaware of the whole truth. Unspeakable words hung above us like a hail cloud. I felt his fingers gently slide over my hand.

- I could take care of him, you know - I muttered, because at the mere thought of his father, I could feel my anger rising inside me.

- He's my problem, I have to solve it myself.

I hugged him tighter, pressed my face against his neck, absorbing the scent of his body.

- Tell me something - I said.

- When I was little Vegas secretly took me for a ride to the beach because he knew I always dreamed of seeing it. It was my birthday that I forgot about. We left school and rode his motorcycle towards the sea, but before we reached our destination something broke in the engine and we ended up standing on the side of the road. Soon after, my father called, dissatisfied as always, and sent a car for us. We both got really bad punishment that day - he turned to me, staring right into my eyes - I never thought about the beach again after that beating. I didn't want more pain over stupid frills.

For some reason, I didn't like this story. I wanted to pick him up right now and drive to the beach. I would watch him swim in the sea, run on warm sand, maybe I would even accompany him?

- ***And now?*** - I asked, rubbing my nose with his.

- I want to see the beach. Will you take me there?

We stared at each other for a while, until I've pushed my hand out from under his neck, rested firmly on my elbow, and leaned over. I couldn't answer him, I didn't want to lie, and I would have to. I stared at his lips and saw him nervously licking them with his little, pink tongue. I swallowed saliva hardly, losing the strength,

struggling to hold back, then I lightly touched his lips with mine. Macau's fingers tightened on my sweatshirt, but he didn't pull me away from him, he just held onto me as I kissed him softly. I couldn't tell what I was feeling, but it felt as if everything was suddenly on right place. Our every touch made the situation even more complicated, and I didn't know what to do anymore.

- What am I supposed to do now? - I begged, and Macau rose to my mouth.

His kiss was as gentle as mine. Everything seemed to stop and electricity was flowing between us. I felt his tongue slide deeper into my mouth, and I knew there would be no turning back. I stood up suddenly, focusing all my strength on unhooking myself from him. *I can't risk this anymore, it shouldn't be like that.*

- This was dangerous - I said to myself, feeling that a moment longer and I would come back to him. - Very dangerous.

- Sorry - I heard, but I just shook my head.

- Don't be - I assured. - I need to control myself better.

I had to get out of here as soon as possible, it was getting more and more dangerous between us. How did I know one kiss would make me feel like this? It shouldn't, after all, I've been doing much dirtier, sexual things with a lot of people, and I've never been so shocked by anything. Macau tasted so... delicious? I couldn't define it, but I was drawn to him. I acted like a drug addict who can't tear himself away from his favorite poison. I grabbed the towel and quickly shut myself up in the bathroom, then rested my forehead against the cool tiles and took a deep breath. I let go of the cool water and stood under it until my whole body trembled. I was afraid of going to the room, but I scolded myself for that.

Soon after I left and gave Macau a worrying look, but he flashed a smile at me and walked into the bathroom himself. I quickly pulled out my phone and saw some messages there. I ignored most of them, focusing only on Mikolaj's number.

"Don't forget your mission. Waiting for proof, you might send us his head. I want to see that asshole Vegas's face when I hand it to him on silver plate."

I felt chills down my spine, nothing but Italian curses crammed into my mouth, and I couldn't contain the pain in my voice. *How was I supposed to do this?* How was I supposed to kill him, how was I supposed to hurt him, if all I had to do was see the sadness on his face and I wanted to beat everyone who caused it.

- Alcazio? - I shuddered hearing his concerned voice.

- Are you hungry? I can prepare something - I asked quickly, turning to smile at him.

- You don't have to, are you okay?

- Yes, I just have too much energy - I said, hoping he will believe me. - Lie down, I'll come to you soon.

***

It's been nine days since I locked us in here, two days since I couldn't help but think that if I hurt Macau it would be my end. I tried my best to forget what I felt, but it was ridiculous. *Over a week and I want to give up everything? Risk my own life? For a seventeen-year-old? What is happening with me?* I closed my eyes and started counting down from ten again. It often helped me get my thoughts together, but in this case it had no effect.

Macau had been sleeping on the bed for several hours when I reached for the hidden phone and saw one message.

"Kill him."

I looked at it in disbelief, still hoping that crazy Mikolaj would write suddenly that he was only joking. Minutes passed and I began to understand that I had to choose. Me or him. We both couldn't make it out alive, so now I asked myself a simple question. *Me or Macau?* I hid the phone and looked at him, he was asleep snugly against our pillow. His one arm outstretched where I used to sleep, and I knew he hoped for me to be there, cuddled against him like I would every night. This boy felt something for me and I felt something for him. Something I didn't understand. It completely enveloped me, dulled my senses. I leaned over him, almost touching his relaxed body.

- Macau - I whispered against myself, and he wrinkled his nose, then blinked a few times and looked at me blankly. - Could I touch you? I need to feel you.

I didn't know what made me say it. I didn't understand myself, after all, I wanted him and it would only be sex. Nothing more than pure animal lust, but when he looked at me so sweetly and then kissed me softly giving me silent consent, I realized that it would never be just sex and his touch would stay with me forever. I held my breath, still waiting for the words, I needed to hear them so badly.

- I need to hear this.

- Yes, you can touch me - all the barriers I had dropped, and I digged into his mouth tightly.

I kissed him like a thirsty man who had just received refreshing water. I caressed the cheek, licked neck and marked his delicious skin, doing such thing for the first time in my life. I bit him lightly, not wanting to hurt him, but hard enough to leave a mark. *My mark*, proudly showing that Macau already belongs to someone and that someone belongs to him. I slipped a trembling hand under shirt and touched his warm, sensitive body. I stroked the nipple and

heard a groan that almost made me lose my mind. I couldn't wait any longer, so I reached down with my other hand to his stiff cock and felt the precum trickling down it.

- Please - Macau croaked, grabbing the pillow. - Mmmmm, yeah...

I caressed his swollen penis, my lips still exploring his neck that curved toward me. His taste made me want to melt with it, become one and never separate again. I felt that I would not be able to give this man back to anyone, I have never had such thoughts, until today. I felt him close as he wriggled, whispering my name. Macau's fingers running down my chest, lingering on the already tight pants. But I wanted today to belong only to him. I pulled my hand out from under his shirt and grasped both wrists, holding them above his head, and he arched back against my hips. I gritted my teeth, struggling to keep from going as deeply into him as was possible.

- This time is only for you - I promised, then speeded up my fingers.

I efficiently moved them around the penis and then brushed its head with my thumb. Macau was coming hard, rubbing against me, and I had the feeling that I didn't need anything else but this view. Bitten lower lip, eyes tightly closed, body arched in ecstasy. This sight will haunt me for ages.

- You look so sexy as you cum - I brushed the tip of his nose.

- I think I love you - he whispered shyly and my heart skipped a beat.

I pulled away and saw that he was overwhelmed by sleep. I went to the bathroom, took the wet towel from it and carefully wiped Macau's body, then put on new clothes, didn't want him to get sick, and only then took out my gun.

I unlocked it and, standing next to the bed, pointed at his head. *Me or Macau?* My heart was racing, but it was too late. Feelings have already entered my soul which was before destroyed by cruelty of life. I held this gun as if I had any way out, as if I could hurt him. I laughed at my stupidity because that is not an option anymore. I don't know if what I felt was love, but I couldn't let anything happen to the man sleeping in front of me. I should let him touch me, but then it would be impossible to leave.

I secured my gun, packed my things, and left the map on the table. Macau would probably think he was going back to Mikolaj's mansion, but I would never let that happen. So I marked a place where the boy could safely escape from Italy, and I was about to leave, but I couldn't help myself. I approached him again, brushing his forehead.

- Forgive me - I asked, and he whispered my name in his sleep. - I'm sick of running away, it's time to destroy the monster, and when

I do, I'll come back to you. I promise.

Then I left.

***

I was sitting in one of the cafes they built off the beaten track. I sent Vegas a request for an urgent meeting a while ago and he promised he would come as soon as possible.

- Alcazio - I heard behind my back and saw my friend's stern face. - Where's Macau?!

Vegas had wrinkled clothes, large circles under his eyes, and tousled hair. He must have spent every moment looking for his brother.

- Sit down - I asked, and ordered us two glasses of wine.

I waited for the waiter to disappear before answering.

- He's safe - I said, and pulled out a map. - You'll find him here - I pointed, and Vegas frowned a little.

- What's going on here?!

- You and Macau must leave - I ordered. - I don't want to go into details, but Mikolaj requested as a gift for the joint relationship of your brother's head, and well, your father agreed.

Vegas stared at me in disbelief.

- It's impossible - he said, but I sensed the uncertainty in his voice.

- Think what you want, but if you don't get out of here by midnight, the boy will be dead. There is no time for your questions, just believe me in this one thing.

- But my father...

- Don't worry about him, Mikolaj won't attack so easily a boss from another country, but you are a different matter. Vegas, this is not a joke, you understand? Go over there, take Macau home or you'll lose him.

Vegas paused for a moment, then nodded. Without waiting any longer, he drank his glass and stood up.

- Could... - He stopped, looking at me. - Could you give it to Macau?

I held the letter out towards him, and he put it in his back pocket.

- He told you to do this, right? Mikolaj? - Vegas asked again, and I nodded. - I don't know why you decided to hold off, but I won't forget this.

I showed sad smile to him and he quickly disappeared. I sat down for a while longer, but I was still worried about Macau. I quickly took my backpack and also headed towards the airport. I wanted to see him one last time, because I had the impression that I would not come back alive from my fight with Mikolaj. I will try, use all my knowledge and skills, but defeating a monster is not an easy task.

So I needed to see that brown, soft hair. One last time.

Chapter 16: The Rest of Our Story

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🫰 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

And this is how the whole issue with Italy happened. I hope I not disapointed you all and we are now returning to present time! Uff, this took longer than I expected. :D

I need to read it and check for any mistakes but I really wanted to publish the last part of the story. :)

MACAU:

I was standing by the plane, not knowing exactly what was going on. I thought the map would lead me to Mikolaj's estate, but it didn't. I was looking around, trying to collect my thoughts, and then I saw Vegas running towards me.

- Phi! - I shouted and threw myself into his arms.

He hugged me so tightly that my bones felt like they were starting to break, but I gripped him myself with a similar force. My brother pulled away from me, holding my face in trembling hands.

- Are you okay? - he asked, and I immediately shook my head. - God, how good that Alcazio quit the mission.

I froze as I stared at him in surprise. No, that couldn't be true. After all, he supported me there, he was wounded himself! *He could not...*

- What mission? - I asked heavily, but Vegas was already dragging me to the plane. - Huh, what mission?!

- What mission can a hired killer have...

It felt as if something was dying in me. I stared at Vegas's fingers on my arm in disbelief. Everything went quiet around me, I couldn't hear any of his words anymore, only the two he had just said - "hired killer". Alcazio was not a bodyguard for Mikolaj, he was his guy for dirty work. I analyzed his past words and couldn't

understand how stupid I was. I believed so strongly that my brother's friend would not hurt me that I ignored every red flag he showed in last couple of day and then I even let him touch me. I said I love him...

I was so ashamed, I felt tears gathering under my eyelids, and one was running down my trembling cheek. *How stupid I am?* I really believed that something had started between us. Was it amusing for him? Hearing my stories, watching me blush, making me give him my consent. *God, how he must have laughed at me.*

We were at the stairs when I looked away for the last time, focusing on the gray buildings in front of the airport and that's when I saw him. Dressed in black, with a beanie falling over his face. Our eyes met for a second and I wrenched my hand free from my brother's grip.

- I'll be right back - I promised, and without taking my eyes off the figure, I started walking towards him.

He freaked out as he turned and walked behind the building, but I started running.

- Macau! - Vegas shouted.

- Be right back! - I repeated, and it was the first time I had really raised my voice at brother.

I ran behind the building and saw the back door ajar, I bravely stepped in, and there he was, standing against the wall as if waiting for me.

- You have the nerve - I started, then walked over to him and I truly wanted to punch this lying motherfucker hard in the face, but I simply couldn't. The hand stopped just in front of his cheek, and this time I let myself cry.

- Macau... - his breaking voice no longer impressed me.

Alcazio held out his hand towards me, but I pushed it away immediately.

- Are you back to finish the task? - I tried to soak up every word with venom, but it really hurt more to look at those sad eyes. *You have no right to be this sad, not you, not now!*

My body still felt his touch, my lips stung from the last kiss, and like a fool I hoped it was just a bad dream. I wanted to go back to that damn room and talk to him about something ordinary and fall asleep against his chest, but it was all just an illusion. Here, now is reality, and it is as cruel as the rest of my life.

- No, it's not like that - he whispered and this time Alcazio didn't try to touch me.

- So how is it? - I laughed roughly. - That's what it was all about, right?

I pulled away, unable to bear the pained look he was giving me.

How can you fall from paradise to hell in one day? *God, it hurts so much.*

- Every word you said was a lie, right? Every gesture, every kiss, what we did... I have to admit you are great at your job, I really believed you started to care!

- I not only started, I cared and I still do, deeply, honestly! - he said firmly, and took a few steps towards me.

I was so afraid that his touch would weaken me that I backed myself up until I hit the wall. His clenched fist dropped close to my face and he drew closer. I could feel his hot breath on my skin. I hated how much I liked it.

- Do you really think all our moments were a lie? I admit I wasn't completely honest, but I only tricked you about kidnapping. All the rest was real me. Me and you.

I didn't want to believe his words. Now, after the fact, it was so easy to say them.

- Stop it - I begged, closing my eyes. - You don't have to pretend anymore.

- Macau! - he growled, then breathed in and rested his forehead against mine. - Do you know how much I risk letting you out of Italy. This may be our last meeting, but the thought of you dying by someone's hand makes me lose my mind.

He spoke frantically, quickly, as if afraid we would run out of time.

- At first, I didn't care why would I? I've lived in this world for years and you were just another job, but you... What are you doing to me? Why do I suddenly feel that I should fight for myself? It doesn't make sense.

I opened my eyes, still afraid to hope. His honey-colored pupils stared at mine with such intensity that I ran out of breath. I shouldn't have succumbed to him, but deep inside I wanted to believe in his truthfulness.

- I wrote you a letter, Vegas has it - he whispered, brushing my cheek. - I wrote you the whole truth, everything I felt and did from the moment we met. I wanted you to know that I would do whatever it takes and whatever is in my power to get back to you.

My heart nearly dropped out of my chest as Alcazio rubbed my nose with his.

- I wrote that I love you - he admitted, and I couldn't believe it. - Although I don't even understand what that means. I never wanted to protect anyone, and now look at me, I'm prepared to die, just to see you come home safely.

He stepped back and rubbed his face. *Was he telling the truth?* It was all happening so fast.

- If I can survive what I have to do, I'll come to you. It doesn't matter if you will be with someone else then or not, I can settle for friendship, but I won't let you go, you understand? You hate me and you have a right to do so, I won't deny it. However, I will not give up, I am going to be in your life, no matter what status you grant us.

- All of this was just to kill me - I reminded him.

- It stopped to be about that after our first serious conversation. I pretended not to interrupt anything, told myself it didn't matter what I feel, but deep down I knew I wouldn't hurt you.

I wanted to hear more from him, I needed every single detail related to those couple of days, so I could decide if I believe him or not but Vegas's voice interrupted us.

- Macau, we have to go!

Alcazio looked at me quickly, walked over, and pressed a soft kiss on my forehead.

- I'll come back to you - he promised, placing my hand on his heart and then he was gone.

I watched him disappear and it felt like my whole life had turned upside down.

VEGAS:

We got on the plane and I suddenly remembered the letter. These two were getting closer and I didn't know what had happened between them, but when I asked Macau he begged me to change the subject. Now I pulled out the envelope and handed it to him, curious to see what was inside.

The last few days have been terrifying. I don't know if I managed to get a few hours' sleep in all the time we were looking for him and I needed to know what exactly was going on with both of them, but brother was silent. Macau looked healthy on the outside, and I didn't see any dangerous wounds on his body, so I breathed a sigh of relief. If only he hadn't looked so sad.

I thought about it, trying to choose how approach this situation and at the same time he started reading what Alcazio had written to him. Macau was already on the other page when he suddenly turned his face away and I heard a sob. I hated being ignorant, especially since we shared most things, but Macau hid those last days from me. He once again sobbed, gasping for breath, and then pressed the paper to his chest. He wouldn't show me his swollen face, so I just stroked his hair, giving him the space I think he needed.

- Phi, how do I know if what I feel is real? - he asked suddenly and I raised my eyebrows in surprise.

- I don't know if you're asking the best person here - I muttered. -

But if something hurts you so much, it must be real.

He only nodded, still staring at the window. Soon we left Italy borders.

MACAU:

Month later,

I came home after school and felt that the atmosphere in building had changed. The bodyguards looked away as I walked pass them and they were whispering to each other, which always was a bad sign. I knew my father was back from Italy. It took him long time to apologize to Mikolaj but they had to make a deal since he was back. I knew Vegas was talking to Pa about what he had done, but after the call ended, my brother turned silent and glum. I didn't want to think about all those inhumane things this man said to him.

I quickly ran into the room, afraid I had left a letter from Alcazio on the bed. Every day I read it and wondered when I would finally meet him again. I waited faithfully like a dog, because I couldn't stop these feelings for him. I gave up with my anger and just accepted the reality, my heart belonged to devil with honey eyes. Today, before going to school, I suddenly felt so lonely, I needed to read his words again and I had the impression that I forgot to hide the letter, but only left it on the bed. *Very foolish of me.*

I climbed the stairs and went deeper into the bedroom when I saw my father next to the bathroom door. He was standing with the letter in his hand and he was reading it. I froze in horror. He must have heard my footsteps because he lifted his dark, hateful eyes at me. I swallowed hard, praying for a miracle.

- You spread your legs for some unconnected bodyguard? - he growled, crushing the paper.

I slowly began to back away into the corridor, knowing that I might not come out of this confrontation alive. Vegas was at a business meeting and I didn't know when he would be back. I was trapped.

- We could safely sign the contract, I wouldn't let you die, and what are you doing? You're just like that pathetic brother of yours - I felt more and more that fear overwhelmed me, but he continued. - But do not worry. Your boyfriend? He's already dead.

I shook my head, not believing a word from him. Alcazio wouldn't get killed that easily. I was sure it was a rumor, a trick for those who work with Mikolaj.

- See for yourself - father pulled out his phone and played the video, and I went numb.

I watched as a man with the build of Alcazio, dressed in his clothes, kneeled in front of a group of men with a bag over his head. I saw my father and Mikolaj in front of him.

- Goodbye, Alcazio - the Russian said in Italian and fired where the head should be.

The body fell to the ground, the sack pecked by the bullet exposed part of face, and I felt as if I was losing my breath. I would recognize those eyes anywhere. Half of his beautiful face was shattered by a bullet, but what I could see was enough to make me feel my heart break in two.

- I hope you had a good time - my father laughed, and seeing my tears he snorted. - You don't deserve anything else. Ungrateful brat.

Then he turned his ring toward the palm of his hand and struck. The blow was so strong that I fell, bumping my head on the table. Everything rocked around and I could only think that Alcazio was dead. I tried to get up, but then another blow struck me. My head was racing and I felt a throbbing pain, the image in my eyes blurred, and this time I saw the edge of the desk approaching me, then it was dark.

I was laying on the cool ground for a while, not fully understanding what just happened. My head was roaring and I couldn't gather my thoughts. I couldn't remember anything that happened today, but I felt a pain inside, like someone had broken me emotionally. I thought of strange, slim face and honey eyes, but I was not able to match it with person's name. I knew I should recall this man, those features were so familiar but unfortunately I couldn't remember anything related to him. Only overwhelming sadness appeared with his image.

I struggled to get off the floor and saw a pile of ash next to me, as if someone had burned there paper, but I didn't know what was on it. With great difficulty I reached the bathroom, feeling as if everything was swaying around. I rinsed my throbbing head under cold water, but the strange sensation remained. I did not understand what happened to me, but I felt that I had forgotten something. Someone vanished from my thoughts, and any attempts to remember ended in excruciating pain. I wanted to run to Vegas, ask him for help, but I was afraid. Before I could hold it back, I vomited, and my head throbbed strangely. I couldn't let my brother suffer more than he is now, so I gritted my teeth, washed dirty mouth and grabbed a few headache pills from the cupboard, then I fell back onto the bed with difficulty and lost concious.

A few days passed and I still didn't tell anyone about my condition. I knew I should see a doctor but this would alarm the rest of family. The whole situation scared me because I thought I had lost important memories, but my father waited for any mistake from me or Vegas to punish us. He was still furious about something I did, so I hid my problems deep inside and accepted that part of me

was gone, possibly forever.

PETE:

Present time,

Macau left the hospital after two days of observation. He had a sprained wrist, broken rib, swollen tongue and a lot of bruises, but he swore he was feeling better now, and I decided to trust his assurances. Something changed when he woke up for the first time from the abduction. I wasn't lucky to see him open his eyes when he woke up but Alcazio, who pushed me from the bed and leaned over the boy, screamed in exctasy.

- You called me Caz? - he asked, but Macau only showed shy smile and once again went to sleep.

- What the fuck? - I heard from Vegas, who also woke up, but in a less brutal way than me.

Alcazio got up and looked at me then at Vegas and once again at me with some strange smile. I didn't like the way his eyes suddenly shined.

- I'm going to woo Macau - he said, and it literally stunned me.

- What? - Vegas opened his mouth in shock, and I walked over to him, closing it.

- I think someone just asked us for permission to be with your brother - I laughed.

I knew it would happen sooner or later, but I didn't think Alcazio will suddenly share his plans with us. These two had been hanging around for a while now and I waited for one of them to finally take this particular, brave step. I was under the impression that I was like a father whose son suddenly found the object of sighs. I was happy, but on the other hand, I believed that he could do better. No one will be good enough for Macau. Not in my eyes.

- You're crazy - Vegas growled, and I had to hold him down because he wanted to swing.

- He's your friend, baby - I merely muttered, but that didn't stop him.

- He was my friend but I have this strange feeling someone will find his body in the river soon. - Vegas said angrily, and I laughed again.

The whole situation was absurd and the only person, who should be the one to have an opinion here was peacefully sleeping. *Lucky Macau.*

- I thought you are grateful for him saving Macau but okay - I applauded, and they both looked at me. I gave them my most innocent smile, but they both suddenly became suspicious. - Then choose, me or Vegas.

- What? - They both did not understand what I meant so I sighed

in frustration.

- Who's gonna beat you up, me or Vegas? - I asked again.

There was silence, Alcazio looked at me and standing next to him Vegas and wondered, probably counting his chances.

- You - he replied, and I gave him another sweet smile.

- As you wish.

***

A few days passed and we all returned to our home which belonged to Minor Family. Porsche woke up when we were in the hospital and nothing threatened to endanger him anymore. I visited him few times but Kinn was so focused on being a nurse that we decided to meet when his boyfriend will calm himself down. Many security guards were looking for the secret bartender and the one who hired the thugs who kidnapped Macau, but they all went underground. It got very quiet, something like the calm before the storm situation, but we used these moments to regenerate.

Now we stood, me and Alcazio, in the ring, staring at each other. Vegas, Macau and Nop were sitting on a bench nearby, eating popcorn and waiting impatiently for us to start.

- I won't be gentle - said Italian, and I laughed.

I had a smile on my face the whole time, until finally Pok exclaimed "go ahead" and my face turned from happy to focused in a second. I watched his every move as we walked around waiting for one to finally strike. Alcazio was a great fighter as Vegas warned me, but I wasn't afraid. I saw Macau out of the corner of my eye and remembered who had been the reason for his kidnapping. There is no better fuel in a fight than anger.

Alcazio delivered a quick blow, trying to hit my right temple, but I quickly sensed what he wanted to do and blocked it, delivering punch to his lower abdomen. I striked hard, accurately hitting a weak spot. The man hissed and stepped away from me, but I wasn't finished. I swung to try to get into his solar plexus, but he jumped back in time and kicked, hitting me in the shoulder. It hurt, but it didn't cause me a problem. I had a high pain tolerance, Alcazio didn't even know how much. Immediately I grabbed his leg, which he hadn't been able to take away quickly enough, and I pulled, making him fell with a crash on his back.

- Shit - he cursed, but got up quickly from the floor.

I heard Vegas laugh behind me and I wanted to beat him too. He deserved it as much as Alcazio. *Bastard!*

- Phi, be gentler! - Macau asked, but I had to teach this Italian a lesson.

We faced each other again, both of us breathing heavily. I was focused like never before, looking for the slightest twitch in his

body, and we both delivered a few more blows. I waited for the right moment and when Alcazio pulled away, after the failed attack I jumped and with a roundhouse I launched a kick right in his face. He was surprised because I hadn't used my legs before, then he fell back to the ground and groaned loudly in pain. I saw the blood drain from his mouth, but I didn't stop. I knelt on his chest and struck again. He was covered, so I grabbed his hand in the lever and pulled hard.

- Fuck! - he screamed and patted the floor, giving up.

I pulled again, just to make him realize he lost and then released it. I helped the man up and, before he stepped away from me, I pulled him closer.

- If I ever find out you hurt Macau, I'll kill you - I whispered and then gave him a huge smile that didn't reach my eyes.

- This family is terrifying - Alcazio replied, walking cautiously out of the ring.

Macau slowly walked to him, asking if everything is okay. Those lovebirds were pissing me off! I was still angry and I didn't finish my punishments. Vegas stared at me in awe, but I just pushed my sweat-stuck hair away from my forehead and pointed my finger at him.

- Your turn, jump in - I ordered, and he paled.

Alcazio and Macau couldn't stop laughing but I was only waiting patiently for my lover to walk into circle. *This will make me very happy*.

Do You Know How Sexy You Are?

I need to admit, I couldn't forget this line Vegas said in ep 13 and before I could stop myself, I wrote this short thing. Firstly I wanted it to be fully mature like sexy time in pool or something but dunno why I came up with sweet story about beach.

🥹 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

This is NOT next part of the main story, it's just addition, something that just happened one time. Maybe it's not fitting, I'm not sure if I will not remove it but I just couldn't stop myself. :(

*~~words written as **this** are in english~~*

~*~

The car pulled into the driveway in the morning, just after the sun showed up fully on the sky. Our security guards immediately took turns pulling out all the bags, blankets and a huge umbrella that was quickly set on the sand. The scent of the sea spread across the space in vehicle, so I took a long drag, filling my lungs with a good amount of healthy iodine. I didn't remember the last time I was at the beach just to enjoy myself.

Macau and Alcazio had already left the car so I asked them quietly to take care of Venice. My brother noiselessly unfastened the baby and carefully took him out of the seat. They headed towards the place prepared for us, and I looked away at Pete, who was still soundly sleeping. He nestled his head on my stomach, tucking those long legs under him, and although I preferred for my man to ride with seat belts safety fastened, I saw how tired he looked like after getting inside. I ran my fingers over his thick, dark hair, brushing it from his forehead, and began massaging tensed temple. Pete sighed blissfully, pressing his face harder into my chest. I smiled under my breath and he steadily opened eyes while looking at me lazily.

- Are we there? - He still had the hoarse voice that I liked to hear so much.

I nodded, and Pete grabbed my hand which was still spinning circles on his skin, and brought it down to his mouth. I felt a subtle brush on the inside, then his fingers intertwined with mine.

- Sorry, I'm so sleepy - Pete whispered, and I just leaned in, kissing his forehead softly.

- You'll lie down on the beach - I promised and I helped him go up.

The sun hit us as soon as we left the car, so I grabbed the last bag that was waiting where Pete's legs were, and hand in hand we walked across the sand to the mat in the middle, which now was covered by an umbrella.

Macau was tapping sunscreen into Venice's tiny body, while Alcazio was sitting behind him, also rubbing it but on my brother's back. I frowned, when at the same time Pete fell to the ground and sighed blissfully.

- I need half an hour - he promised, and fell asleep immediately.

During this time, I prepared a few sun loungers, took out one of the books I decided to bring and I started to read, glancing at my beloved from time to time. Macau was splashing with Venice in the water, and Alcazio sat next to me, staring at them, I assumed, because he was wearing dark glasses.

A moment passed and Pete slowly stood up, spreading his palms up to the sky. I saw sweat on his neck, so I grabbed the water bottle and handed it to him, unscrewing the cork in the process. He smiled gratefully at me, took a long sip, and handed it back.

- I needed this - he said happily, then quickly looked around and, flushed, kissed my cheek.

I don't know how it is possible that after everything we have done together, he still blushed at such innocent acts, but every time that red color was pouring out on his face, I felt like screaming from joy. I watched him look around, his eyes brightening from the view.

- How did you know I missed the beach? - he cutely asked, because I suddenly woke him in the middle of the night saying that I had prepared a surprise for us.

Of course, I couldn't tell him that Nop had given me a detailed report of what Pete was missing out on, and the first place took the sea and the sand.

- Maybe it's telepathy? - I winked at him and he kissed me again, this time on the lips.

I didn't have a moment to properly taste him when Pete quickly pulled away from me and took off the white top he was wearing. I lowered my gaze, staring lustfully at his chest, and before I could stop myself, I brushed my thumb over his nipple. Pete hissed as he jumped back and I laughed out loud.

- ***Rent a room***, or maybe better, whole hotel - Alcazio muttered, but he wasn't looking in our direction.

- Pervert - Pete whispered to me, and he was about to get up to run to Macau when I grabbed his hand to stop this impatient man.

- Sunscreen first - I held the tube out towards him, but wouldn't let him take it from me. - Turn around, I'll help you.

I knew my voice had dropped a few tones, and the reddening of Pete's ears showed that, like me, he had sinful thoughts when he heard me. Still, he sat down politely, with his back to me, and I lazily started rubbing lotion on his warm skin. I was massaging those tense muscles, stroking sensitive areas, and in my mind I could see Pete pressing his lips together, trying not to moan out loud. My hand slid under his arm, and one of my fingers suddenly caught his nipple. I heard a squeak before Pete jumped up again and grabbed the tube from my hands.

- I can handle the rest on my own - he muttered. - Or I'll have to dig a hole right here and lie on my stomach so no one will be offended.

I laughed out loud until I felt my muscles tense, taking my breath away for a while. With swift motions, Pete finished putting sunblocker, then stuck his tongue out at me and ran into the water, waving to my brother happily.

I looked proudly at his full of hickeys back. Yesterday night I decided to take care of every millimeter of this beautiful body.

- ***Good God*** - Alcazio whistled at my traces on Pete's skin. - I see that you have taken seriously the topic of marking what is yours.

- I don't know what you mean - I shrugged and sat back in my chair, opening the book to the page I left off.

The air was filled with laughter and screams, and though I tried very hard to read, I couldn't stop my gaze from the water view. Pete was holding Venice in his arms, tossing the little one up, and catching him while kid laughed as if asking for more. Macau at the same time was talking about something, and his face was grinning shinyly. I could see the story was funny because Pete tossed the baby in his hands one last time, then hugged him and turned to my brother, snorting with joy.

Me and Alcazio were both sitting, looking at them, and not long after that, Macau came running over to us, laying Venice on the blanket. While blushing, he asked Alcazio if they could go eat and he immediately stood up, extending his hand to him.

- I'll take the little one, he shouldn't be so much in the sun - Macau warned me, and I nodded.

Pete disappeared among the waves, no longer swimming by the shore, and I put my reading aside, took off everything except my

swimming trunks, and walked calmly towards him. I dived deep, hoping he wouldn't notice me, and suddenly I grabbed his foot, dragging slim body under the water. His shocked face quickly appeared in front of me, but I pulled it closer and slid my thirsty tongue into parted, tempting lips.

I had the impression that our bodies were vibrating, surrounded by water. His flavor mixed with the salty liquid, but that only made me feel more hungry. I bit his lower lip, sucked it hard.

When we finally surfaced, gasping for breath, but not from the lack of oxygen, but the intensity of our approach, I looked at his gleaming, radiant face, those pouty, red lips, swollen now by mine doings and asked honestly.

- ***Do you know how sexy you are?***

The Letter

Macau,

I am writing this letter knowing full well that we may never see each other again.

You must hate me after what you found out, and you have every right to do so. I don't want to explain myself, in the end I took the job and planned to finish it. I just want you to understand and try to forgive me, because not everything is as it seems. Dying with the thought that you still resent me is something I cannot consent to, so please give me a chance to tell you the truth.

When I saw you for the first time, I knew you would not be my prey. It should be just another mission, another body to be buried, nothing more. If it was that easy after all... Mikolaj once told me that the world is divided into victims and hunters. Someone is always chasing you or you are chasing them. At first I did not believe his words, still holding on to that childlike faith that good always triumphs, then reality came and I realized that he was right. This day I gave up on my past. That was also the last time I have ever dreamed. Every night, after it, filled darkness.

Do you know how it is, when you wish to see light at least in your night fantasies but everything is just blackness, so thick and poisonous you seem to choke on it? With every crime, every death those feelings where getting stronger and suddenly, one day, I just stopped. I forgot how it is when you care, how it is when you smile truthfully, when you love... I'm not a moral person, I've killed many people. I took down fathers and mothers and in early days even children. There is not even one good bone in my body, I thought.

When you showed up, for the first time in my life I started to question myself. Something in the back of my head was telling me that this task would not be as simple as all the others, but I am stubborn as you know, and I was not going to give in to feelings that I did not understand. Anger, hatred, resentment, callousness? I accepted it all with a smile on my face, because I knew how it is to feel them, but curiosity, the will to protect, excitement, happiness? I've never felt that before! So I ignored it all, hoping that when you disappear, they would also go away.

Suddenly something else happened. On our second night, after you shared you warmth with me, because of my tragic past. I had a dream. Real dream. I woken up that day more afraid than ever before. I could deal with lust, because believe me, Macau, I desired you every single

minute, but this weird, uncomfortable sting in my heart, what was that? Why I saw your face in my dreams? Your smile quietly carried me out through that night and I woke up with peace in my mind... First time in years.

This should never happen! I think I knew I need to run from you after it but show beaten dog some kindness and it will not be able to leave. That was also me. Our talks were longer each day and I absorbed every bit of information you decided to share with me, like an addict. Why whenever you seemed sad I wanted to run to you? Why I suddenly needed your body next to mine to sleep peacefully? What happened to me?

Every conversation we've had since I told you about my parents has been completely and utterly real. I wasn't hiding anything, probably for the first time in my lousy life. I don't know why I decided to open up to you, maybe the fact that we both lived among predators had some influence on it? Or maybe it is just your charm, making people vulnerable. No matter what caused my honesty, it truly happened. Please, at least believe in that.

I remember every word you said. I know you like to eat carbonara the most, even if you pretend it is not as good, just to annoy your stepmother. I know you admire Vegas with all your heart but you are afraid he is not feeling support from you, because in your mind you are too young to truly show it. I think you are wrong here, you know. If there is someone Vegas loves in this world, it is for sure Macau and every smile, every tap on his shoulder is enough to understand you care. I know you need to sleep with open window and before every night you are drinking chamomile tea. There is a small scar on your left elbow, proof that you were attacked by wild cat which Vegas feeded few times. But there are things I know, which you may not.

I know when you sleep you like to press your head to my neck and for first few seconds you sniff it like cute, little puppy. Sometimes in the middle of the night you start talking causally and I need to massage your temple to stop you from doing it. When you eat, you cover your mouth while taking the bite but at the same time you always look at me, checking if I can see what you are doing and you blush when I caugh you doing so. Whenever you see scattered clothes you are not able to stop yourself from folding them, one of things Vegas tought you. It is not all! You are scrunching nose when you smell something unfamiliar but you are always following the scent until you know what caused it and when you are scared, you grab my pinky finger and quietly repeat mantra.

I know so much more and even so I feel like it is not enough. What are your thoughts every day? Every hour? Every minute? What would you like to do right now? Do you prefer home meals or I need to take

you to good restaurant to make you happy?

Would you love me, if you knew the whole truth? Could you forgive my past, my wrongdoings? Could you wait for me? I was never this interested in anyone but look at me now. I am sitting in some cafe shop knowing that my life is coming to an end and all I can think of is ***You****.*

I should not touch you last night... Firstly getting on my knees, admitting everything apologizing, that is what I needed to do but you made me so weak, so needy. I want you to know I do not regret the night we have spend together, I regret only the things I hidden before it happened. We should make love when there is only truth between us but touching you felt like blessing. Do you know how alluring you are? Every gesture, mimicry, moan made me feverish and I wanted you like nothing else in the world, but even more I wanted to see what delight I am giving your body. Macau, you are beautiful.

With every kiss I wanted to show you, tell you that I love... It can't be real. All of this cannot be real, but why my heart is beating fastly, my hands are sweating and I just want to run to you, beg for forgiveness, for second chance?

I love you. Sweet Lord, I do, I really do... Why those words sound so dull? I wish you could see all I feel when I am thinking of You. I wholeheartedly adore You. I breath for You. I crave You... I want to spend my life worshipping only You. Falling for someone as adorable as Macau was easier than I imagined! You know, you must know, how exceptional you are? I have an impression that you put a collar on me and I am just willing to follow your steps without any questions for the rest of my life. With smile on my face.

If there is any possibility to receive your forgiveness, please Macau, spare me. Do not pity me if you are not able to do it. Just knowing there is a chance, even if it is only one percent for you to open your heart to me once more, it is enough to make me end things with Mikolaj.

I may never return to your side but know this. If I will survive, you are gonna be my home. I will come back to you, no matter what. And if I die, your name will be the last word coming out of my mouth, because my existence starts and ends with ***You****.*

Tu sei quello che stavo aspettando.
You are the one I have been waiting for.

Only Yours,
Alcazio

Chapter 17: Missing Essential Percent of You

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🖇 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

THIS CHAPTER I WANTED TO PUT FOR SOME TIME NOW BUT I THOUGHT NOW IS THE BEST MOMENT FOR IT. IT IS LONGER THAN MOST OF THE OTHERS BUT I HOPE IT WILL BE INTERESTING FOR YOU ALL!

I JUST WANT TO ADD THAT MAYBE I DO NOT RESPOND TO ALL COMMENTS BUT I AM READING EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM, EVEN IF THOSE ARE ONLY EMOTICONS, AND I AM THANKFUL FOR THEM. I WAS SCARED BECAUSE THIS IS FIRST TIME I AM SHARING MY WRITING WITH OTHERS, BUT YOU GUYS MADE ME FEEL SO WELCOME AND SO GOOD ABOUT MYSELF, I AM JUST VERY GRATEFUL!

PETE:

I sat down on a barely conscious Vegas, who immediately shuddered while feeling my weight on him. Our fight was far more aggressive than the one with Alcazio and well I hit him in the back a few times but this time he deserved every single punch. The last few days have been very hard for me as I felt constant insecurity and fear of possible abandonment. The morning when Vegas asked me for break up couldn't leave my mind, making my night sleepless. I've tried to hide it all with smile, like usual, sadly deep inside I felt hurt. Vegas tried his best to show me that he love me, but I already knew that. The problem was not that I wasn't sure about his affection, but that I had the feeling he wasn't giving himself completely to me as I did to him. There are things that Vegas hides, tries not to show, and I have the impression that sometimes he is

afraid to tell me what he really thinks and feels. It was time to get rid of this strange state so I came up with a plan which started few days ago, just after Macau came back from hospital.

- Pete, please, have mercy - he uttered with shaky voice, and I calmly pulled off my T-shirt, wiping sweaty forehead with it.

- You're giving up? - I asked loudly and he groaned and patted the mat.

- I've been trying for half an hour - he said, and I heard a little bit of anger in his voice.

I raised eyebrows in surprise and slapped him hard on the ass. Then I shifted one leg and sat bareback on his back, cuddling against Vegas's sweaty body. My lips landed on his neck, but I didn't kiss it, only breathed against the wet skin. The fingers lazily stroked Vegas's disheveled, stucked together hair. I knew that if he wanted to, he could quickly throw me off, but he patiently waited for me to get up by myself. *Caring bastard.*

- You're in great trouble - he purred, feeling my hot breath against him.

I laughed because I knew if I faced a punishment, we would both enjoy it.

- You promise? - I nuzzled his ear and he clenched hands into fists.

- Are you playing with me?

This time I didn't answer, instead I started to gently sniff the part of his lower jaw that was facing me. Vegas always smelled expensive and masculine, those freaking perfumes tempted everyone around, but for some reason when he was sweating, giving off more of his own scent, I was losing ground. Something dangerous appeared in the air, something primitive that awakened my deepest instincts. Now I was soaking up the seductive fragrance and felt my whole body go stiff, I guess he must have felt it as well.

- Hmm - I heard him chuckle hoarsely. - Maybe we'll take our fight one floor up?

I felt like agreeing to it, as last few days we've not touched but I had to be strong. I had a plan that needed to work out today so we could finally get rid of all the shadows that has been hovering over us since Vegas came out of the coma.

- We can't - I heard disappointment in my own voice. - I promised to meet Porsche. We're going to some restaurant he wants to try before he will take there Kinn.

- Well, the magic moment just passed - muttered Vegas, and stood up suddenly, until I had to hold on to his neck tightly to keep myself from falling.

He picked me up easily as if I was at least as light as a feather,

and only after he was firmly on his feet I did let go of him, taking a step back.

- You were faking it - I hit him lightly on the shoulder, but he hissed suddenly, and I, being my oversensitive self, leaned over, trying to see what had happened. - It hurts you?

Vegas nodded, and as I brought my face closer to his hand, he grabbed me suddenly and pressed a strong, deliciously hot kiss on my lips. It all took only a milisecond, but I immediately noticed him smiling arrogantly at my reaction. *Bastard!*

- Asshole - I pulled back, trying to catch my breath.

I left the ring and headed for the showers and he was following me, begging at every step not to go anywhere.

- I promised - I reminded him patiently.

- But it's dangerous - he growled. - Last time you remember how it ended?

I, too, didn't feel comfortable going outside, but I couldn't let fear reign over me. This is what those who attack us wanted, and I wasn't the type of a person who liked to give such cocksuckers any satisfaction. *Over my dead body.*

- I'll be very careful - I promised, turning to face him.

I placed my hand lightly on his hip and carefully dragged it across his chest to his shoulder, landing at the end on neck. All the way, I felt all the muscles I touch flexing tastly. Vegas gasped, and I stood close enough for our noses to touch, millimeters away from a kiss.

- I have a gift for you - I said, and he swallowed saliva loudly. - We'll both like it - I added, watching his eyes burning in fire - but now I have to leave, so wait for me politely. Preferably in bed.

I whispered the last words in his ear and saw a shiver run down his body. I loved feeling Vegas having control over me, I followed his directions then and it always ended in pure satisfaction, but there were moments, really rare, when I was leading him and this sense of power was messing my head. I understood why Vegas liked it so much, although I must admit honestly, I preferred to submit to him. A real, dangerous man in power can do a lot and Vegas is a perfect example of alpha male, ideally made for me.

- I'm not patient - he replied, and I knew he was trying to take control of the situation.

I had to get out of there as soon as possible, because a few extra minutes with him would end up with a night of sex in the showers prepared for bodyguards. I could already hear my voice echoing in those cabins.

- Vegas please, naaaa? - I gave him my most innocent, pleading look, and he sighed heavily and reluctantly nodded in agreement.

- You have two hours, then I'll go get you myself - he threatened, and before he added anything else, I closed the door in front of him.

- Thank you! - I shouted again and he, frustrated, hit the wall with his hand.

- You're lucky you're so fucking cute - I heard before he left.

***

I entered the restaurant, looking around for my dear friend. After a while I saw him by the window, sitting in the corner and staring at the view outside while sipping his black coffee.

- Porsche! - I waved and walked quickly over.

- Finally - he muttered in response, smiling in my direction.

I came up to him and looked more closely. Immediately I've noticed dark circles under his eyes and hickeys all over stiff neck.

- Everything's okay? - I asked because he had recently recovered from poisoning, just like me, and I was hoping he was feeling better now but it seemed he still needed some time to heal.

- Don't even ask - he rubbed his tired face and looked at me as if I was the reason for his exhaustion. - This buffalo, Kinn, has been bothering me since I woke up that day. How much can you fuck! All i hear is just this "one more time, Porsche" and "this is the last time, Porsche" or "you do not love me" like I'M GONNA CUT HIS DICK. I can barely sit still, it hurts with every single move, crazy fucker. If I knew he's gonna be this needy, I would sleep some more, dear God.

I listened to him and could hardly refrain from bursting out laughing. There must be something wrong with this whole family, cause Vegas is very similar after all. I shook my head, remembering the methods he was using to get me on one more round, while Porsche surveyed me from the top down and snorted.

- I'm glad you got me out of this hell, but you sounded stressed on the phone, what's the matter? - He raised an eyebrow and I took a deep breath.

- You see - I started and realized that I did not know how to describe it to my friend so that he would understand. - It's about Vegas...

- I figured that out - he paused, then took another sip of coffee. - Whenever something bothers you, it's about him. Okay, what did this pervert do?

I narrowed my eyes but ignored the nickname, as I had to finally discuss a very sensitive topic and preferred not to annoy Porsche.

- Because you see, since Vegas woke up, I have the impression that it is not quite... - I waved my hands, wanting to somehow add more expression to what I'm saying - himself.

- You mean?

- Well - I leaned forward. - I have the feeling Vegas is trying so

hard to keep me happy, that some things are kind of hidden deep inside him, you understand?

- No - said Porsche smiling, and I gritted my teeth. - Okey, okey. I see, I understand. What things? Something sexual?

I sighed loudly as I rubbed my head. I felt a migraine approaching.

- Actually, both. Normal things and you know such things... - I lowered my voice - adult ones.

I must have interested him with my last words, because he leaned over, resting his elbows on the table.

- Go on - Porsche encouraged me, his eyes shining like gold coins.

I could already imagine him going back to the Major Family and telling Kinn everything he heard from me. In one of the arguments they had, he happened to snap out and spill one of the things I told him about Vegas and what we do in bed. The next day, when we visited their home, Kinn couldn't stop staring at me curiously and I felt my face turn red. I left this meeting looking like a tomato. Porsche apologized to me for a long time and promised that it would not happen again, and I did not want to tell him that I also said some things to Vegas about him and Kinn. It's good that my lover was able to hide it when they met.

- We won't talk about sex - I warned, and he made a sad face - but you know, for example, he let's me eat in the bedroom and doesn't care if I don't ventilate it later but he hates smell of food there, I know it! And he is cleaning freak but suddenly, when I dirty bathroom or leave clothes on the floor, he just ignores it and he even smiles at me! Recently I've noticed he stopped riding his red bike, but I know how much he enjoyed it before.

- Bastard - Porsche shouted, hitting the table with his fist.

I knew he was making fun of me, but he just didn't understand that all those little things were part of Vegas personality and him trying to hide it, just to not make me sad or angry was hurting us both.

- I mean it, asshole - I showed him my middle finger and he stuck tongue out at me.

Immediately I gave him a few more examples, but he reacted the same to each of them.

- Okay, then this guy wants you to be happy - he summed up everything. - Horrible. I wish Kinn would do that sometimes, perhaps he would spare me with his goddamn sex drive once in awhile.

I rolled my eyes and he thought about it for few minutes and then gave me an interesting look.

- Is it really so bad that he changes for you?

I looked towards the buildings outside the window and bit my lower lip.

- But he doesn't change, he just doesn't let this part come out when he is with me - I leaned my back against the chair and stared at Porsche. - I have the impression that what I could associate with old Vegas is being hidden by him, and I don't want him to hide anything from me.

Silence grown between us.

- You know - I reluctantly added - Vegas wanted us to split up after I woke up from poisoning.

I could see shock and disbelief on my friend's face.

- No fucking way!

- He said he was afraid of losing me, that I was his weakness, but I'm not sure that's all. I think Vegas is concerned that I will disappear once I see side of him that he is hiding. From the time he woke up he never got angry with me, he agreed to everything and... I don't know, maybe I'm making it up, but I have the feeling that ninety-nine percents of Vegas belongs to me and that one percent is deeply hidden from my sight.

- So how do you want to wake up his one percent? - asked curious Porsche.

- Chains - I muttered, and his eyes widened.

- Pete, you beast! - he shouted and we continued casually talking for another hour.

***

I stood in the hotel room, specially prepared according to my requests, and waited impatiently for Vegas. I had sent him the address of where we were supposed to meet, so I was sure he would show up soon. Porsche stood at the entrance, staring open-mouthed at the chains hanging from the bed frame.

- I'm starting to be grateful that Kinn is not going this route when it comes to sex - he muttered, and I felt like I was going to burn out of shame right here and now.

- Don't comment - I begged, and he just laughed seeing my embarrassment, then turned serious quickly.

- Are you sure you want this? - I took another look at the room and nodded.

- He's either all mine or doesn't belong to me at all - I said, though I was terrified inside.

- Okay, I put your gift on the sofa, what's in it? - Porsche asked, curiously, because I forced him to pick up the package I ordered to the Major Family's house, not wanting Vegas to take it and look inside if it would appear in our home.

- Suit - I muttered, then got a message that my lover was

downstairs.

I quickly wrote back to him to wait, then looked at Porsche.

- He's here, you can go - I said, and he nodded and patted my shoulder.

- You owe me a lot for this shit - he sighed, then disappeared through the door.

I felt my chest tighten with uncertainty. *Was I doing right thing?* I didn't know anymore. It had been planned for a few days and all that left was the last part, confession, but what if Vegas just didn't want to share that one percent of himself with me? Maybe I was forcing him to do something that would only pull us apart? I knew that I would not give up on him, but he may not have forgiven me after this. I prayed that everything would fall into correct place between us. A knock on the door distracted my thoughts, so I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and went to open.

VEGAS:

I stood impatiently shifting from foot to foot, staring at the elevator in one of the hotels in a rather dangerous part of the city. I didn't understand why Pete was here or what was the reason for our meeting outside of the house, but he asked me to wait so I waited. After a few minutes, Porsche appeared downstairs, and that made me even more dumbfounded.

- Porsche, what's this all about? - I asked but he just told me to turn around and then he covered my eyes with a black silk cloth. - About...

I tried to pull it off my face, but the guy held my hands.

- Pete's orders - he warned, so I lowered my arms uneasily.

I felt Porsche pulling me behind, and I knew we got into the elevator.

- Don't ask what's going on, he'll explain everything to you - said Porsche at the same time. - Just let him say what he feels and try to reflect on his words - he asked, and we left, turning the corridor to the right.

I heard a knock and then a door creak. A familiar, warm hand encircled my fingers, pulling me inside.

- Pete? - I asked hesitantly, and he calmly led me deeper and settled me on what I suspected was the chair.

- Do you trust me? - I heard and I swallowed saliva nervously.

- Yes - I said firmly, then felt the rope tighten on my hands.

- So please, wait for a minute - Pete calmly asked. - Porsche, help me here.

I heard chains moving and a pop, as if someone had buckled something. I wanted to get up, tear this damn thing off myself, but on the other hand I also wanted to wait to see what it was about. I

slightly moved my wrists and knew that I would be able to free myself if necessary.

- Where do I put this? - Porsche asked, and I heard a rustle of noise.

- Here, yes, perfect - Pete replied. - Vegas, close your eyes.

I sighed but obeyed his request.

- Closed.

- Porsche, would you please? - I felt the material disappear from my face. - Thank you, you can go now. I can handle the rest.

- Good luck, man - The footsteps moved away and the door slammed through the silence.

- Open your eyes - Pete whispered, and I've done it quickly, but I couldn't see anything in the shadows of the room.

The shutters were blocked and almost no light shone through them, but I was able to see the outline of a figure sitting on the bed.

- What does this mean, darling? - I asked, but silence answered me.

Then I heard a creak. It felt as if my eyes were getting used to the darkness more and more, and I could see new details. Now I managed to notice the figure of Pete in front of me, dressed only in sweatpants with handcuffs over his hands, from which emerged a long, thick chain pinned to the bed frame. Bed that looked the same as the one I had in the house. I swallowed hard because seeing him like this reminded me of those scary days when I imprisoned him.

- Pete? - I was terrified, but he looked at me calmly.

- Vegas, will you listen to me? - he asked, and in his voice I heard the need to be heard, so I nodded, though the direction where everything was headed was making me die inside of fear.

- You know - he began shyly - when you caught me then and you almost killed me, I wasn't angry, I actually prepared for what was to come. We are from the mafia, death does not scare me, even if it is meant to be painful - he assured me - but then... - he took a deep breath, and I closed my eyes, not wanting to go back to that moment - then you raped me and I started to hate you with all my might. You were a real demon, Vegas, the devil incarnate that used me like a toy and for days I only thought, when you finally get bored? When will you end all this torment?

My past hit me with the force of a cannon once again. I had nothing to excuse myself. *I was a monster, I still am. I wasn't worth Pete, how was he still with me?*

- When I started to understand your situation, when I saw what you could be like if someone only gave you some feelings, I wanted to cry. I wanted to cry for a little boy whose father was heartless bastard. I wanted to cry for fine, young man who could achieve

everything if someone would only believe in him but even then I couldn't forget what you did. You broke me, humiliated me, shredded into bleading pieces and yet deep inside I wanted to give you warmth so you could see that life does not have to be this dark. I felt sorry for you, and with every day I saw a glimmer of hope in the darkness that both of us were in but I was a prisoner. No matter what we just weren't equal and I needed to feel like someone on your level, to be able to deal with all those mixed emotions. So I left.

I took a deep breath as I tried to calm my shattered nerves as Pete continued his story.

- I fought with myself for a long time, I analyzed the situation for days, but I could not contradict myself, you grew in me whether I wanted it or not. Those feelings weren't healthy but for the first time in my life I truly wanted something. I was always an obedient child, then obedient employee and I never asked for anything. Until you happened and I knew I need to make my decision quickly or it will be forced on me. Since I left, I have only felt pain, because I was eager to see you, even if I was doing it against my better judgment. It cost me a lot to forgive what you did, but I had to free my heart from the pain of those days in order to move on. I chose you, I could walk away, disappear, forget, but I faced everything that was between us and I decided to follow heart. When Kinn wanted to shoot you I had second to react and my body just moved itself.

- Pete... - I whispered, but he continued, ignoring me completely.

- I chose you because I knew after my first departure, you realized that no matter how much we wanted each other, you could lose me and I knew you would never hurt me again. Look at us now, it's been months and we're still together, happy, well almost.

I shuddered at the last words.

- Because you see, Vegas, the problem between us is that I give myself up completely, but you... You still keep a part of yourself hidden from me.

I shook my head quickly, denying it.

- It's not true - I promised, though I knew inside there was a grain of truth in his words.

I heard Pete sigh and look at me in disappointment. I squeezed my eyes tight and after a few deep breaths, I gave up.

- Okay - I said, and he raised an eyebrow - but I'm only doing this because I don't want to lose you.

- I know - he nodded, and I saw sadness in his big, doe pupils - and that hurts me the most, because you're doing it for me, but I don't want just part of you, baby. I'm greedy and I must have all!

Light and darkness, every single thing belonging only to me. I want Vegas who will tell me "no" if he doesn't like something, I want Vegas who will shout out all his dirty, naughty secrets and fantazies, Vegas who will not run away from me just to protect me and who will never, NEVER, ask me to leave. I'm not going to agree to half-measures, I've waited a long time, wanting you to show me your full self, but enough is enough.

- I just wanted to please you - I swore.

- Then give your whole to me - he asked, looking at me with hunger. - Let's be partners, without secrets, without pretending.

- What if I scare you? You have no idea what I want to do to you.

- The only thing that scares me is the thought that you are hiding your real persona from me for my own good - I wanted to touch him so much but I was still tied. - Vegas, understand finally. I chose you. All of you. I know what you did and I still choose you. There is no running between us.

I fought with myself, afraid to show him everything I felt and thought. I pretended there was nothing left that Pete didn't know, but he understood me before I did it myself. I was so afraid that if I refused him or showed him that I didn't like something, he would go away that I lost a part of my true identity. I wanted to be greedy, demanding and loving at the same time and right now I started to think that I can. *Pete choose me. He belongs to ME. He saw my worst and best and he decided to spend rest of his life with both versions of Vegas... I can be myself now, completely.*

I looked at this amazing man and I didn't understand how I might have been lucky enough to get him. How is it possible that he love me after all I did? But his eyes look at me with such strong feelings, I can see my skin burning from them. I notice in those chocolate pupils devotion and passion and desire, not only for my body, but for my soul, if there is any. His eyes scream adoration *to me, bastard Vegas.* All I have left is thanking Pete for the rest of my life for forgiving me and choosing this broken devil.

- I'll untie myself - I said in a low voice, and he bowed his head, giving me permission.

I quickly dealt with the rope and stood up to walk over to him. I saw him trying to approach me, wanting to reach my mouth, but the chain made it difficult for his body. I pulled away, feeling dark and light mingle in me. I noticed the surprise in his eyes and then the understanding that I had decided to give him my whole self, even this evil side of me.

- On your knees, Pete - I added sternly, and he shivered as he shifted position on the bed. - You want all of me, right?

- Yes - he whispered - I want you all at home and in bed.

I took a deep breath and felt a gloomy smile slide across my lips.

- As you wish, darling - I pushed a strand of hair from his angelic face and gripped the back of his head tighter, sticking his neck towards me. - I wanted to hide from you that part of my nature that you might consider too drastic, too dominant, but you want all one hundred percent of me, so you'll get everything. There will be no more requests to leave, no more praying that you won't disappear, and no tiptoeing around your beautiful ass. I take all of you and you take all of me.

- Yes! - he confirmed.

- I'll start by showing you what I've always wanted to do with this sensual body - I smiled lasciviously.

I knew I looked like a predator staring at my prey, but I decided to stop hiding my desires.

- But put it on first - Pete pointed to the nearby couch on which the package lay.

I walked curiously to the box, opening it, and my eyes twinkled happily.

- Pete, honey, I hope you booked this room for a week, we won't be leaving soon.

Chapter 18: I Found Peace in Your Violence

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

☕ If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

LAST EPISODE WAS AMAAAAZING BUT NOW I AM JUST WAITING FOR ANNOUNCEMENT FOR SEASON 2! I NEED MORE VEGAS X PETE IN MY LIFE.

WELL THIS IS ONE HORNY CHAPTER, I MUST SAY.

MACAU:

The phone rattled on the table as I tried to put Venice in the special high chair which we used to feed him. I felt throbbing pain in my wrist because baby was kicking and when he accidentally hit my bandaged chest, I loudly hissed in agony.

- Please, Venice, help me a little - I asked, though I knew he didn't understand me.

Unfortunately for me Pete and Vegas were out, Nop disappeared somewhere and the rest of the bodyguards were afraid to touch boy. If anything had happened to little one because of them, Pete would burn everything and everyone to the ground. Our nanny has been sick for three days now, and since Venice was not fond of strangers, the care of him fell on the three of us, but in fact it was mostly on Nop's shoulders. This guy had a hand for difficult children, and Venice, as probably everyone in our family, showed already his very stubborn character.

I leaned over with baby, trying to put his small feet into the correct holes in the seat, but then I felt his fingers grab my hair and pull himself towards me.

- Give me strength, God - I murmured, and was about to give up when strong, tanned hands stole the little devil from my arms.

I stared in disbelief at Alcazio, who held Venice in front of him. Boy looked just as shocked as me, not understanding who exactly is this foreigner. They stared at each other for a few seconds, then the guy showed the baby his most charming smile and winked at him.

- We're not very polite today, are we, honey? - Italian said and Venice suddenly laughed and held out his arms towards him.

I rolled my eyes, snorting loudly. Another person who fell under the spell of the famous Alcazio Bianchi. *Venice, you traitor!* Since my memory came back, there hasn't been a moment when we could talk in peace about the past. My treatment and the constant search for the main person who caused our recent misfortunes was taking too much energy to think also about other things but I truly wanted to talk about it as soon as possible. I picked up the phone from the counter and saw a message from Vegas.

"I'm with Pete, we don't know when we'll be back, I love you, don't fight Alcazio"

Immediately I swallowed saliva, realizing that now was the best time for us to clear everything up like adults. I watched for a moment as he put Venice in a chair without any issues, then handed boy a bowl filled with fruits, and I sighed softly. I went to the refrigerator myself, but somehow I couldn't see anything there that interested me. I was hungry, but not enough to cook by myself.

- Well, great - I muttered and turned, suddenly bumping into a muscular body.

I felt goose bumps appear and my breathing quickened, but I didn't want to show him how much I was reacting to simple touch.

- Sorry - I wanted to step aside, but Alcazio opened the refrigerator until I felt the cold on my back.

- What do you want to eat? - he asked, and I turned involuntarily, looking at the content once again. There wasn't much there, we were supposed to do our shopping tomorrow, but I suddenly wanted something Italian. To eat, of course.

- Mmm, maybe pasta? - I suggested, my voice trembling.

The warm lips barely brushed my arm as Alcazio leaned over, flipping through the products, and I was tempted to tilt my neck to give him better access. I was about to do it when Venice's loud chatter brought me back to reality. I quickly disentangled myself from his arms and, while laughing nervously, walked over to the baby.

- I'll take him upstairs, he is always sleepy after he ate his meal - I said, and was about to leave when Alcazio's firm voice stopped me on the threshold.

- Come back soon, you need to eat too. - I knew it was more of an order than a request, so I nodded my agreement and hurried to

bedroom, feeling no pain anywhere anymore. It was now replaced by uncertainty and excitement.

VEGAS:

At first I wanted to change in the bathroom, but when I turned towards it, I heard a groan of disappointment from the side of the bed. An involuntary smile crossed my lips, so I changed my mind and put the package down on a small table by the sofa.

- The shutters are closed, but you can see me, right, honey? - I saw him nod quickly, so I began to slowly undo the buttons on the black shirt I was wearing.

Each subsequent movement was spleen through Pete's hungry eyes, and it felt as if he had not been chained, he would have pounced on me. It's an amazing feeling to be desired this much by your partner. Every movement of my body, every muscle tension was tracked, and I was no longer sure who was the master of this situation. I hung my hand over the waistband of my pants and heard Pete swallow saliva loudly. He parted his lips but only slightly and waited for what I would do next. He didn't realize it, but he slowly made his way towards me, until the chain finally got taut, pulling his body backwards. I laughed as he tried to get on knees again in frustration.

- Naughty boy - I whispered, and he shot me a defiant look.

- Maybe you'll give me finally a punishment instead of standing there? - He had a hoarse, urgent tone.

I rejoiced inside and fastened my belt again, leaving only dark pants on my body.

- Maybe it's time to show you - I said as I surrounded the bed - who's giving the orders?

I grabbed him tightly around the nape and pulled him up. He hissed in pain, but his eyes twinkled and I knew Pete liked what I was doing.

- Pick a word - I demanded.

- Bastard - Pete muttered, and I twisted my lips into a sinister smile.

- As you wish, darling. For you it can be bastard, but it's a pity, I know how much you like to call me that when we make love.

He frowned, not quite understanding, and I kissed his nose sweetly.

- Our safe word - I guided his thoughts, and he groaned in frustration.

- No, not that one, I changed my mind - he looked at me, using one of his cute faces. So fucking sweet I wanted to lick him like lollipop. Pouted lips, eyes like a innocent doe, and a pleading voice, but I liked what he chose and I wasn't going to let go.

- No - I shook my head, and he opened his mouth in surprise.

- How could you... - he began, but I grabbed him tighter by the cheeks, thrusting my tongue deep inside his naughty mouth, immediately taking possession of it.

For a few seconds he tried to pull away, but it was enough for me to bite his lower lip and all protests turned to soft moans.

- What's our safe word? - I asked, stepping away from him as we both began to feel the kiss too much.

- Bastard - Pete uttered, staring at me with blurry eyes, as if they were drunk from my taste.

- Well done, baby - I said, grasping the back of his head again but this time tighter. - Before we start, I want you to promise me that if you don't like anything, and here I really mean ANYTHING, you'll use our word, okay?

Pete nodded, but I told him to say it loud and clear.

- Yes! Happy? - He snorted, and I suddenly grabbed him under the jaw, lifted a few centimeters and bit into the passage connecting the neck and shoulder.

Pete hissed loudly, but he didn't back away, I felt him press harder against my teeth, as if he was asking me to do it more violently. I changed tactics immediately, this time licking and kissing the spot that was now shining with red color, differently from his pale body.

- Do you want to drive me crazy? - he growled, and I gave him a quick slap on his bottom until he jumped.

- We have to teach you how to speak to me properly - I let go of him, knowing full well how frustrated he was with my game.

I myself suffered torment too, my pants tightened on my hard penis and I only wanted to get inside of him, but finally I could do what I had dreamed of for a long time. So instead of lunging at him, I grabbed the black handkerchief that had previously covered my eyes and tied it over Pete's face.

- Lie on your stomach - I instructed, and he quickly obeyed my order.

Pete was slightly trembling, probably because he couldn't see what I was doing, but he didn't say a word that could set him free, so I grabbed his pants quickly and pulled them off his body along with the underwear. He screamed in shock and kicked, but I took hold of him smoothly by the buttocks, immobilizing his curling hips, and then I bit sexy bum, unable to help myself at the sight of it.

- Aghhhh - Pete moaned, subtly lifting his bottom up as if begging me to repeat what I just did. - Ve... Vegas!

I slapped him hard on that spot until his skin flushed red, and he

hissed, falling to the bed with his trembling body.

- Bast... - Pete began, but suddenly he pursed his lips and snorted in frustration.

I laughed and decided to leave him for few minutes and look around the room. I was going to spend a lot of time here, so much until I feel at least some fulfillment.

PETE:

I heard Vegas walking lazily around the room, and I knew he had decided not to rush to make me even more frustrated. *Bastard! You hear me, BASTARD!* I wanted to scream at him, break free from those shackles, throw him to the ground and start riding his dick, but I knew it wasn't going to happen. My ass burned from his last touch, and my hands tightened on the chain, still thinking about how each slap had almost made me come. I didn't understand what was happening to my body, but seeing him so full of power, hearing him gladly command and punish for misbehaving was so utterly sexy. I saw in his eyes pure joy and a desire so great that it was strange that we were not yet burned by it. I dreamed, dreamed of this Vegas for many nights, and when he happened everything was suddenly so perfect, so satisfying? Every move he made, every touch, it all drove me crazily until I had to strongly press my lips together for fear of begging him for more.

Now I was lying on the bed, completely naked, with blindfolded eyes, like some virgin from novels I sometimes noticed in Tankhun room and I heard Vegas opening the cupboards around, rustling something, laughing, and I couldn't help my groans. With every slightest movement, my body rubbed against the sheets and I felt how my little man stiffer and stiffer. I never thought that a blindfold could lead me to this state, but knowing that he was looking at me, so vulnerable, completely open to him, was so invigorating, so incredibly exciting, I thought I could come from the very fact that Vegas is watching me.

Once again I rubbed my dick against the fabric, and this time I couldn't hold back a moan. Immediately I heard footsteps approaching, then felt a burn on my buttock as Vegas's hand fell on it. *These spankings will drive me insane, Vegas bastard!*

VEGAS:

I found a lot of interesting gadgets in the room, but I didn't feel like using them this night. I didn't like the idea that there was something else inside of Pete besides me, so I put everything back where I found it when I came across an interesting device. I smirked and then heard a soft moan of delight coming from the bed. I walked right over there and saw Pete rubbing against the sheets, premature juices oozing from his stiff penis. The hand automatically

dropped to his buttocks, making it redden even more.

- Please... - Pete blurted out, and I easily turned him on his back and slipped the cock ring onto his little man.

I heard Pete suck in his breath and lift his hips up. I grabbed the lube from the bedside table and started spinning circles around his hole.

- It's your first time so you can't wear it for long - I explained - but that doesn't mean we can't have any fun.

I teased his entrance, slid my finger in, grazing his tender spot, then pulled it out as Pete began to gasp and throw his hips up and down. I saw how much he wanted to come, but the ring wouldn't let him. He swore in frustration, begged me, groaned, and I played with him even more, while still making sure the device wasn't too long on his body.

When it was time to take it out, I firmly pulled it off Pete, poking two fingers inside at the same time, and pressing my thirsty lips together on his pulsating manhood.

- Vegas, you fucking bastard! - Pete screamed, and I immediately moved away from him, breaking our contact. - Aghhh, no! God no!

I saw him dig hands into the pillow, pushing his hips higher as if searching for my touch.

- Damn it! - he shouted and I saw him shake, unfulfilled.

Sweaty, shiny body, sexily thrusting forward, tear-stained face, flushed from exertion and embarrassment, with the blindfold still on, what a sight it was.

- We have to change that word, you understand? - he ordered, and I laughed and out of the corner of my eye I saw the package I had left behind. *Yes, my gift.*

I quickly took off my pants, and as Pete cursed me to go back to what we were doing, I put on a snow-white, perfectly fitted suit. Same as the one from that night, just before the accident.

- Vegas! You hear me?! - Pete growled, and I leaned over him, placing a sweet, wet kiss on those lips.

- Thank you for the gift - I whispered in his ear, and he gasped before I felt his whole body brush against me. - Calm down or you'll get it dirty.

- Don't worry, I ordered two just in case - I saw a lazy smile flood his face and wanted to scream for joy. *How could we understand each other so perfectly?*

I kissed his chest, immediately tasting the salty flavour on my tongue, but it didn't bother me. I ran a sensitive tip over the nipple, but Pete tried to pull away.

- Bastard, bastard, bastard - he repeated, so I stepped back, though I didn't understand what was causing it.

- Vegas, naaa? - he pleaded ingratiatingly, rubbing his blindfolded eyes against his forearm. - I need to see you, please!

I took the blindfold off, realizing that the suit was one of his biggest fantasies, and rested my hands on both sides of his reddened face.

- So how do I look? - I asked, and he lazily scanned me from top to bottom and then shifted to the ceiling, above me.

- Perfect - he said, and I glanced up out of curiosity but room was too dark to see clearly.

I quickly picked up the remote and pressed one of the buttons, and the curtains began to slide open to let the light in.

A huge mirror, filling the space of the bed, has been stuck above us. I saw the reflection of our bodies, myself kneeling between my lover's legs, and I shivered to see Pete's passionate gaze there. He looked like the embodiment of all my fantasies, but the way he stared at me, the way he was devouring me... I prayed that this night would never end. *You're so fucking perfect, baby.*

- Was that your idea? - I asked, fascinated by view, and he nodded shyly.

- So fucking perfect, babe - I said aloud this time, and I wanted to unbuckle my pants and lower them a little, feeling like I'm at my end, but Pete asked softly.

- Khun Vegas, would you mind not taking them off? - his sweet almost pleading voice stopped my movements. - Only open the fly.

I paused for few seconds to consider his proposal, but I truly wanted to fulfill his fantasy. I didn't wanted just to take from him, but also give all I've got. Being selfish in bed wasn't my goal, I wanted both of us to enjoy our love.

I opened the zipper as I pulled out the hardened manhood and then I heard Pete gasp. He bit his lip as if he was refraining from trying to take it in his mouth, but there was no time for such fun. I had to be in his soft body immediately, I wanted to see how the mirror will show the joining of our bodies. I put one of the pillows under his hips, spread the gel on the cock and very slowly I began to push the head into his previously stretched hole. We both stared at the mirror, watching millimeter by millimeter my dick disappearing into Pete. I felt jaw tighten at the sight, but I didn't want to rush myself, letting this moment last as long as possible. It was only when I had completely filled him that I looked down at his face and warned.

- Hold on tight.

Then I started to move.

PETE:

I saw the white material tighten against his body with each new

movement. The outline of the muscles bounced off the suit, and it felt as if it was turning into a second skin for Vegas. We were so deeply connected that at times it seemed as if we were one. I glued my sparkling eyes to the taut jacket over his chest and wanted to lick it, wondering if he would notice my rough tongue on the nipple. Dark hair fell over his forehead as he pushed into me and pulled out, and it all worked out so perfectly, I wanted to get my phone and take a picture of us. *Perfection.*

The lock was hitting my buttocks as the harder Vegas made its movements, so I groaned, feeling a reddening flush on my buttocks.

- Aghh, Vegas, yes, ashhh - I tried to keep my eyes on the mirror, but these wonderful thrusts were driving me to the limit.

My mouth opened wide, trying to catch some breath, and then I felt Vegas's hungry, thirsty tongue in my mouth. It licked my whole inside, teased my tongue and danced with it smoothly until I wanted to purr. The movements became stronger again, and I knew that I would have traces of this fly on my buttocks.

The whiteness of the suit blinded me, especially when the daylight reflected off it, but those deliciously cut lines, perfectly tailored to my man's size, moving ideally fine on his well-built, muscular body... Heaven on earth. I came strongly, while thinking about beauty of Vegas. *He often acted like devil but God, could real devil look this good in white?*

I had a hard time drawing air into my lungs as he made the last thrusts, and I was glad to have a moment of rest when Vegas swiftly turned me onto my stomach, hit my buttock hard, and then I felt him re-enter my sensitive channel. I groaned in pain and pleasure, but didn't speak our safe word. Everything Vegas did to me made me want him even harder than before. I couldn't see us in the reflection, but I knew he was watching my body work closely. It was going to be a long and exhausting night. *Luckily for us.*

ALCAZIO:

I had finished cooking a good few minutes ago, but when I called out Macau, I heard silence. For a moment I was terrified that something had happened again, but when I ran into his room, I saw that he was asleep, with his head resting on the cradle. I breathed a sigh of relief and walked over to him, carefully shaking his shoulder.

- Macau, wake up? - I asked, and he sighed softly, wrinkling his nose.

For few seconds he was still leaning against the wood, then he opened his tired eyelids and looked at me, not understanding what was happening around him. I heard a grunt coming from his side, and without thinking, I reached out with my fingers to him, taking

tired body in my arms. He folded his legs around my waist, arms around my neck, and I felt a warm, pleasant breath against nape.

We left the room, but before I disappeared I alerted the security guard who was stading next door that Venice was alone, sleeping, and then I took my treasure downstairs. I carefully laid him down on the chair and the smell of the food must have woken Macau up as his eyes widened and he looked at me gratefully.

- It looks delicious - he assured me, then put a large spoon in his mouth.

Macau sighed delightfully and patted his belly, satisfied with the taste.

- Perfect - he said, probably still sensing my questioning gaze, then winked at me.

I swallowed hard at the lovely gesture and sat down across from him, just staring at his mouth eating what I had cooked just for him.

PETE:

I don't remember which time I cummed recently. A crumpled, stained suit had already landed on the floor a while ago, and Vegas continued to push inside of me until it felt like I had no semen left. Another dry orgasm went through my body and I felt like passing out as every single move was taking me on an edge. Halfway through our fun, I thought I heard as if the phone rang and Vegas roughly ordered someone on the line to extend our stay but I wasn't sure if it was true, I had lost my mind because of him a long time ago. The hands were burning with sensation caused by chains, and I knew there would be wounds from them, but I was glad of it. I have always warmly welcomed the evidences of our love, even if I blushed and hid it from others.

Vegas got inside of me and lifted my legs straight up in preparation for the next position, but I knew I couldn't afford more unless I wouldn't walk for a month after that.

- Bastard - I whispered, opening my mouth with difficulty, but Vegas heard me immediately.

He carefully lowered my legs and kissed me gently into both knees when I was still gasping for breath.

- Did you reached your limits? - I nodded, then felt the weight drop from my hands.

I moved my wrists carefully, feeling a burning sensation at the slightest contact with anything else. I sighed heavily because I couldn't get up, so I reached out to Vegas, and he without a word took me in his arms and carried me to the bathroom. *God, next time I have to be careful with what I wish from him.*

Chapter 19: Lingering Taste of Your Lips

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🫰 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

APPARENTLY I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE HORNY HERE, SO HERE YOU GO.

HONESTLY I WAS SURE I POSTED IT YESTERDAY BEFORE MY SLEEP BUT I CLICKED SAVE INSTEAD OF PUBLISH SO YEAH, THAT'S ME.

MACAU:

I sat at the table, feeling Alcazio's gaze on me, who was not eating but merely watching me devour what he had cooked. I didn't feel embarrassed, he specifically prepared this meal just for me, but I would prefer if he tasted something too, as he was quite slim, especially around the waist. I should make him fat, and maybe then everyone would stop giving him "fuck me" eyes. Just as I thought about it, I looked up to meet his honey pupils. I blushed, feeling like he knew exactly what I was thinking, but it couldn't be true.

- I've already eaten - he said, and I blinked a few times and resolved not to look up until the end of the meal.

Soon after, I finished it all and felt full and happy. *This man knows how to make me satisfied.*

- Thank you, it was delicious - I smiled heartily, his eyes twinkling.

I felt myself weakening every time I saw the flames reflecting in his pupils, so I quickly grabbed the plates and carried them to the sink. I let the water run and started washing everything, trying to cool down. I whistled as Alcazio stood behind me, whispering that he will help me. I nodded, red as tomato again, and we stood there quietly for a moment, me washing the dishes and him, wiping them dry.

- I didn't want to forget you - I said suddenly.

- So what happened? - He didn't sound angry or disappointed, but the tone with which he asked was sad.

My heart squeezed with the pain because I didn't want him to think it meant nothing to me, so I threw him out of my memories. It wasn't true, so I told him everything that had happened since our return home.

- I was afraid to go to the doctor so I let go. - I finished, then turned off the water and looked at him.

He was furious, I could notice the anger flowing out of him and it made me strangely happy. I saw him clench his hands, perhaps he imagined that he was holding my father's neck in them.

- Sorry - I put my whole soul into this one word, and he sighed, resting his forehead against mine.

- For what? It's not your fault, it's this dick, your father. - Alcazio growled, then took a deep breath, probably to calm himself down.

- Your letter has been destroyed - I reminded him, and felt so regretful that his first confession was taken away from me.

- I'll write you another, better one, I promise - Alcazio said, and I laughed softly.

- But why you hidden from me that we know each other?

This time he went silent for a minute.

- I thought maybe it will be better this way. You looked at me as at some stranger and I was scared you will run away after remembering me.

- I forgave you everything after I read your letter - he looked at me gratefully. - So what now?

- Now I'll try to woo you - Alcazio assured me, and I raised my eyebrows in surprise. - Maybe let's start with a date. What do you think? Tomorrow?

I nodded willingly, and he leaned in and hugged me tightly. We held each other in our arms and I knew Alcazio was mine. It may sound bad to others, but from now on this man belongs only to me. I took him as my own and put myself in his hands also. I could feel his body warmth, and I wasn't about to back away any more. I wanted him, I wanted him so badly that it was too late to change my mind. *No more running, Macau.*

***

We got out in front of a high five star hotel, known for being the tallest building in town, and I felt a bit of disappointment. I was hoping our first date would be special and having dinner in a restaurant seemed so cliche to me. But I said nothing, not wanting to spoil the mood. In the elevator, I noticed that Alcazio pressed the button to take us to the top floor, I was a little surprised, but

curiosity won over. We went out into the corridor, turned left, then right until we finally reached the ladder leading to the roof. A big sign screamed "no entry" but Caz climbed to the top, opened the entrance, and motioned me to do the same. I felt a little adrenaline rush and I quickly followed him until we finally hit the roof of the building.

I stared at the stars flickering in the sky as I walked over to the edge.

- Be careful - Italian asked, then went to the container placed at the back, picked it up and pressed a few buttons.

The whole space has been lit up by spread everywhere lights. I looked around in amazement and saw in the center a large square block on which some things had been laid out. I walked over to it, but there was no ladder anywhere. I was about to climb up when Alcazio's voice stopped me.

- Wait, I'll help you now. - He swiftly jumped upstairs, probably thanks to his long legs, then reached out to me and carefully helped me do the same.

I saw a blanket on the ground, a few pillows, and all sorts of boxes with drinks next to them. I was surprised and unaccustomed to such romantic gestures. I didn't quite know what to do, but Alcazio led me to one of the pillows and helped me sit back. The air was blowing gently, lights were shining around and we were sitting with a first-class view of the stars. It wasn't a banal date, it made me feel stupid thinking that at the beginning.

- Romantic - I said, and Alcazio winked at me. - Somehow I did not expect such gestures from you.

He laughed and I felt warmth spread over my body. It was a long time since I heard his real, sincere giggle.

- You'll see how romantic I can be - he assured, then leaned over me and I felt his hand getting lost in my hair.

I looked up uncertainly, staring at his handsome face, and it felt as though everything around us was gone. I parted my lips slightly, running my tongue over them. Suddenly, it felt so dry, if I hadn't had anything to drink in days. Alcazio looked down, watching what I was doing, then leaned in slightly, I had a feeling we were about to kiss, but he closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths and exhalations.

- Control yourself, control control - he repeated like a mantra, but before he pulled away, I brushed his rapidly moving lips with my own.

I wouldn't call it a kiss, just a touch of skin, but a shiver ran down my body until I curled my toes, feeling like an electric charge hit me. Alcazio froze, and I laughed nervously and started going

through the contents of the boxes, babbling something out of order.

- You've made everything I like, wow - I nodded, opening up one of them and stuffing a large chunk of melon into my mouth.

- Come on, I'll help you - he said after a moment, as if coming out of a trance, then took from the basket behind us a few bowls and two plates with cutlery. He put it all around, and I had the feeling that I was burning up there with embarrassment.

We ate slowly, telling each other the stories that had happened over the course of this year, and the distance between us began to disappear.

ALCAZIO:

I watched Macau taste the things I had prepared and wanted to smile broadly, proud of the plan I had created in such a short notice. I didn't have much time, but I was rich and money opens doors everywhere. I chose the roof because I remembered how much Macau liked nature, and here, facing the stars, I thought I would please him.

- Do you like it? - I asked hesitantly, and he grinned, still staring at the sky.

- Very much - he admitted. - I didn't think you'd come up with something like that. You must be skilled in dating.

In the last words, I thought I heard the severity in his voice.

- This is first date in my life - I replied honestly, and he looked at me in disbelief.

- How it's possible? Have you seen yourself in the mirror? After all, people should be banging on doors and windows for you.

- Well, they did - I heard Macau pop his tongue out in displeasure. - But I never wanted to be with them, so dates weren't needed.

- And now? - He still had to be angry about my crazy past, but I wasn't going to hide it. It all didn't matter to me anymore.

- And now I'm sitting here with you and I'm shaking inside, thinking if I have chosen the right place for our first date. - I gave him a hesitant smile and the anger in his eyes turned to joy.

- You chose the perfect one, I wouldn't done it better myself. - Macau brushed my hand, grasping my fingers carefully.

- And you? - this time I was waiting for an answer. - Which date is this for you?

- Ahhh - he thought for few seconds, and began counting on his fingers, and I swallowed as I saw him mumble "ten" and keep going. I moved my jaw angrily and he shot me a quick look and laughed out loud. - First, just as yours.

I breathed a sigh of relief and ruffled his hair, and suddenly everything around us stopped, like in a movie. Macau stared at me

with a questioning look, and it cost me a lot not to throw myself at him. But I didn't want doubts to overwhelm him tomorrow or in a few days, I needed to be strong, so I got up, praying for some miracle but he also rised. Then he came closer, resting his hand on my chest, next to my heart.

- Caz - he whispered, and I couldn't understand why the way he abbreviated my name had irritated me before. - I'd like...

He didn't finish though, just bit his lower lip until I saw drops of blood on it, then grabbed my shirt and pulled me down gently. Our lips met halfway. At first, we only stroked each other, kissing innocently, until I felt Macau press against me more boldly. He stuck his tongue out gently and I noticed him dragging it over my lower lip, and I felt as if I was losing ground. I grabbed his back, pulling him against me and digging into those tasty mouths, greeting his unruly tongue.

In the silence, only our loud, faster breaths and Macau's subtle moans were heard. His hand brushed my taut chest, then squeezed my shoulder until I could feel nails digging into my skin. I groaned encouragingly, and pressed harder against his already subjected mouth. I played with his tongue, sucked on those yummy, swollen lips, and our breaths mingled into one.

MACAU:

Suddenly I did not have the strength to stand, so I began to lay down carefully on the blanket, but did not let go of the already rumpled Alcazio's shirt.

- Say no and I'll stop - I heard as I went down on my back, and he lay on top of me, putting more pressure on his shoulders, probably not wanting to crush me.

I didn't like it because I wanted to feel him right next to me, so I broke away for a moment from his addictive lips.

- I want to feel you - I hardly muttered, because each kiss made me more and more drunk. - Please, Caz.

I tightened one of my hands on his forearm, trying to pull him lower, but he got to his feet and quickly removed his shirt.

- Your turn - he helped me undress until we were both only in pants, and then he fell on me, no longer trying to shift his weight to his hands.

I felt his naked chest pressing against mine. Heat spread over my skin, and I could only sense cold and then hot surrounding me, as if my body didn't know how to react to his touch. Alcazio moved gently, rubbing against my hardened nipples, and I hissed loudly as pain and pleasure coalesced.

- Please, please - I just repeated as he released my mouth, while settling down comfortably between my legs and rubbing his hips

against the sensitive spot.

I was breathless, I felt as if I was on fire, and his touch on my body only made me hungry. I wanted more, much, much more. I wasn't innocent, I did some naughty things in the past, I didn't have sex, but I did masturbate with someone, but this right now was unlike anything I've done before. My throat felt dry, my whole body was melting, then turning into an ice cube, and every touch, every move of Alcazio led me to a state where I was ready to give everything for another graze.

Caz's lips fell down around my neck, I felt them forming an invisible trail from my chin to my ear, then lingering on the pinna, sucking it, biting, licking.

- Alcazio, Alcazio, please - I pleaded with his hips rubbing against mine and I had the impression that my hard cock was going to make a hole in trousers.

I wanted to take off all those unnecessary clothes and feel him with my whole being, with nothing limiting us. I squirmed and groaned under his working fingers until I heard the zipper on my and his pants undo, not long after I lay comfortably on the blanket completely naked, Alcazio on me. *Yes!*

The kisses slowly returned to my mouth and deepened until I didn't know where his tongue ended and mine began.

- Macau - Alcazio whispered, then reached between our bodies and pressed the head of his cock to mine. - One word and I'll stop, I promise.

- Don't you even dare - I growled, and wrapped hands tightly around his back, digging my numb, hungry fingers into his shoulder blades.

I had a feeling I had bruised him well, but he was just asking for more, so I stopped holding back. There was no place between our bodies that was not touched, and it all felt so perfect, so logical. There was me and there was him and everything led to **us**. This is why for whole year I did not let anyone come close to me. I didn't remember Alcazio, but subconsciously I felt that I had to wait. Now that our bodies were moving together and teasing, I knew I had made the right decision.

- Make love to me - I put my hands around his face and looked the way as I had that last night, with pure love. - I want you inside me.

- We can't - he shook his head, and I could see how much it cost him. - You're a virgin, right? It will hurt, we have to prepare.

He tried so hard to think soberly, but I followed my heart. Chay always says that when you listen to your heart you have to have a hard bottom because you can often fall on it when others hurt you.

I knew he did not mean it literally, but I felt a smile creep on my lips as his words fit perfectly into our situation.

- Alcazio - I whispered, brushing his puffy lips with mine. - Please, I really know what is going to happen and I'm ready.

He stared at me for a minute, saw him struggle with himself, then groaned down, placing a deep kiss on my lips.

- I don't know if I will be able to stop when we cross a certain line, but say no and I will do everything not to go any further.

I nodded, and he shot me another worried look, then leaned over, taking the condoms and gel out of the basket.

ALCAZIO:

Dear God, what am I doing? I look at his stretched body beneath me, at his blurry eyes, pierced by need and desire, and I wonder how I will be able to stop if he says no. I took a deep breath, feeling the sweat flooding my eyes, pressing into the corners and burning them, but I couldn't care less, because he was the only one that mattered right now.

I tore open the condom package and put one on my finger. I didn't want Macau to see what I was doing, so I leaned down to his pink, sweat-covered chest and kissed his nipple softly. I felt a cold gel on my hands so smeared it on my covered finger, then took a deep breath and placed my forehead on his.

- You'll feel a chill, but it's only for a moment - I promised, and he nodded, and I could see complete confidence in his gaze. - Look into my eyes, please.

I parted his slender legs, ran my thumbs gently over the skin inside the thigh, and saw Macau's hips gently sticks up, when he slowly sucked in air, but he didn't take his eyes off me, just as I asked. I stroked his hole, circled it, pressed carefully, and felt him shiver from the cold.

- Relax - I said, brushing my nose against his. - You are so beautiful.

I kissed him lightly on the cheek, squeezed more gel into my hand, and carefully began to slide one of my fingers inside.

- Ahhh, it hurts - he whispered, and I stopped my hand. - Don't pause, please.

I swallowed hardly and gripped the fingers of my other hand of his tense cock. I kissed his face, licked delicious neck, whispered words of encouragement, and my hands worked smoothly to prepare him for receiving me. I felt the precum trickling down my skin, so carefully I began to press my other finger into his soft body, accelerating my clenched fingers.

- Caz, aghgh - he bended the neck, so I kissed his Adam's apple, and when Macau looked at me again, tears were shining on his

blushed face.

I traced my lips to the dripping spots, and Macau relaxed more and more. I don't know how much time has passed since we started our preparations, as the only thing in my mind was the fact that my man was moaning when he pushed his hips forward until he finally cummed hard, biting into my chest.

- Oh yeah - I whispered, feeling myself at the edge.

I've already put three fingers in, so I decided it was time to move on to the main part. I pushed myself aside for a moment, and Macau cried, displeased.

- One second, dearest - I hurriedly put the condom on the hard cock and gently arranged his perfect body in the most comfortable pose.

I closed my eyes to the count of ten, then gave him one last "I need to be sure" look.

- Are you certain you want this? - My little head was touching his pulsating entrance and all I dreamed about was slipping deep into it and never going out again.

- Alcazio Bianchi - he began, and I shivered hearing my whole name. - Please, please, fuck me finally.

I closed my eyes, surrendering completely to him, then slowly began to slide inside. It was so tight, and I felt his walls squeezing me like vice grip, but he lay with his eyes closed, hands stuck in the pillow by his face this time, as he was receiving me without complaint.

- Sorry - I said, going deeper. - I should have prepared you more.

With that in mind, I decided to pull myself out of him, but as soon as I moved, he groaned and I saw a look of amazement on his face.

- Do... Do it again! - he ordered, and I carefully pushed my way to the core and backed away. - Aghhhh.

A loud moan echoed around him as Macau's entire body arched toward me. Sweat ran down my eyes, I could feel my pupils sting as it rushed into them, but it all didn't matter when Macau started pushing at me, shouting and asking for more.

I leaned over him, kissing the sensitive skin behind his ear and he moaned against my face, wrapping his sexy legs around my chest.

- Feel so good - he murmured, and I was losing my mind at his words.

I tried to keep a similar pace. however, after a while I couldn't stop anymore and started to accelerate. I rested my forehead against his and watched the orgasm sweep over Macau first, then I began to think about myself. I moved my hips a few more times as I saw the gates to paradise in front of my face, and fell hard on his body

beneath me.

- I'm getting up - I promised, but he wrapped his arms and legs around me even tighter and wouldn't let go.

- Stay like that, for a short while - we both still tried to get back to earth after we got to heaven, so I immediately agreed.

I could feel the throbbing of his tigh walls on my cock, after all it was still deep inside him, but it didn't bother us. Macau lazily caressed my skin on my face, left soft kisses on cheeks, and I realized that I was finally back home.

- It was perfect - he admitted, and I tucked my head in his shoulder, feeling my emotions begin to take over me.

MACAU:

I heard Alcazio trying to calm down and although I had the impression that I had suddenly discovered a new world, I was thinking more about his emotions. He was lying on top of me, head pressed against my shoulder, and I felt a drop of something wet run down my chest. *Is he crying?*

- Caz? - It was my first time so I felt insecure, especially when my partner was clearly sobbing. - I wasn't that bad, was I?

Italian looked up at me and I saw tears in the corners of his eyes. He moved slightly forward, making his penis that was still inside me go deeper, so I gritted my teeth as I tried to fight back a moan. *This whole thing shouldn't be that pleasant, especially not for someone who's had sex for the first time.* My friend told me it was going to hurt a lot, so why would Caz every move make me this ecstatic?

- You were perfect - Alcazio whispered, kissing my eyebrow, then nose, corner of mouth, going down to Adam's apple and perky nipples.

I stopped breathing and he kept going below. Concentrated on the places he was touching, I didn't even notice him slide out of me, but I suddenly felt empty and groaned in frustration.

- I wouldn't pull out if I didn't have to - he assured me and laced both my hands with his, placing them on either side of my body.

The sinful lips reached the navel, and I inhaled with delight, tensing my muscles as he gently bit down on the sensitive skin of my stomach. Alcazio was so close to my erection, unfortunately he didn't touch it, instead he started sucking on the area next to it. I cried to feel his lips on me, but he continued his teasing game. I was panting, my cock twitching with every touch of the skin next to it, and suddenly I felt myself come as sharp teeth dug softly into the spot where my dick connected with the rest of my body.

- I love you - I heard through the haze, then Alcazio's hot lips enveloped my little boy and all I could see were fireworks before my eyes.

PETE:

I was lying on the bed in the hotel, it's been the second night since we showed up here and it felt like my body had turned into one throbbing point. Vegas did not hold back on anything, and I accepted it all with joy, unfortunately our sweet, love time has some consequences. I couldn't stay on my feet and after the last time I was screaming "bastard" every time he touched me. Vegas was laughing at my reactions, and I didn't understand at all how it was possible that he was still able to make love to me after such a long session. I shook my head in disbelief and he, dressed, looking like some sex god, walked over to me and kissed on the center of the back.

- Bastard - I replied automatically, and he chuckled.

- I'll get the car ready and come back, okey baby?

I nodded and heard him leave shortly after.

I grabbed my cell phone and saw quite a few messages from Porsche. He asked if we are done, then, that we should calm down maybe, because I will get hurt, and finally he wanted to know if I was still alive. I huffed, but before I wrote back to him, I saw a message from Macau.

"Phi, I'm going on a date. Nop is taking care of Venice, I don't know when you'll be back so be warned."

Just below it was message from Alcazio.

"You can't be reached, I'm going out with Macau, Venice is safe. Stop fucking so much or you'll die, you two aren't rabbits in heat."

I sighed heavily, but I was glad because I knew how the boy reacted to Italian. My only hope was that Alcazio wouldn't hurt my Macau or I'd have to kill him, and I'll admit I started to like that man. I quickly texted Macau "have fun" when my phone rang. *Porsche*.

- Hello?

- Well, I don't believe who picked it up - a laughing voice shouted, and I rolled my eyes. - Vegas has let you out of his clutches? Or do you have a break?

- Asshole - I muttered, but my voice was so hoarse from hours of screaming and moaning that Porsche couldn't help but burst into a loud laugh.

- Oh man, it must have been good, so good you are barely talking right now - it irritated me how much he enjoyed it.

- I'll tell Kinn you envy us - I threatened, and he immediately fell silent.

- Don't you even dare - he said menacingly, and I hung up without answering.

The phone beeped.

"Pete, you fucker, don't you dare! Call me when you will be able to meet again, xo"

Chapter 20: Our Future Depends on Your Past

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

I'M NOT SURE IF I'M COMPLETELY HAPPY WITH THIS CHAPTER BUT AS ALWAYS I'M CURIOUS WHAT YOU ALL THINK!

MACAU:

We were cuddled up, covered with blankets, still laying on the roof of the building. The sun was slowly rising and I felt the rays gently caressing my tired but satisfied face. Alcazio lazily stroked my head, from time to time kissing my forehead or flushed cheeks. We looked into each other's eyes without embarrassment, and everything seemed perfect at the moment. His mouth just grazed my nose, tickling it lightly until I wrinkled it.

- Tiger - Caz whispered. - That's how I'll call you.

I raised my eyebrows because I knew how he liked to talk to others with names, and I didn't want to be like anyone else for him.

- Tiger? - I repeated, and he nodded, touching my nose again. - Why?

- Because you look like one - I huffed, pushing my head away from his face, but Alcazio gripped it by hand, pulling it back.

- I've never called anyone as tiger. - He bit my lips, and I couldn't hold back a smile. - And I won't use it for anyone other than you, only you. Can I?

I watched his eyes twinkle with happiness, felt rough but gentle hands on me, and I knew that he would be able to call me whatever he wished to, as long as I was the only one he spoke about with such manner.

- Let it be tiger, why not.

***

When we finally got home, Pete and Vegas were still outside. I breathed a sigh of relief, not wanting them to start questioning my strange way of walking, and although I agreed to let Alcazio take me in his arms at the hotel and put me in the car, now we were surrounded by security guards and I would be too embarrased for such acts, so I forced him to just accompany me. I felt a dull pain in the buttocks area, my legs trembled slightly and I had the impression that I was like a newborn foal just learning to walk. I stopped every two steps on the stairs, and when I groaned softly, halfway through, Alcazio cursed, threw me over his shoulder and, jumping every two stair, quickly took me to my room. I knew I was tomato red, but he loudly closed the door behind us and gently set me down on the bed.

- Well, that was embarrassing - I muttered, and he flicked my forehead.

- Certainly no more than your attempts to walk normally, tiger - he chuckled, and I couldn't stop myself from frowning.

What are you laughing at, like this is your fault I can't walk! Not only are you not making the situation easier, you are also throwing those proud smiles everywhere, you idiot.

- Very funny, now you can go - I waved at the door before tossing the duvet over my head, but felt the bed sag under the weight of Alcazio.

- Caz? - I pushed the cloth aside only to look at him, and he snuggled up against me and sighed loudly.

- Five minutes, I only need five minutes - he muttered, and a comfortable warmth spread over me.

- Caz, are we now... like, you know? - I started, just wanting to hear from him the status of our relationship but shyness won. - Oh, nevermind! Let's sleep.

VEGAS:

Pete snorted in my arms as I carried him to our bedroom. It was late so I didn't have to silence my people, they all tiptoed straight away as soon as they saw us. I carefully closed the door and placed him on his half of the bed. I took his shoes off, then clothes, so he could be more comfortable and Pete just rolled over, grabbed my pillow and dipped his head into it, still asleep. I smiled as I gently kissed his temple, then I headed out into the hall, just wanting to see if the rest of the family was doing well.

Firstly I entered Venice room. The boy slept nicely in the crib, and Nop was snoring on the chair next to him. I shook my head in disbelief, still not understanding how my former head of security

could now work almost as a certified nanny, but as long as Venice wasn't crying, my friend had no choice but cooperate. I took a blanket from the closet, the one that Pete had brought here when I fallen asleep while trying to calm down little monster, and without waking anyone, I covered Nop and silently went outside. *Now checking Macau and I can go back to my baby.*

I knocked gently on my brother's door, but he didn't answer, so I opened it a little bit, just to see if he is sleeping and I almost had a heart attack when I saw my brother cuddled up with Alcazio. They slept with their faces turned to each other, holding hands, and I wanted to vomit over there because of all the sweetness. *Fucking lovebirds finally stopped acting they don't like each other.* I took out my phone, shot a few photos, and left without waking them but I wasn't going to pretend I didn't know what happened. Macau was old enough to decide on his own life, including his partners, but Alcazio was a member of the Italian mafia. We had been hearing all sorts of information from Mikolaj' circle for a year, and I knew I had to be sure Macau was safe to be with my friend before I gave them any permissions. *And nothing was going to happen in this house without them.*

I re-entered the bedroom, undressing to my briefs and slipping into bed, taking the pillow from Pete's hands and replacing it with myself. The man snuggled into my chest.

- Bastard - he whispered, and I couldn't hide my smile.

I kissed him on the forehead, remembering how beautiful, how perfectly he had taken all of me. Even the dark, dirty part that I tried to hide and then I finally realized what it felt like when someone accepts you completely. Tomorrow will be a difficult day but this night is still filled with happiness.

MACAU:

Alcazio was not in my bed when I woke up. I got from still warm linen, feeling the pain below but luckily not as strongly as yesterday, and I took a quick shower. I checked the phone before I went downstairs and saw a message from Porschay. I completely forgot that we had an appointment today. I grabbed the bag, walked briskly into the kitchen where my brother and Caz were sitting. I flashed a smile at them, but before they said anything, I grabbed an apple and bite it.

- I'm late - I shouted and left, feeling lucky that I will miss this awkward breakfast.

The ride did not last long, so I appeared in front of our favorite place quite quickly, only fifteen minutes later than I supposed to. The restaurant was full of people, but I immediately saw a familiar face at one table, just next to the window. I walked over to Chay,

collapsing into free chair and wincing at the stingy pain.

- Shit - I muttered, and he flashed me a big smile.

- Nice to see you too! - Chay sipped his iced tea, looking at me strangely.

- Sorry I'm late, I overslept.

- Hmm, no problem - we ordered something to eat, while changing topic to school and exams.

- You know what - Chay interrupted suddenly, when we were cursing one of the professors. He couldn't stop looking in my direction while scratching his head. - I don't know, maybe it just seems to me, but I have such a strange impression...

- Yeah? - I felt that I was starting to blush.

Has he sensed that me and Alcazio done it last night?

- You're glowing - he added, and I breathed a sigh of relief as I took a long sip of the water. - Maybe you've finally lost your virginity and aren't telling me.

Boy laughed at his own joke and I choked, soiling our entire table and his face with a drink.

- Hahaha - I echoed after him, and Chay just opened his mouth in shock.

- I do not believe this! Tell me every detail - I saw his eyes light up.

I loudly swallowed saliva, trying to figure out what to do now but it was nice to tell someone about what happened. Feeling that I was in a losing position, I told him one by one every detail of my and Alcazio night.

***

After a few hours we said goodbye to each other and I was just waiting for Pok to come and get me when I felt a push on my back. I lost balance and fell onto the road, feeling my skin tear on my hands. I looked up, disoriented by what just happened, and then I saw the front of the car stopping right in front of my face. I struggled to breathe, trying to gather my thoughts when the guard rushed over to me, setting me to my feet.

- Master Macau! - Pok shouted, brushing the dirt off my body, but I didn't answer him.

I could still see the car bonnet approaching my scared face. Adrenaline began to raise and I felt a slight tremor. Pok escorted me to the vehicle and fastened my seat belts, then he headed quickly back home. He braked suddenly before the entrance, going inside of the house and calling for Vegas, but I couldn't get out of the trance. I sat, still pinned up, staring in disbelief at my bloody hands. *I almost died.* When I was kidnapped I was unconscious most of the time, but I thought someone will save me. Here I could see

everything very clearly, I knew I have seconds and there is nothing I can do to stop it. Approaching lights, loud screeching brakes, screams of people around, all of this were appearing before me.

Someone pulled me out of the car and lifted my head up. I could see the anxiety in Vegas's eyes, pale Pete was standing next to him, and both of them were saying something, but I couldn't tell what. I didn't understand why I suddenly reacted so harshly, but I was not able to get back to them. I had the impression that there was a glass between us. We saw each other, but we couldn't communicate.

- Tiger? - Alcazio's voice cut through to me and I looked back at him.

He was nervous and scared but his eyes made me calm down.

- Caz? - I asked, then felt his warm arms around me.

I pressed my face against his chest, absorbing the familiar scent.

- Take him upstairs, the doctor's on his way - Pete ordered.

Alcazio picked me up and quickly ushered inside.

ALCAZIO:

I moved quietly down the hall from my bedroom to Macau's room. I was still worried about him and decided that we will sleep together tonight. I was reaching for the doorknob when a soft voice stopped me in mid-movement.

- Where do you think you're going?

I turned slowly, staring at Vegas's glowing eyes. Like a cat, he came silently and leaned against the door in front of me. He had his arrogant smile on face, but I wasn't sure if man was angry or not.

- You know where - I muttered, shrugging my shoulders. I was fed up with games and hiding. Honestly deep inside I was glad he caught me. - Of course to your brother - I said cheekily, and he raised his eyebrows. - We are together.

I heard man laugh at my words under his breath and suddenly I felt like crushing those cheeky lips.

- It's interesting because I asked Macau about your relationship and he said you were friends.

I was speechless, not believing what Vegas said to me.

- Friends with benefits I guess in your case - he added, and I saw red spots before my eyes. I wanted to swing at him and go inside, expecting an immediate response from Macau, but he grabbed my arm earlier. - I don't advise that - he growled, then dragged me into the kitchen.

I wondered why tiger had hidden what was between us from his brother when I remembered his unfinished question about what we are. I didn't understand him then, but now it was all clear. I smiled under my breath, unable to believe how innocent my lover was, and twisted my body as I dropped into the chair.

- I can assure you that we are not friends, but lovers - I said, and he shook his head as if he did not want to hear this word referring to his brother.

Then he went to the cupboard and took out alcohol and two glasses. Vegas put everything in front of me, poured out a golden liquor, but he stopped me before I reached for it.

- I almost forgot - he muttered, and pulled a small bag of powder from his robe pocket.

He poured it into my cup, stirred it, and then handed it to me.

- Aren't you even gonna hide it? - I looked at the drink, and Vegas laughed.

- No, I want to see how committed you are. - Without taking my eyes off him, I raised my glass to mouth and gulped down everything.

- What now?

- Now we'll talk before you fall asleep - he said, and drink whiskey himself. - Maybe we'll start with what are your plans for Macau?

- Marriage, I think - I muttered, feeling my head buzzing. - Whatever he wants.

- And your earlier conquests? No more fucking everything that moves?

- I could ask you the same - I growled, because we both had similar pasts.

- You're very cheeky for a guy who will soon be at my mercy - Vegas sighed, pouring himself another glass.

- I know you won't do anything that will hurt Macau.

- Funny, look at us. Who would have thought that people as fucked up as we would become monogamous - we both shook our heads in disbelief.

- I never thought it would happen until I met your brother - I admitted.

I looked directly into Vegas's dark eyes and knew he was watching me closely, trying to see anything that suggested I was lying.

- You never told me what really happened in Italy back then - he said suddenly, and I frowned.

- And I won't tell you, if you want to know, ask Macau.

- I tried at first but he wouldn't say anything and then he got weird as I mentioned the topic - I was wondering whether to tell Vegas about what his father had done, but I knew it wasn't up to me to inform him.

- He remembers everything now - I assured, feeling a proud smile spread over my face.

I was getting dizzier and dizzier, so I wasn't sure if I was spelling my words properly. I blinked a few times but it didn't help. The sleeping powder had to be strong enough to knock me off my feet so quickly. *Impressive*.

- You love him? - I heard vaguely and I wanted to confirm, assure that yes, I love him, but I was not able to. I only saw the tabletop approaching the face before everything went dark.

***

I woke up with difficulty on the cold, concrete ground. Someone threw a blanket on me, but it wasn't enough to keep me warm. I shivered as I got into a sitting position. I was in a cell, in the basement.

- Really? - I looked around the room in disbelief.

- I have to be sure Macau is safe with you. Until then, you'll stay here. - Vegas was standing in front of me, leaning against the wall.

- Mikolaj is dead, I killed him myself with these hands. His last man lies dead at the bottom of the Menam! - I stretched my fingers out to him, wanting to give bigger power to my words.

- Congratulations, now sit here and wait for me to confirm everything. I won't put my brother at risk, even if we're friends. Be a good future brother-in-law and let me do my job. - I knew I would have done exactly the same in his place but this situation was ridiculous.

- Holy shit, Vegas, whatever you want. Do what you think is right, but hurry up. I'm not going to wait here forever.

He nodded at me, pleased and calmly walked up the stairs. I rubbed my tired face, praying that it would all be over soon. I knew Macau would argue with Vegas as soon as he found out about me, but I hoped he will visit me first and I then I would calm him down. There was nothing now that could separate us from each other.

PETE:

I was just looking through the papers from our last meeting with the yakuza when Macau burst into the room.

- Where is he?! - he shouted, and I looked around the empty room.

- Not here, that's for sure - I said calmly then added before he left. - What's happening?

- Phi, Vegas locked Alcazio in a cell! - Boy looked at me sadly and fell down on the chair.

- I know - I muttered, and before he added anything, I admitted. - It was actually my idea.

Macau looked at me in disbelief, and I felt my heart breaking.

- Why, Phi? I thought you liked Caz?

I got up from my desk, took Macau's hand, and led him to the

couch then I put my arm around him, stroking his hair.

- I like him! And I am very glad that you are happy, but Alcazio's past may come into your life soon, maybe it is already there, and we need to make sure that you are safe before we let you continue this relationship. Yesterday you almost died, Macau.

The boy sighed, leaning his head against my shoulder.

- But he wouldn't endanger me, I know that.

- And we know it too, only we need to be sure. Be patient, your brother tries to figure out everything.

- But why locking him up? - I could hear annoyance in Macau's voice.

- Because we need him in one place, not wandering around.

Macau sighed loudly and I felt bad for him but safety was more important here, especially after kidnapping.

- And I don't think the latest incident has anything to do with Alcazio. After all, all these texts appeared before him.

I stiffened at his words, not sure what he was talking about.

- What texts? - I asked softly, and Macau pulled out his phone and showed me a string of messages from an unknown number.

- Why didn't you tell me about this earlier? - I couldn't believe someone was writing to him for weeks and none of us realized it.

- It's because I muted the number immediately and somehow didn't notice that it was still sending me messages - he whispered, and I closed my eyes in terror. *How deeply those people wanted to hurt us?* - Phi, forgive me. I acted stupidly!

- No, we should also tell you that something is going on. - I put the phone on the table and hugged the boy. - Don't worry, everything will be fine. Give us some time and Alcazio will be back, I'm sure of it and this - here I pointed at the phone - this I need to confiscate.

I kissed his forehead but my mind was focused only on the device before my eyes. For a second I stupidly believed they gave up, especially after Alcazio killed kidnappers but they were only waiting. *Motherfuckers!*

Chapter 21: Silly Decisions and Crazy Consequences

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

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I REALLY WANTED TO WRITE THIS SCENE WHEN PETE WAS IN CAR WITH POL, LOOKING AT VEGAS BUT I WANTED TO WRITE IT KINDA DIFFERENTLY SO HERE YOU GO. I WAS LAUGHING WHILE WRITING IT, HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY IT. ALSO IN MY CONVERSATION ON MY BOARD I'VE ADDED SOME IDEA ABOUT NEW FF, YOU CAN READ IT AND WRITE ME WHAT YOU THINK.

VEGAS:

I got home late in the evening, but it was strangely quiet downstairs. The bodyguards were doing their tasks, so I figured nothing bad had happened and apparently today was one of those quiet, lazy days. I breathed a sigh of relief and walked briskly towards the bedroom. I was truly tired. The tense muscles needed some rest, so I was glad that I had managed to arrange everything for today. The case of Alcazio was almost completely over, this bastard somehow managed to destroy the nest of vipers that was the house of Mikolaj. In the last year, the report said, my Italian friend had killed the boss, got rid of all his men and had disappeared, leaving many to think he died. In Bangkok, he killed the last spy that could harm him, only then he contacted me. I had to admit that he got very fixated on my brother since he had spent almost a year getting rid of the danger. I knew it was time to let him go, but before that, I wanted to talk to Macau. Back then I lied to Alcazio, telling him that my brother called their relations as nothing more than friendship with benefits. I hadn't asked him yet

what truly was going on with them, and I wanted to do so before I showed my support.

Pete said there was something real between the two, but I needed words. If Macau tells me he loves him, Alcazio will be like family to me. So I went into the room, deciding to talk to my brother first thing in the morning. I put my wallet and phone on the desk and, curiously, walked over to the still running computer. Before it lay the papers relating to our recent yakuza deal. I sighed as I folded them together and put them in the cupboard which I then locked. *Pete forgot to hide them?* I turned off my laptop and, frowning, opened the bedroom door.

Pete was on the bed with his arm on Macau and Venice. Little monster was lying between them, sweetly dozed, in a safe position. In the dimness, I saw the three of them breathing steadily as they slept in our bed. I smiled involuntarily, though I knew my brother must have come to Pete's to complain about my behavior. I wondered if he told Macau who really came up with the idea of closing Alcazio for some time. I chuckled under my breath and, for the first time in months, I took my pajamas from the closet and quickly changed in the bathroom. I slipped under the covers, carefully tucking my hand under Pete's head, who suddenly purred in his sleep and immediately cuddled up against me, and I put the other one across the three of them, right next to my lover's hand. I felt a warmth spread through my body and soon after that I fell asleep.

***

The next day, when I woke up in bed, neither Macau nor Venice was next to us. I slipped out of sheets silently, not wanting to unnecessarily force Pete to get up, and I took a quick shower. After the morning toilet I put on one of my tracksuits as I had no plans to go out today and went looking for my brother. He wasn't in his bedroom or the monster's room, so I went to the kitchen and found them there.

- Hey - I said, ruffling the little boy's hair.

- Hey, Phi - Macau replied, and I could feel the reserve in his voice.

- Are you still angry? - I sat down to the table, and the cook immediately brought me breakfast.

- I'm not angry, I just don't like what you guys did.

- Sometimes we have to do things we don't like for you to be safe. I was also not happy to close Alcazio like that.

- Really? - The disbelief in Macau's voice made me laugh.

- Okay, maybe it made me a little happy - I admitted, placing my hand on heart. - But only a little!

Macau shook his head, resigned, and started eating himself.

- And what now? - he asked after a moment.

- Now we can release him, he is clean - I assured, and then I myself added out of curiosity. - Did you visit him?

I watched my brother deny it and was surprised because I thought that the first Alcazio's visitor downstairs would be Macau.

- Why?

- If I go down there, I'll probably let him go immediately - he admitted, and I loudly huffed. *Goddamn lovers.*

- Well then you can do it now - I winked at Venice, who had just hit the mush in front of him with his hand, causing the nanny to sigh wearily - but before you do that, can you just tell me how serious is this thing happening between you two?

Macau thought for a second, put down his fork, pushed the half-eaten salad away from his body, and leaned against a chair, his arms folded in front of him.

- I... - he began and then cleared his throat. - I think that's what's between you and Pete, but it's still so fresh I'm afraid to call it love out loud.

I looked at him closely and knew that he had been thinking about it for a long time.

- Phi Pete said - he added - that when people love each other, the time they spend apart should not be an obstacle, and it may give us another reason to stick together, but I'm worried that what is between us will disappear, when we start being together.

I put the empty bowl aside, resting elbows on the table and puttinh my head on spread fingers. I didn't want to interrupt him, as I could see that he needed to talk to someone about this.

- But we hardly know each other - Macau saddened, I saw the sparkles of uncertainty appearing in his eyes. - What if after a while Caz decides to leave because he realizes I'm not enough - he paused here, looking for the right word - entertaining for someone like him?

- Macau - I began, getting up and sitting next to him. I put my arm around his back, stroking hair gently. - I've known Alcazio for years and have seen him in all sorts of situations. He never makes decisions hastily and without thinking. If he has decided to erase his entire past for you, it means that he is serious about you two. Of course you may break up after a while, nothing is certain in this world, but it won't be because there are no feelings from you.

- So you and Phi Pete can break up too?

I slapped him on the head and he stuck his tongue out at me.

- No, that will never happen! - I snapped when we heard laughter coming from the door.

Pete was standing in the doorway, leaning against the wall, staring at the two of us. He was wearing a long, oversized sweater that he has from me and dark pants. His disheveled hair begged to run my fingers over it, but what I was focusing on was his smile. Wide and full of such warmth that I answered him with the same.

- How confident you are - he muttered, then walked over to us, kissing me first and then Macau on the forehead. - Macau - he turned to my brother this time. - It all depends on whether you want to take the risk. Go to Alcazio, talk to him and find out if you want to be with him, EVEN if you might part up in the future.

Saying this, he walked over to the other side of the table and sat down. Soon after, the housekeeper served him breakfast, which he accepted with a broad smile.

- Love is a risk - he winked, scooping a large spoonful of rice. - But some people are worth it.

The boy nodded and left with determination beating from his face.

- Pete the Thinker - I muttered mockingly, and he showed me his middle finger and went back to eating.

MACAU:

I went downstairs, ready to finally talk to Alcazio. My heart was fluttering strongly in chest because I truly missed him. It hadn't been long since we last saw each other, and yet I felt butterflies in my stomach at the thought of seeing him again. I calmly walked down the stairs, noticing his silhouette on the ground. He was sitting on a blanket with his back against the wall and reading a book. I stood silently at the bars, studying him.

- You finally decided to come over, tiger? - Alcazio asked, not taking his eyes off the paper and I blinked in surprise.

- How do you know it's me? - I took the key out of my pocket and opened the entrance, slipping inside.

- I would recognize you walking anywhere - the man finally looked up at me. - I've been waiting for you.

I bit my lower lip as I stepped closer, and he held out his hand to me. I grabbed it without thinking and then I was already kneeling between his legs. I turned, pressing my back against his chest, and I saw him set the book aside, then fold arm around me and pull it closer to him. Alcazio rubbed his nose against my neck and I felt a sweet shiver all over my body.

- I must have... thought a little about something - I laced my fingers with him as I said it.

- About our status? - he kissed my neck and I sighed.

- About everything - I summoned my courage and added. - Caz, I'm afraid you'll get bored of what's between us.

He huffed until his entire body jerked violently.

- I know you've done a lot to find me, but we - I kept saying - we don't know each other very well, and you've been around rich, crazy people, had fun, didn't care. I can not do this. I don't like crowds, I don't have an exciting life, even as a mafia member and you might get bored of that. You may get bored of me.

This time I heard laughter from behind. I frowned as I turned to find a pair of honey-colored eyes staring lovingly at into me.

- I don't need any of this in my life - he rubbed his nose against mine - I've had too much already and all I ever wanted is to get away from this shitty life. I just want a home. I don't know what will happen someday, but now, in this moment, I want you and only you.

I watched as a smile softened his features, a warm gaze stared at me, and I knew I would risk whatever it was, just as Pete said.

- Don't think too much, just let us be happy and together - Alcazio begged. - We will know more about each other every single day and I can promise you, this - he pointed at me and himself - this is real. This is forever, even if right now you have doubts. I will prove it to you, so now relax and just let me love you.

His words made me feel peace. I could see us in the future, being happy together and this vision was so delightful, so perfect I needed it to truly happen.

- So what is our status? - I suddenly asked, stroking his cheek.

- Lovers - he quickly answered, pressing out a long, moisty kiss.

I groaned as his tongue parted my mouth, forcing itself inside. Caz held my head, bending it slightly for better access. In the same time I grabbed his shirt, wringing it in trembling hands as his tongue explored my interior.

- No friends with benefits - he muttered, breaking away for a second. - I'll never agree to that.

I didn't understand what he meant, then he leaned in to me again and it didn't matter anymore.

- How are you? - he asked with his lips on mine. - Nothing hurts?

I nodded, and he paved the way with kisses, from my face to my neck. He lifted me gently until I sat down with his legs between mine, and carefully lifted my sweatshirt up.

- Caz... - I whispered, feeling his hands massaging my tense nipples. - Someone might come in.

- I'm not going to do anything more than that - he promised, leaning down and running his tongue over my hot skin.

I moaned as the heat melted over my body and went down quickly, but Alcazio returned to my face, kissing my brow gently, then nose, and finally blushed cheek. He lowered my clothes and I

felt unsatisfied.

- We'll wait for the rest until I get out of here - he had a hoarse voice. - Now let's lie down there, I want to feel you close.

I was uncomfortable at first, still feeling the heat below me, but as his strong arms encircled me and his masculine, calming scent filled everything around my body, I sighed with delight as I snuggled closer. I was going to tell him he could leave right now, but decided to wait a minute, it was too much fun to just go upstairs.

PETE:

I pulled into the Major Family property just after seven in the evening. I told Vegas that Porsche begged me to speak to him and asked if I could stay the night and I agreed. I saw that he was not happy with it, but I promised to be back soon, then I packed a few needed things and left the house.

- Don't go anywhere outside the mansion, I'm sick of risking all the time - Vegas asked before I left, and I promised to stay in the building.

Well, that was the first lie I had told in months. I walked into Kinn's main room and looked around, but all I saw was a Porsche sitting at a glass table with a map in front of his face and notes.

- Where's your other half? - I asked, sitting down.

- Not here, that's certain. I made him visit his cousin or he might have figured out something.

I nodded, though I knew my lover wouldn't be happy about it. Vegas didn't like being forced to interact with others. I sighed knowing the punishment was waiting for me, I was only glad that it would be less than what he would have done, if he had found out what I agreed to.

- So what's your plan? And what is this all about?

Porsche held out a photograph of two middle-aged men towards me. They both looked like well-trained Mafia members, so I frowned.

- I don't understand?

- Okay, so yeah. Recently, Jom turned to me for help - Porsche started and an image of his friend popped into my head. - The moron borrowed some money from one gang and supposedly returned it, but they demanded additional percent. Last night they destroyed the shop that belongs to Jim's father and he asked me for help. Normally I would have involved Kinn in this, but since that poison thing, as soon as he sees something dangerous approaching, he immediately says no, even when I... hmmm... nicely ask him.

I blushed as I imagined what these requests must look like.

- I don't want to force the guys to lie, especially since, knowing

them, they would spill something to Tankhun, and then it would be an armageddon, so that's why we're only here, just the two of us.

- Okay, but that has to stay between us - I said. - Once Vegas finds out what we're doing, I won't get out of bed for a month.

Saying this, I felt imaginary pain in the buttocks area. Vegas truly hated when I hide or lie to him.

- Great, no problem - we gave each other a high five. - Well, and the plan is...

***

We were sitting in the car in front of one of the nightclubs, I was on driver's seat, staring at the entrance, waiting for the two in the photo to come out and start heading home. Porsche fell asleep for a moment, and this whole situation made me sleepy as well, because we had been waiting for an hour for some action but nothing happened. I yawned, covering my mouth with hand as the door swung open and a well-built brunette walked out. I held my breath in horror, immediately recognizing him.

- Dear God - I whispered, and the suddenly awakened Porsche looked around uncertainly before focusing on the man.

- Wait the f... - he began, then cursed. - It's Vegas!

Not knowing what to do, I turned my face to my friend and tucked my head against his neck, pretending to be a couple. I prayed silently that he did not recognize me, but I felt that it would be too good to be true.

- What the fudge are you doing? - Porsche whispered in confusion. - Vegas is gone.

I stepped away from him, looking in the mirror. *Maybe, maybe I was lucky enough and he never saw me.*

- Where to? Where did he go? - I asked, but my friend only shrugged.

- I don't know, I was sleeping - he admitted, rubbing the back of his neck with his hand. - I don't know where he went now.

- Let's run away from here - I panicked, and Porsche snorted at my fear.

- Do you see him? He's gone, let's just finish our job - he said, yawning. *Of course he didn't care, Kinn was still not aware of this whole mess!*

I was breathing loudly as I opened the window for some fresh air to cool me down. I nodded to Porsche side and turned to look at the door again when I felt a movement beside me.

- Oh! - I shouted, clutching hand at my beating heart.

Right by my window, Vegas was standing in a nonchalant pose, and I could feel anger in every inch of his body. *Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!*

- Hello, Mr. Vegas - I said right away, and Porsche raised an eyebrow in surprise.

- Mr? - he whispered under his breath, but I had the impression that the ground was disappearing before my feet.

- What a coincidence - Vegas replied calmly. - Here. I see you've been on a lookout for so while -he added, holding out his hand with a paper bag. - I'm afraid you might get hungry.

- Thank you - Porsche muttered, taking the paper from his hand.

Vegas threw at us another of his special smiles that made me shiver through my spine and looked at me darkly. I already knew I wouldn't sit on my butt for a long time, then he turned and headed back to the bar.

- Hey - I said after him, wanting to talk about what I was doing, but he ignored me completely.

- Bread! I'm so hungry. - Porsche just started rummaging inside. - Mosquito repellent?

I gave him a wry look, and he opened his mouth in surprise, looking deeper into the bag.

- What? - I asked, intrigued, then took it away from him. - Let me see.

A square box lay at the bottom, so I reached for it. It felt strangely familiar. I opened my eyes in shock as I realized what was in my hands.

- A condom! - I shouted suddenly, and the figure that was almost at the entrance stopped and started walking towards us again.

- Why did you have to scream so loud? - I heard from Porsche as Vegas leaned in again against my window.

- Sorry - he began, placing his warm, large hand on top of mine, which was still holding the pack of condoms we used to use. - That one, I bought it for us only - he said, and I could feel dark tones in his voice. - So would you like to share now?

- That's alright, Mr. Vegas - I assured, not understanding why I suddenly called him this blasted "mister" - Please go on - I asked, but he gently stroked my fingers.

- I would, but my partner just came - Vegas said, and a man knocked on the Porsche windowpane.

- Damn it! - muttered my friend, not wanting to open the glass, but when the knocking repeated, he angrily went outside, looking at the nervous Kinn.

The man dragged him down one of the alleys, and the only sound I could hear was their shouting at each other. At the same time, Vegas arrived on Porsche site, slamming the door behind him.

- Do you remember what you promised me before you left? - he said softly, although I knew he was boiling inside.

- Sorry - I grabbed Vegas hand, which was squeezing his knee. - Sorry, you wouldn't let me leave without it, and Porsche needed my help.

- With wh... - Vegas began, but I shut him up immediately, seeing the two men we were waiting for come out of the bar.

They looked towards the car, so I quickly grabbed Vegas by the T-shirt and pulled his body to me, kissing him hotly on the lips.

- Bloody gays - we heard as they passed us. - Ordinary cunts.

I pulled away from my man, gasping for breath.

- We have to catch them - I whispered, my mouth still against his. - Please.

Vegas looked right at me, pressed another quick kiss, and stepped back, leaving the car.

- What did you say, bastard? - he said to them, and before I went outside, one was already lying on the ground, holding his broken nose.

- Repeat that - Vegas ordered, squeezing the other's neck. - Call my boyfriend a cunt again.

His fingers tightened around the man's throat, and he fell on his face shortly after. I ran to them, knocking out the one that was bleeding, then I opened the trunk and, looking around, we dragged both unconscious bodies inside.

- Whew - I muttered with relief as a flushed Porsche with a frayed shirt, tousled hair and puffy mouth ran out of the alleyway. Just behind him came Kinn, looking as sloppy as my friend.

I felt like slapping the heads of both of them, but I only looked at them indignantly.

- Do not even speak, you look like some snake sucked your mouth - Porsche growled and got into the car.

I took my seat and Vegas and Kinn sat in the back, both of them still inflated with anger and we set off with a screech of tires.

- Enjoy your company - Vegas warned - because you won't see each other for a long time.

I swallowed hard at the familiar notes in his voice. *It's gonna be a long night.*

Chapter 22: This Is Our Friendship

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

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OMG I'M BAAAACK! THIS CHAPTER IS KINDA SHORTER BUT I STILL HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY IT, AHHH. WE ARE CLOSER TO CATCH THE ATTACKER

PETE:

I was sitting in my car, wondering what Vegas was going to do to me when we got home. While driving, Porsche explained to them what exactly was going on, although after the expression Kinn was throwing at him, I knew that his words would not change a thing. The punishment was going to take place, no matter what our excuses were. I tried to keep quiet and not upset Vegas any more, I already felt an imaginary pain at the very thought of what he was going to do to me. It was true that delightful chills ran down my spine as I imagined all these sinful things, but I knew this was not the time and place for such feelings.

- Well, it didn't work out well for us - Porsche's laughing voice dragged me to the ground.

I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath. Now we were alone in the car while Vegas and Kinn were taking care of the people we had kidnapped. Porsche really wanted to help, but one look was thrown by his man and he stayed quietly in the car. I didn't even try to argue.

- This is sooo your fault, do you know do you even realize WHAT is gonna to happen to my ass ?! - I looked at him angrily, and he just shrugged.

- You're exaggerating, I know how much you like yours and Vegas's games - I blushed at that.

Yes, I liked our games. I liked how possessive Vegas was, how he

cared for every inch of my body, how he took total control over me, but the sex was different when he was irritated. He would tease me all the time, keep me from coming and tempt me until I had the feeling that I was going crazy.

- I hope Kinn won't let you sleep for a month - I growled, and Porsche snorted.

- So as always - he only replied, then looked into the mirror. - If you are so scared then let's just run away, they are not in the car now, let's just leave them here.

I opened my mouth in amazement, unable to comprehend whether Porsche had finally gone mad from this constant meetings with Tankhun, or whether he was deeply afraid of what would happen when he returned to house.

- Do you... - I began hesitantly. - Do you want me dead? Is that it?

- Don't be a chicken - Porsche only muttered, then pressed my leg which was on clutch and twisted the key until the engine chimed.

I sat with my mouth open, hands on the steering wheel, and I watched in the side mirror as Kinn and Vegas immediately looked at us. They said something to each other, and then Vegas narrowed his eyes and started walking towards me. I had a feeling that my lungs were short of air, I started repeating some syllables, unable to completely compose a sentence from them, and Porsche cursed, adding "good luck" and got out of the car.

- I told him we couldn't leave - he assured approaching Vegas, and I wanted to cry.

Porsche, you bastard, I won't forgive you, flashed through my head as a familiar silhouette sat down in the passenger seat.

- The keys - Vegas said, and I quickly pulled them out of the lock and handed them to him, smiling broadly. - So you were planning on driving away and leaving us here, right?

I heard a threat in his voice, and I felt like running out of that damned vehicle and disappearing into the forest where we were staying.

- It was Porsche idea - I muttered instead, and Vegas raised an eyebrow in disbelief. - You do not trust me? - I asked aggressively, although I had deceived him this morning and we both knew about it.

- You have the nerve - Vegas chuckled, shaking his head, and I grabbed his hand, which was still holding keys.

- Yes, I lied to you about this meeting, but now I'm telling the truth. Porsche is just fooling around.

We looked each other in the eyes for a moment, and then Vegas sighed and leaned over me, kissing my nose.

- Okay, so be it - he only replied.

- And what did you find out? - I asked, and he carefully laced his fingers with mine.

- That Porsche's friend is a liar and didn't give the money back as he said - I grimaced because it meant that we unnecessarily kidnapped the other two - but Kinn took care of it, and our family is a bit, well "famous" in some circles, the whole incident will be forgotten.

I nodded, happy that we managed to end this whole fiasco without any more troubles.

- Which of course - Vegas continued, - doesn't help your cause at all, as you lied to me and risked your health, and possibly even life, for someone we barely know.

- I didn't do it for Jom, but for Porsche - I muttered defensively, but the gleam in Vegas's eyes made me stop talking.

- I'm very curious - he continued, ignoring my earlier words, - what will you do when we get home, because I can promise you that you won't leave it for a long time.

I watched his wild smile and all I could do was swallow saliva loudly. I had brought myself to this situation and now was the time to deal with the consequences.

***

We were going home, but this time Vegas was driving and I was sitting next to him. In the back, Kinn and Porsche were arguing as usual, but we, at the front, were quiet.

- By the way - I started because I remembered that I wanted to ask about this from the first time we saw each other. - How did you find out that we lied to you?

I had the feeling that everything was set rather nicely so they had no right to discover it, but maybe we made a mistake somewhere.

- Well, I didn't suspect anything at first - Vegas muttered, and the couple in the back fell silent.

- Me too - Kinn suddenly added, nodding at his cousin.

- But when Kinn said you called Porsche because you had a problem and asked him to leave the house because you needed space to talk, I figured something was wrong - Vegas concluded, and I stared at him with my mouth open. - Especially since you told me the opposite.

- From what Vegas told me, Porsche had a problem and asked Pete to come. - Kinn laughed, then looked at his boyfriend with pity. - Was that really your idea?

- Who would have thought that the cousins were suddenly confiding everything to each other? - Porsche growled, then looked at me. - What the fuck, Pete! After all, we decided to say that you had issue with Vegas. Too aggressive in bed or something, why did

you change it to my problem suddenly?

I saw Vegas stiffen at it and then he gave me a "wishing good luck to you buttocks" look, and I groaned.

- No, definitely not - I replied immediately. - The problem was that Kinn was fucking you all the time, I remember well.

- What? - Kinn snapped, and Vegas smirked. *You have nothing to laugh about, you are just like that cousin of yours.*

The argument rang out from the back again, and I just wanted to jump out of the damn car and disappear without looking back.

VEGAS:

As soon as we entered the house, Pete ran up the stairs until I heard the door slam. I calmly followed him, but as I tried to go in, I felt someone pressing against the wood, preventing me from doing so then they key clicked. I sighed because I knew these ridiculous attempts would not stop me from punishing him.

- Pete, let me in - I asked politely, though everything inside was already buzzing.

- Promise me you won't be making me almost coming and then stopping, last time you did this for more than an hour, it was really hard on me! - he shouted, and the bodyguard passing us blushed and quickened his pace.

- Honey, you know you're going to be punished, you'll have to suffer a little, it's not like you'renot enjoying it - I said, and he cursed in response, slapping his hand against the wall.

- It's just a little lie, why make a scandal out of it?

I felt my muscles tense at his words, but I didn't want to scream, I was still standing in the hallway and people could hear it.

- Pete, open it. - I used my harsher tone this time, and he sighed and I saw the handle move, but the door didn't open.

- Hmmm - I immediately heard. - I think we have a problem, Vegas. It doesn't want to open up, I don't know why.

I closed my eyes, trying to calm my nerves, and then I heard a crash as something hit the wood and then fell to the floor. Soon after Pete screamed.

- Pete?! - I hit the door with my fist, but no one answered me.

I was not sure what is going on but on the other side I could hear a scuffle and curses. Something was definitely wrong.

- Pete, if you're at the door, step back right now - I said, then took a run, pressing my shoulder hard against the wood.

The lock released, opening the door for me, and I saw my lover on the floor, with some masked man on top of him, strangling him with his bare hands. I immediately lunged at this fucker, banging his head against the floor, while Pete tried to catch his breath as he pulled away from our two struggling. The boy was skillful, but I

was much stronger and furious, still having the image before my eyes which I saw when I entered the room.

- Don't kill him - Pete said, and I hit the stranger in the face several times until he passed out. - Nop, Pok! - Pete shouted, and the two bodyguards immediately ran inside.

- Take him to the cell - I ordered, while breathing heavily, but before they left I ripped off the mask from his face.

The familiar scar showed for all of us and I recognized in him the young bartender who poisoned Pete and Porsche. I smiled devilishly because I had unfinished business with that asshole, but Pok stared at him in surprise.

- Team? - he only muttered, and I immediately looked at him.

- You know him?

- Yes, sir, this is our new addition, Team, - said Pok, then looked at the pale Nop.

- It's true, sir, we checked him in this morning, his file should be on the desk, - he assured and I gritted my teeth.

- I guess he was just here to attack us, not infiltrating - Pete whispered, and this time I looked at him with pained eyes.

- Are you OK? - I asked, gently stroking his neck, and he smiled, motioning to the bodyguards to leave.

- You saved me in time - he assured, but for me it was not enough. I had to feel him now, in this exact moment.

I grabbed Pete in my arms and he wrapped his legs over my hips as I carried him quickly into the bedroom, closing the door behind me. Without a word, I sat up, letting him fall on my knees, and quickly tore his pants off, then just lowering mine gently. I grabbed the gel on the table next to me, but didn't have the time to get Pete ready, so I groaned in frustration as I applied a lot of it to my already hard dick and carefully began to push into him, feeling delightful tightness of Pete's ass.

- Fuck - Pete groaned, pressing his forehead against mine.

- Sorry, but I have to feel you - I whispered, carefully pressing into him.

It took a while for me to fully enter his soft body, and when I finally did it, I hugged him tightly to my shaky chest, kissing the latest bad memories from his neck.

- Let me stay like this for a while - I asked desperately, and he just nodded, calming his breathing.

I inhaled his sweet, seductive scent, felt the heat of his body, but the vision from a few moments ago still did not leave my head. The guy must have attacked Pete when he tried to open the door, in surprise he grabbed his head which he banged against wood and then began to choke him. No one, not even the best fighter, can

predict everything. Today was exhausting and crazy, and I was fed up with these constant attacks and being over-caution. I knew I was going to get the whole truth out of this kid, even if that meant I had to rip off his skin, inch by inch. I took a deep breath, feeling Pete's muscles tighten against me, and looked into his calm, trusting eyes.

-I'm fine - he promised, and I nodded, still staying deep in him.

- Don't think I forgot about your punishment, it is only postponed - I warned him suddenly, and Pete laughed with his whole body, making me fell it even on my penis.

I groaned, unable to hold back any longer, and gently pulled out of him to push in again.

- Fuck - Pete growled, his hand tightening on my shoulder. - I don't know if that's the best idea - he muttered, and I ran my hand from his chest, down to his penis, and tighten my grip, feeling it stiffen in my fingers.

- I think that's the best idea I had today - I simply replied and moved again, pressing hard against his prostate.

- Ahhhh - Pete's scream echoed around the room, and I was suddenly grateful for making it soundproof.

Additional Scenes:

VEGAS:

I've been working for a long time already and when I stood up from computer, I felt suddenly sucking in the stomach from hunger. I headed downstairs towards the kitchen when I saw Kinn in the living room, his jacket open, playing something on the phone. I stopped abruptly, not quite understanding what was happening, but I couldn't remember any of the meetings we were going to have today.

- Lost your way back home? - I asked, and Kinn looked up at me, then showed me his middle finger.

- You know what I'm doing here - he muttered, and I thought deeply about my calendar again. *No, I didn't have Kinn babysitting planned for today.*

- Seriously, are you lost? - This time I sat down in front of him and he rolled his eyes, then with an arrogant smirk he replied.

- I wouldn't have to be here if you left Pete alone every once in a while. The poor man was so afraid that I would hear what you did to him that he made me sleep elsewhere - he was laughing at the same time, but I didn't understand what he meant.

- Pete doesn't complain about our bed matters - I growled, then remembered why my lover had decided to visit the major family house. - Not like Porsche. What did you do to him that made him cry to Pete?

We looked at each other like lions about to leap at their throats.

- Don't lie, Porsche told me Pete had a problem - he muttered, gripping the phone tighter in his hand, and I started thinking about the whole situation in the morning. *Pete lied to me.*

- It's interesting because Pete told me something completely opposite - I got to my feet, feeling the blood begin to circulate faster through my veins. The anger was slowly reaching the cells and I wanted to burst out. - Which means...

- That they lied to us because they were planning something stupid - Kinn added, and we looked at each other in understanding.

- I'll really give you a reason to cry, Pete - I growled. - Nop, get my car ready!

- Porsche will regret it for a long time - I heard behind me, before we both went outside.

PETE:

- I don't understand what you mean - I muttered, holding my phone in one hand and Venice in the other, who was playing with the buttons on my shirt. - Why should I lie to Vegas?

- Well you don't have to call it "lie" right away, it is simply just not telling the truth - said Porsche and I heard a crackle in the earpiece.

- It's literally the same thing, but why would I do it? - I walked from the bedroom to the office, rocking the baby in my arms, and Venice laughed as he tugged at the fabric of my clothes.

- Because we're friends - I heard and I sighed in disbelief.

- Really? Instead of telling me what's going on, you are using friendship card?

- Yes - I heard a laugh and then a curse. - Tell Vegas that...

Suddenly, the little one grabbed the phone, taking it from my hands. I quickly took the device away from him and put it to his ear.

- ...because of all this constant sex, okay? - Porsche continued, and I nodded.

- Okay, then I'll tell Vegas you need me - I said, though I had a feeling my friend couldn't hear me because he kept saying fuck all the time, and then I heard the door slam.

- Wait what? - Porsche whispered, while I kissed Venice on the forehead. - Kinn is in the bedroom, I don't know how long it will be before he gets into the bath, I have to finish too, remember what we agreed about.

- Yes, yes, no problem, - I answered, then ended the call and put the phone back on the desk.

- Now why don't we have a bite to eat? - I asked Venice, and he, with big smile, slapped me on the chest and pointed his finger at the door. - Exactly, time for some food!

Chapter 23: One Step Back, Three Steps Forward

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I invite all to Phoenix's Lair - Gang Introduction! ❤□❤□❤□

VEGAS:

Pete slept soundly, as usual snuggled into my pillow, which I had put to his shoulders when I got up. The clock was just showing 2:43 in the morning, but I still couldn't fall asleep, thinking only of the boy who was waiting for me in the basement. I cautiously went out to the office and then to the corridor and there was only silence around. In the dark I went downstairs, not being in need for any light, as before, when Pete was not yet in my life, I often wandered through these corridors after midnight, so I could go down the stairs and then to the basement entrance in peace, without the need for brightness.

The damp smell hit me as soon as I crossed the threshold, but I was focused only on the man lying on the ground. His legs and hands were tied, gag was put in his mouth and his eyes covered, because there was a possibility that he would come up with a stupid idea of taking his own life that I could not agree to. It is true that he will soon stop breathing, but this is what I will take care of by myself. I hated when my victims deprived me of the pleasure of playing with them.

I went to the shelves that were laid out against the wall and took some of the things I was going to use. I put everything on the counter next to it and headed towards the burglar, opening his cell and dragging him to a chair attached with chains. I heard moans and snorts from him, but I ignored everything, I had to prepare for

our games.

I tied hands and legs tightly to the furniture, then I untied the fabric from his eyes, because I wanted to see the fear in them. The boy looked at me with a challenge, pretending that he was not afraid, but it only gave me more pleasure. I wanted to make those eyes cry, beg me for mercy that I wouldn't give them.

- First you poisoned my lover - I whispered, stretching my mouth in a threatening, chilling smile. - Then you attacked him and interrupted our time of punishment? You won't leave here alive, but how long it will take to do to you depends on what you say. - I didn't raise my voice, I didn't have to. With each of my words, the stranger swallowed saliva with difficulty, and his throat twitched uncontrollably. - Nod your head if you understand.

The boy did not twitch and I laughed, enjoying his rebellious behavior. I wanted to tear off his skin, cut off his tongue and feed it to Tankhun's fish, but that would be too easy. First I needed answers and I knew I would get one. I was a professional when it came to breaking people's souls. Pain was a wonderful tool for this, especially when others were unable to escape from it.

- As you wish - I muttered, then grabbed the cloth with which I tightly covered his face. Next to it lay a garden hose, which I moved to a veiled place where the man's mouth must have been, and tilting his head I started the water, which hit the choking burglar with a strong stream. I turned off the liquid, letting him catch a deeper breath, and repeated everything until the boy began to make loud noises, as if begging me to stop.

- Hmdhkd, djdljdl, hmdndhd - I heard, so I took the material off his face and repeated it.

- Nod your head if you understand.

The stranger immediately moved his face, and I pulled the gag off his mouth.

- Now we're going to talk like grown-up people - I assured him, and I knew that my tone of voice had changed, lowered, as if it had taken on darker colors.

- They'll kill me if I tell you anything - he whispered in response, barely breathing into his flooded lungs.

I laughed, knowing that the sound bounces off the walls and echoes back to us. *Silly boy, he thinks he'll come out of here alive?*

- I don't think we understood each other - I began, while grabbing two large nails. - You're not going to get out of here, never again. You can say goodbye to your miserable life right away, the only question is how long it will take for me to kill you. Be polite and tell me everything and I will have mercy on you, but – here I grabbed a hammer and put a nail to his tied hand – keep silent and

it will end in long suffering. As you prefer - saying this I hit the metal that pierced the skin of the metacarpus, going through whole body and stopping only on the wooden back of the chair.

A wild scream pierced the silence, spreading around. The boy tried to break out of the furniture, which held him, but the ties did not let go. Tears appeared on his face, running down his pale cheeks.

- So how will it be? - I asked, looking at it with a wide smile. - We share knowledge, or you will let me play first?"

- We share! Share! – assured the boy and before I even asked a question, he added. - The person who hired me is an Italian. Slim, short guy, one tooth in front has a golden one. They call him Lorenzo, but I don't know the surname!

- Don't stop.

- He... He planned this attack in a bar. The death of someone you and your cousin love, in exchange for the death of someone he loved. First he wanted to blow up the building, but then he changed his mind, you know, dying longer is more like revenge.

I raised my eyebrow, listening to the boy's words. *Who the hell is this whole Lorenzo?* I didn't know anyone like that, but I killed a lot of people from the Italian mafia in my whole life, maybe it was a family member.

- Who would have thought you would be so stupid to go to the bar after all these attacks, - he muttered, seeing that I was lost in my thoughts, but I heard everything.

- Are you saying my family is stupid? Kinn yes, but don't insult my lover. And you yourself are sitting in my cell, waiting for death. How dull you have to be to attack my man in my own home, no, in my own bedroom?

Another nail was driven, this time into an unharmed hand. The scream almost ripped off the eardrums in my ear, but I had no intention of gagging him, let him scream. Let him spend the rest of his life begging for help.

- You try to strangle my lover and interrupt our punishment fun, do you really think that WE are stupid? Want to see the idiot of the year? Look in the mirror.

I leaned over his pain-contorted face and smelled something very familiar.

- Did you peed yourself out of fear? – I moved away in disgust.

- End this, I beg you, you promised, and I said everything - the man said hoarsely.

- You see the problem is that I don't believe you, what if you're still hiding some information? – I asked rhetorically, grabbing the cables I had pinned to the nails. - I have to be sure.

The stranger looked at my movements in horror.

- I beg, I beg no, please, I'll do everything, I'll say everything, I'll take you to them, really give me a chance - he repeated, and despite his words, I kept bringing my hand closer to the switch.

- Who knows, maybe you'll like it - I muttered, then pressed the button.

The body trembled, electrocuted, and I watched as the man rattled, clenching his teeth tightly and shuddering in all directions. I turned off the machine and the boy's head fell on his chest as he tried to take a deeper breath.

- Then maybe let's start again, tell me a little more about this Italian who wants our death...

MACAU:

I woke up in Alcazio's room, surrounded by his strong arm. I looked at watch on the table, but the hour was still early, so I turned to his warm body and snuggled my face into warm, bare chest. A familiar smell filled my lungs and I felt a tingling sensation in the lower parts, so little was enough for me to desire him. I looked up cautiously, but Caz was still asleep, breathing calmly through his slightly ajar mouth. I licked my lips, remembering what those mouth could do, and blushed at my perverted thoughts. However, I was already filled with desire, and the pants from the pajama tightened through the semi-stiff penis.

I very carefully kissed Alcazio's neck, where it connected to the shoulder, then gently ran my tongue over his chest and heard a quiet moan as I touched with the damp end of my tounge his perky nipple. The man's hand unconsciously moved lower until I felt his fingers on my buttocks. I stopped, raising my face and checking if Caz was really asleep, but there was no indication that I had woken him up.

I felt so naughty as I went down with kisses on his hips, then his thighs, and finally I came across a bulge in his boxer shorts. The face was burning with a blush, I was sure that the red had even passed to my chest, but we were finally together and the desire towards our partner is not a sin. So I swept the fabric gently with my nose, and Caz groaned, grabbing me by the back of my head. I didn't know if he woke up or not, but I had the impression that he was still asleep, so I carefully pulled underwear off him and swallowed loudly saliva, seeing hard and proud evidence of his thirst.

I wasn't sure if Alcazio would like what I was doing, but I felt extremely brave today and didn't I think I could blush more, so I leaned over and slowly ran my tongue along the entire length of his dick. I heard a sigh and Caz's fingers clenched on the sensitive hair

on my nape. I kissed his little head, and feeling it twitch on my lips, I very carefully put it in my mouth, sucking on the very tip.

- Aaah - Caz groaned, but said nothing, and I was no longer interested in whether he woke up or not.

His taste made me feel inside everything tightening with desire. I ran my mouth over his penis, unable to put him all in, and began to suck, stroking the balls in a similar rhythm.

- Mmmm - purred Caz, then sighed my name, and I felt the quilt hover over my head. - Do not stop.

The pleading in his voice led me almost to orgasm, so I focused more on pleasing him and began to circulate my tongue in sensitive places.

- How good - he repeated, tensing up and pushing gently deeper into my throat.

I choked, but I didn't stop. I had a mission, I had to bring him to orgasm and nothing could stop me now. Caz's hand on my hair was lifting my head carefully, then it was pushing it closer to his hips, and I could only feel the sensitive skin on my neck trembling from the touch of his fingers.

- Yes, tiger, right here - Alcazio growled, and suddenly he pressed me harder against him, and I felt his penis twitch in my mouth, then a warm liquid flowed down my throat as he began to cum.

I couldn't breathe, so I started swallowing everything, and Caz pushed me a few more times and only let me out when he made sure the twitching stopped.

I swallowed saliva hardly, pulling his pleasing masculinity out of my mouth, and groaned in frustration as Caz's knee brushed against my swollen manhood. Strong hands clenched on my figure hidden under the covers, and I was already lying on my stomach, feeling the cool air on my bare back.

- You're brave, tiger - he whispered and bit me just above the shoulder blade.

I trembled, unable to restrain myself any longer, and lifted my bottom, rubbing it against his crotch. Alcazio hissed and I echoed him. I felt my pants being take off of my hips and I trembled impatiently.

- Caz, hurry up - I asked, and he kissed me on the cheek, moving his hand over my thighs.

I didn't even notice when he managed to pull the gel out of the cabinet, only when a cool finger touched my entrance, I hissed, and he slowly put it inside, stretching me. I clenched my hands on the mattress, unable to restrain myself from snorting.

- Please, now, come into me now - I begged, but Caz prepared me carefully, driving me completely crazy.

I didn't know what to do. I moved my hips, feeling the precum flowing down, soiling the sheets, but I needed something more to get to the end. I didn't know how long I had had Alcazio's fingers irritating my prostate, but suddenly the man pulled them out and I felt something bigger at the entrance. I sighed in relief as the head of his penis slowly began to enter me, stretching me even harder. I sighed, allowing the muscles to relax, and as soon as I felt pressure on my sensitive point, I moaned, pushing harder on his masculinity.

- Finally - I muttered, barely catching my breath, and he laughed and began to move slowly, going deep inside me.

I felt his thighs hitting my body, but I couldn't stop whispering his name, feeling his big dick rub against my prostate. I was so close to fulfillment and he pressed me harder into the mattress until I were out of breath.

- Harder - I exhaled and heard a curse, then a strong grip by the neck before the stars flickered before my eyes.

I couldn't stop cumming. Every move, every push drove me crazy, and I started moving harder, feeling my stomach getting dirty from the sperm flowing out all the time.

- Damn it, Macau! – I heard before I felt the warmth inside.

Alcazio's dick twitched inside me, and he made the last, calmer movements before he pulled out of me completely. I didn't even have the strength to lie on my back and only he carefully moved me, kissing me sweetly on the lips.

- You can wake me up like that every day - he said, throwing me a sly smile, and I just waved my hand, not even having the strength to respond.

The man stood up, tensing his muscles with every movement, and I couldn't take my eyes off his naked, perfect body. I sighed and he took me in his arms and headed towards the bathroom, where he put me in the bathtub. I felt his body slip behind my back and I immediately snuggled into his chest with relief, feeling the water slowly begin to surround us.

Alcazio stroked my hair, brushed my cheek, kissed my still hot skin, and I only sighed, letting him do everything.

- What do you want? I'll prepare breakfast for us - he said, massaging my hips.

- Whatever you do will be delicious, as long as there is a lot of it, I'm starving to death - I admitted.

- I'll come up with something to satisfy you - the thirsty tones in his voice woke me up right away.

I turned around and, seeing his peculiar lewd smile, hit him gently on the shoulder.

- I'm serious, pervert – I wanted to give the voice a sharp tone,

but feeling his working hands on me, I couldn't. - Caz, I have to eat something or I will faint - I warned, sitting on my knees in front of him, and he carefully extended my legs, before I felt his fingers inside.

I groaned, sticking my nails into the skin on his shoulders, but he moved them efficiently, helping me cleanse myself. He brought his lips to mine, allowing me to play with his lower lip, but just when I wanted to forget about the food and pounce on him, he got up, picking me with him.

- First the food - he said, and I felt disappointment, but when my stomach rumbled loudly, I hid my embarrassed head in his arms.

- Good idea - I muttered and let him dress me before we left for the kitchen.

PETE:

I grabbed the first aid kit in the bathroom and opened the bruise cream in it. The burglar's hand left a mark on my throat and I didn't like that someone else had marked my body. Only Vegas could leave such things on my skin. Dissatisfied, I put on a turtleneck so I wouldn't have to look at those damned bruises and walked out, moving on to Venice's room. I knew Vegas was taking care of our uninvited guest and I had no intention of disturbing him. I hoped that he would be able to extract as much information as was needed to find the man responsible for these recent events. All in all, I was glad that the guy made such a stupid mistake, but I preferred him not to touch my body in the process. Fortunately, at night, Vegas decontaminated those marks with his body.

I walked inside, watching the nanny chase after the fledgling boy, who, as soon as he saw me, immediately rushed towards me with a laugh.

- Hey sweetheart, where are you going - I grabbed him in my arms, lifting up, and he slammed me in the nose with joy. - Tough love, huh? Just like Vegas.

- The little one is very energetic today, sir - Jenna admitted, and I kissed Venice on the forehead, looking at him happily.

- Is that true? Do you have so much energy? Maybe we can play in the garden?

- Great idea, sir, I will prepare a blanket and toys.

- Wonderful, I will feed him and we will meet downstairs, in the garden - we waved goodbye to Jenna and went to the kitchen.

Venice spoke incomprehensible words to me, as if he was telling a story, and I nodded, pretending that everything was clear to me.

- I agree with you one hundred percent - I said, which encouraged him to continue babbling.

We walked down the stairs cautiously, when we encountered Pok,

who leaned over in greeting, and before I could stop Venice, the boy grabbed the man by the hair, laughing to the hilt.

- Be careful - I warned, trying to persuade the little one to let go. - Venice, honey, you can't pull others hair like that. Let go of Pok, okay? After all, you like him.

The boy looked at me for a moment and I had the impression that he was reflecting on my words, then he looked at his clenched hands and suddenly let go, leaving the security guard alone. Then he said a few strange words and snuggled into my neck, and I had the impression that everything in me was melting. *What a charming boy!*

We walked into the kitchen where Macau and Alcazio were eating breakfast and I frowned to see how close they were sitting together. I had the impression that they were about to sit on each other. *Annoying*. So I walked up to them with a warm smile and squeezed Venice between them. As he saw Caz, kid made wide eyes and immediately hooked into him like a leech.

- Seriously - Macau murmured, and I showed him my tongue before I opened the fridge.

I was unhurriedly preparing food for myself and the little one when someone approached me and I felt the material around my neck move away, showing bruises.

- What is it, Phi? - Macau asked in fear, as he knew that his brother would never leave such dangerous traces. Vegas often marked my neck but those looked differently, far more violent, as if someone wanted to kill, rather than to mark.

- Well - I muttered, looking for an excuse, but when I saw the boy's worried look, I decided to tell him the truth. - We had little problems yesterday.

I told them the whole situation, and Alcazio, ignoring the child's constant pats on the face, rose from his sit with furrowed eyebrows.

- It could have ended tragically - he murmured, and I saw him move to Macau as if to instinctively defend him.

- You could have died - the boy added, and I sighed, understanding their reaction, but not wanting them to dwell on the whole thing.

- Vegas saved me right away - I reminded them - and if it hadn't been for the fact that he had hit me in the head by surprise at first, I would have dealt with it myself.

- Now he's probably the one who regrets agreeing to the idea at all - Caz muttered, recalling the last time he saw Vegas deal with people attacking his family.

I shrugged my shoulders because the guy was an adult when he agreed to attack me and whether he wanted it or not, he had to

take responsibility for his decision. Even if this responsibility meant meeting the devil.

We sat down at the table, and I watched as Macau, who was now holding Venice, leaned over him, and Alcazio tried to feed little kid. The three of them looked like one happy family, and I felt sudden irritation.

- You two look good with a baby - I said, and they both immediately looked up at me. – Maybe it's time to get one?

Macau laughed strangely, hiding his blush, and Alcazio looked like someone who wondered deeply.

- Well - he began, but then I saw Macau hit him lightly on the back of the head.

- Phi, why are you doing this to us - the boy groaned. - The more time you spend with Vegas, the more you act like him!

I laughed and they went back to feeding Venice. What a nice way to start a day.

Chapter 24: Accept Your Punishment, It Is Only The Beginning

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

I invite all to Phoenix's Lair - Gang Introduction! ❤❤❤

A little bit more Venice here, cause why not. :D Surprise at the end

PETE:

The three of us sat in the garden on a blanket, me, Venice and the nanny. I put the boy between my legs, and he, holding on to one of them, looked in disbelief at the toys in front of his cute face. Venice grabbed them every now and then, tried to put some in his mouth, but then one of us always reacted. I stroked his head gently, watching him throw the toy far apart, and wondered when Vegas would return from the basement.

- Maybe we'll read something to you, honey? - Jenna asked in a sweet voice, pulling one of Venice's favorite books out of the prepared basket.

I was sure that the boy did not understand what was being told to him, but he always sat looking at the reader and absorbing his every word. I smiled at Jenny, who stretched out her hands to the baby, and he slowly moved towards her until she could reach him without bending, and I leaned my face back, feeling the hair move from the gentle wind.

Jenna had been in our family since we brought Venice from the hospital. Both Vegas and I checked her entire story carefully and had to admit that the woman was clean. She was about thirty years old, slim, with long, light brown hair and blue eyes. Thai blood mixed with French circulated in her veins. From the day we met, I

watched her for a long time and did not leave her alone with the child, in the end I had to be sure that she would not hurt him, but she quickly convinced us to herself. Even Vegas, who hates women, much less can't stand them around me, had to admit that choosing Jenny as a nanny was a good idea. In addition, I had the impression that Nop, who helps a lot with a small one, does it not to take some work from ours shoulders, but more to spend time with her. I was happy for him because I knew he was a good guy and he deserved to be happy.

Jenna never did anything that would raise our doubts. She always addressed us with respect, and although I could see that Vegas scared her most of the time, there was no fascination in it, she wasn't interested in me either. So I could calmly entrust her with the safety of the child. Now I watched the little one snuggle into her arms as she read his favorite fairy tale, Beauty and the Beast. Once, when I was passing by the nursery, I heard Nop say that Venice likes this book the most, because it describes me and Vegas and I wanted to laugh out loud, but I quickly moved on, not wanting to eavesdrop on any more. Maybe there was something to it, because as soon as the child was shown pictures from the book, he looked at the characters and I had the impression that he wanted to call them dads. *Crazy kid.*

- Sir, is our visit to the doctor still valid? - Jenny's voice pulled me out of my thoughts.

I forgot about the Venice check-ups. However, I nodded, because it was a priority, we had to be sure that he was developing correctly.

- Yes, when did we make an appointment?

- Today, after three o'clock, sir.

I looked at the watch I had received as a gift from Vegas and noticed that it was time to gather, we still had to change the little one. I got up, helping her too, and took the boy in my arms, who immediately snuggled into my neck. Moments later, I felt his teeth on it. I hissed and Venice laughed, patting my shoulder. I don't know how he managed to find a place that golf didn't cover, but I saw more and more Vegas in him. I enjoyed it, although he could take over from my man the less aggressive parts of his personality. *Well, we don't always get what we want.*

***

We went to the hospital with Nop, who was driving, and Alcazio, who was sitting in the passenger seat. Me and Jenna were located in the back, between us Venice. I left the information about our visit on Vegas' desk, sent him a message, and asked Macau to warn him because he still hadn't finished his tortures, and I preferred not to

disturb him while he was busy. The man agreed, but told me to take Caz with me, who ran straight to the room, taking wallet and weapon, I thought.

- I'll feel safer when he goes with you - Macau asked, and I nodded.

I didn't mind taking another passenger, and Alcazio, no matter how he tried not to hurt me during our little fight, was a well-trained specialist. I kissed Macau on the forehead and we were already going to the city for a private visit. Normally, I would invite a doctor to my home, but he only took patients in his place, and because he was excellent and recommended, although expensive, I preferred to do as he says, so that only Venice would have the best.

- On a one in ten scale, what will Vegas do, while haering that we went outside? – I heard from Alcazio and saw Nop swallow his saliva loudly.

- One hundred - I admitted, but before we left I checked the calendar and it was the only possible date that we had already set a few months ago. It is not easy to get to this doctor, even for mafia family. - Therefore, let us pray that he will not finish before we return.

I added jokingly, but I saw that all three of them were quietly starting to pray for a bit of luck in this matter. Jenna even folded her hands together, which was immediately repeated by Venice. I wanted to laugh out loud, but I kept it inside, hiding a smile in my hands.

- The only thing that will suffer here, when Vegas finds out about it, is my ass.

Jenna began to cough, hiding a blush on her face, and Alcazio and Nop burst into thunderous laughter. In such an atmosphere we reached a large, white-painted house. We calmly got out, with ten more minutes left and headed to the door, me with Venice, the rest behind me. The door was opened by the housekeeper, immediately directing us towards the office. I went in with only me and the little one, leaving the three in the waiting room. An older, slim man with gray hair and large glasses on his nose looked at us with a smile.

- Come, come, guys - he said, pointing with hand at the chair, and I sit down, allowing Venice to calmly look around the interior of the room.

***

An hour later we left the office, and I happily got into the car. Fortunately, Venice was healthy and developing properly. The doctor admitted that he had not seen such an intelligent child for a long time, and I proudly pushed my chest, well he was my son, I was in haven hearing this. We drove onto the main road when I

remembered that it would be useful to drive up to the store, many Of Venice's clothes were already too small for him, and ordering online didn't always end well.

- Nop, turn right, we'll go to the supermarket - I asked, and Alcazio turned to me with a questioning expression. - Now that we're out, let's take advantage of it.

Our trip was not planned, so I did not think that we would be attacked. Alcazio frowned, but nodded, and Jenna, entertaining the child, asked what I needed.

- We're going to buy Venice some clothes - I replied, and she seemed happy as she had been asking for an interest in this subject lately.

- Great idea, sir - she assured, and I quickly pulled out my phone, writing to Vegas about our plans.

We stopped in front of a huge building, filled with various shops, from groceries to those with clothes. I held Venice in my arms and saw the women looking at him with smiles, but he looked first at me, then at them, until he wrinkled his nose and hugged my head as if to hide it from the others.

- Honey, I can't see anything - I muttered, but Venice didn't step back.

I felt Alcazio's fingers on my shoulder and I knew that the man was helping me to pass between people without a collision.

- Venice is more possessive than Vegas - I heard and smiled broadly, my head still wrapped by a small body.

- Apparently it's family thing, good luck to you with Macau, he is the same.

- I hope so - Alcazio chuckled - I love it when he's possessive.

We got to the store and I asked Jenna to show me the clothes I had chosen as my hands were still busy with Venice. I looked at them all, chosing favorite ones and soon Nop had a large amount on his hands, but I couldn't help but keep buying. We also showed Venice some of the things, and he frowned at some of them, which of course we put off.

We got to the alley, where there were special clothes, like the uniform of a small sailor or the costume of a cook, and I knew that my eyes almost came out of orbit. I imagined dressing Venice in all these cute things and started taking one by one, this time filling Alcazio's hands.

- Maybe just buy the whole store - he muttered in response, but I only showed him my tongue and went back to choosing.

Venice slowly began to fall asleep, so I let Jenna take over him and went to the men's department myself, thinking right away about choosing something for myself and Vegas. Nop disappeared

for a moment, firstly paying for everything and then taking things to the car to make it easier for us, and Alcazio, as I was looking, wandered among the clothes for men just as me.

I couldn't find anything interesting and then I saw a burgundy velour suit in front of me and I immediately imagined myself in it. I bit my lip, wondering whether to take a chance and buy it, but I found that I had not been pampering myself for a long time now, so I grabbed it and went to the fitting room. Right next to it I noticed a jewelry stand, and chokers on it. One, filled with diamonds, caught my attention, and before I thought about it, I grabbed it, taking it with me. The outfit fit me perfectly, wrapping everything that should be tight, making me look sexy and desirable. The buttons on the vest were sewn low, so I knew that if I dressed it on my naked body, my chest would perfectly reveal enough to tempt, but not offend anyone. I really liked how I looked in it. I took off my T-shirt and, following my thoughts, put on vest and then a jacket, feeling the material caress my skin. I reached for the choker and suddenly I couldn't take my eyes off myself. Burgundy played perfectly with my bright tones, and the flash of diamonds around my neck gave me a luxurious, tempting look.

I was looking at my reflection in the mirror and suddenly imagined what it would be like if Vegas saw me in that outfit. What would he do? Would he like it?

- Would you like me like that, Vegas? - I asked myself quietly.

- Sweet Lord, yes - I heard at the back, and only then did I notice that the man I was thinking of was right behind me, leaning nonchalantly against the wall, piercing me with his dangerous eyes.

He was wearing a translucent black shirt that flashed into the lights as if it were showered with glitter. In addition, black pants, which clearly highlighted themselves in one place. I swallowed my saliva and he broke away from the wall and lazily walked over to me, standing right behind me. I could feel his hot, even stinging breath on my sensitive neck as his eyes devoured every scrap of my body.

- You're so... - Vegas began, raising his hand and gently running his thumb over where my skin and vest were connecting. I felt sharp teeth on my neck and couldn't stop the loud moan, while still knowing that the people next to our fitting room must have heard me. I panicked and Vegas sucked the place where he marked me.

- Vegas, the others - I whispered, trying to stop his hands wandering around my body, but he only slipped one of them under the cloth, hooking on my hardened nipple.

I hissed, leaning firmly on his body, and I knew that the penis digging into my bottom was rock-hard. It was so bad, so sinful.

After all, anyone could hear us, find us, but Vegas rubbed against me, and I couldn't help but purr, with every little movement of him.

- We have to be very quiet - he ordered, then ran his tongue over my skin around my neck, where the choker lay.

- Yes sir - I just whispered and clenched my mouth, trying not to make any sound, but naughty fingers massaged my chest, playing with a sensitive nipple.

He pulled it, twisted, then massaged again, and I gasped, grabbing Vegas' hips with my hands and pushing harder on his hidden in pants cock.

- No one can see you in that garment, do you understand? - he growled, leaving traces of his hungry lips wherever he could.

Vegas slipped his hand into my hair and I felt him pull it, accentuating the lines of my neck. He sucked hardly on sensitive skin, bit it, behaving like a wild animal, and I opened my mouth trying to catch some breath. I stuck my tongue out, gasping and looking in the mirror at all the naughty things he was doing to me and I was so close to reaching orgasm. I could feel my throbbing cock pushing on the front of my pants, and I knew I had already soiled material a little bit by leaking, but if only Vegas had slid them down and slipped inside me, we would have reach paradise.

Instead, he stepped back gently and unzipped his zipper, then grabbed my hand, putting it on his dick, and began to rub, showing me how I should move to please him. Watching Vegas' arrogant, controlling eyes as my hand surrounded his swollen cock was so sexy, so dangerous, that it brought me to the edge. I wanted to face him, fall to my knees and feel him all in my thirsty mouth, but he did not allow me to move even for an inch, only my hand could work.

Vegas' fingers clenched on my larynx, sticking a choker into my irritated neck, and I dreamed that he would tighten it more, deprive me of air for a short while, but he did not. So I watched him come, when quickly he covered the tip of his head with my hand. Vegas growled my name, when he saw his sperm running down my fingers and I was glad knowing that my turn was about to come, and it was already so uncomfortable down there, so bad for me without him inside, but he just fastened the zipper and pulled out a handkerchief from his pocket, with which he wiped my hand. He was in no hurry, he even looked relaxed, and I was suffering.

- Vegas! - This time I turned to face him, thirsty of his touch, but he only kissed me gently on the lips.

- This is the beginning of your punishment - he said, and I widened my eyes in disbelief.

- Wait, huh? – I wanted to pull his body to mine, rub against it,

ride it, but he did not allow it.

- You can't cum now, neither by me nor by yourself - he added, raising one of his eyebrows. - I want you to politely get out of here and let me take you home, but honey, be sure I will not let you reach orgasm today.

I couldn't believe it, that's how he wanted to torture me? I looked at big bulge on my pants and all I wanted to do was get down on my knees and beg him to touch me there, but Vegas was unmoved. I leaned against the cool glass and closed my eyes, trying to calm my frayed nerves.

- How do I get back in this state, after all, the rest will find out! – I hissed, because cock was pulsating, unsatisfied.

- They've already went home, I told them to leave us here - he replied, and I felt him gently stroke my cheek. - I'm sorry honey, but there has to be some punishment.

I almost cried there, looking at him with vitrified eyes.

- Vegas, I beg you - I whispered, and he closed his eyes, taking a calming breath.

- Dress up, but don't you dare cum, Pete. Do not strain my patience.

Then he left and I knew he did it because he had to. If he had stayed with me for a while longer, he would have given up, so he ran away. *Damn coward. To hell with you and your stupid punishments, what is it supposed to be anyway?!* Despite the objections in my head, I took off my clothes, paying attention primarily to my pants, and put on what I came in, although I could hardly move. I was all red on my face when I left because I knew people were going to stare at me. I was ashamed of my excitement, but there was no one around, only Vegas, who took my clothes, grabbed my hand and threw "you look wonderful in this choker", while taking me to the exit.

- We have to pay! - I warned, but he shook his head.

- I've already taken care of it.

I stopped right in front of the doorstep, not wanting to show myself like that to people, but Vegas turned to me and right away understood what I was afraid of.

- I kicked everyone out as soon as I saw you heading for the changing room. I wouldn't let anyone look at you in that state. – saying this, he ran his other hand over my bulge and I hissed when my penis twitched.

- Bastard! - I shouted, but Vegas smiled at me and pulled me to the car.

- And you love me anyway - I rolled my eyes, hearing this, and got inside, feeling the pulsation below. *Damn bastard!*

ALCAZIO:

I went home with Jenna, Nop and Venice. I let the woman sit in the front because I could see how much Nop cared about it, so while they were flirting, I was playing with the child, wanting to make the trip more enjoyable. The boy was tired already, after having such busy day, so he started to whimper, but I quickly came up with a fairy tale that I told and he listened like enchanted.

We finally got out of the car, Jenna took the little one, and Nop grabbed all the groceries as we went inside. Macau was sitting in a main room, playing a game. I didn't want to tear him off, so I just bent over and he pulled out a cheek towards me, which I kissed.

- You were gone for a long time - he said, still staring at the screen.

- We went shopping too - I pulled off the leather jacket I was wearing and sat next to him, watching how he was doing in the game.

- Did you buy me something? – he asked, smiling sweetly, and I felt my heart melting inside.

- Yes - he looked at me and at the same time was shot by an enemy.

- Damn! – he shouted, then turned everything off, put down the pad and looked at me. - You didn't have to buy me anything.

- But I wanted to - I grabbed his chin, pulling him gently towards me.

We kissed slowly, unhurriedly. I brushed his swollen lips, and he groaned, approaching me until he sat on my lap.

- What did you buy me? – he asked quietly, when we broke away from each other. Macau put his head on my chest, and I played with strands of his hair.

- I don't know if you'll like it - I suddenly felt like I was blushing, and he was watching my reaction curiously.

-I will definitely like it - he assured, so I pulled a plastic bag towards him.

He opened it, smiling sweetly at me, and took out an orange sweatshirt with a big "already taken" inscription on the back. He laughed out loud, and then pulled out the same, but larger sweatshirt, in black color.

- One for you, the other for me - I muttered, feeling like an idiot. *Maybe it was stupid idea.*

- I love it - he replied. - And orange is my favorite color.

Saying this, he put it on himself right away, then forced me to put on mine, and we sat so snuggled up in each other, quietly talking. It took a while for the main door to open and Pete burst in, furious as a storm. He was followed calmly by Vegas, who was

smiling arrogantly.

- Phi Pete, look at my gift! - shouted Macau, proudly showing the clothes he had received from me.

- You look great, at least one relationship in this house is thriving - he muttered, and I knew Macau was refraining from bursting out laughing.

- Shopping did not satisfy you? - I asked, smiling slyly, and Pete looked at me with murder in his eyes.

- One more word, and I'll go for a shovel! – he just growled and ran up the stairs, then we heard the door slam.

- Phi, what did you do to Pete?

- Let's say I didn't please him the way he wanted - Vegas muttered and then followed his man.

- These two scare me - I whispered watching his back disappear, and Macau snuggled up to me, sighing.

- I wish you good luck with me then, I'm like a combination of the two.

I laughed, although there was a lot of truth in his words, but it did not bother me, in the end I was completely in love.

~*~

Pete wore those clothes in fitting room:

Vegas had this on himself:

THERE ARE SO SEXY HERE, I NEEDED TO INCLUDE THIS IN STORY!!! SO FREAKING HOT 🔥🔥🔥

Chapter 25: You, Me and My Crazy Family

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

Hi guys, I'm back! I still feel kinda weak but I just couldn't stop myself from writing. Sorry if chapter is mediocre, I'm still healing from this damn virus. :(I missed you all and I missed writing so much!

PETE:

I slammed the door, still feeling furious at what Vegas had done to me. I was frustrated and just wanted him to throw me on the bed and finish what we started, but I knew he wouldn't. Penalties are something Vegas never refused, especially when it came to me. In this case, of course, he had every right, after all, it was me who screwed up, but I had no intention of admitting it out loud. I promised myself never to listen to Porsche and his stupid ideas again, but now I had to focus on something completely different. How do I get Vegas to forgive me faster? I thought that because of the attack, he would completely forget about the whole thing, but no, it would be strange if the big and terrible Vegas did not punish me for bad behavior. *Why didn't his punishments focus on me coming too many times?*

Frustrated, I walked from corner to corner, cursing him inside and explaining his behavior at the same time as I heard the bedroom door open and saw his contented, arrogant smile. My hands scabies and rushed to hit him, but I stopped myself. *Not now, Pete.* All I noticed was as Vegas put the clothes he bought for me on the sofa and came closer. I watched his every move closely, and we both finally knew the fun wasn't over yet.

I saw his hands floating and felt their touch on my nape, they were unfastening the choker still enveloping my neck.

- You look beautiful in it, but I have something better for you - he muttered, and I clenched my fingers into fists, knowing that any attempt to stop it would be in vain.

- Do we really have to do this? - I asked again and again, and Vegas stroked my cheek, kissing it gently.

- You won't learn otherwise – I wanted to snort at those words, but it could hurt my cause.

I stifled the protest and felt something heavy fasten around my neck. I looked back and knew that the collar Vegas had put on me was with a chain which is now attached to the bed. I swallowed my saliva, imagining all the things we could do with it, when my lover pushed me gently until I fell on the sheets. Then he reduced the length, and I already knew that I could only move freely up to half of our bed. *What was this bastard planning?*

Vegas at that time pulled a black box out of the closet, putting it on the mattress. He unhurriedly opened it, taking the belt from inside, with which he immobilized my hands behind my back.

- Vegas? - I wanted to get his attention, but he checked to see if he fastened everything tightly enough, and then he reached into the box again.

I ran my tongue over the lower, now nerve-dried, lip and watched as Vegas put the box on the ground, sliding onto the bed. Soon after, the cool air enveloped my bare buttocks, and I crouched helplessly in front of him with a hard, pulsating dick.

- This is going to be fun - Vegas assured me, and then I saw his tongue wrap around a pink anal plug that had something like a cat's tail at the end.

- What the fuck? - I looked in disbelief at the object Vegas was holding in front of his face.

The man smiled slyly and then leaned towards me, whispering in my ear.

- I always thought you would look great in it - he slipped the toy inside me, and I gasped, feeling it fill me up. - You always have such a wonderful pink blush when we make love.

Vegas was playing with my ear, biting sensitive skin, licking and sucking it again, and I was moaning, feeling my fingers tied behind me brush tail which was now sticking out.

- Pervert - I muttered, trying to calm my breath, and then Vegas slipped something on my head, and I was sure he had just put cat ears on me.

The man's laughter spread throughout the room, and I knew I was getting redder and red on my face. However, I was not able to complain for too long, finally I was on the verge of orgasm again.

- Now meow for me - Vegas ordered before taking over my

mouth.

He aggressively dug inside, taking control of me with his imperious tongue. I didn't even have a moment to breath properly, all I could feel was licking, sucking, biting and telling me to give up, and I, dear God, gave up right away. The taste of Vegas mixed with mine, and I no longer knew where his predatory lips ended and mine began, thirsty for more contact. I moaned, purred, meowed, and begged him to bring his body closer to mine, stroke me, touch me. But he stepped back and stood on the mattress until his crotch was on the same line as my face. He stroked my cheek, watching me swallow my saliva with difficulty, my eyes fixed on his swollen perineum.

- Are you hungry, kitten? – he asked, and I wanted to roll my eyes and laugh out loud, but the bulge I saw in front tempted me.

- Yes - I whispered, and he frowned.

- Yes, what?

- What, what? – I looked up and saw that he was waiting for something more.

I had a great, overwhelming desire to lean back and slam him into his dick with all my strength. *A bastard, a dirty bastard plays with me as he pleases, but okay, so be it.*

- Yes, master - I said, giving him a disgruntled look.

- Good kitten - Vegas muttered at it, and I could see that he truly liked my words.

Let hell consume you, you and your damn dick! As soon as I finally get to cum, I'll cut it off and make hot dogs out of it. But I didn't say it out loud, instead I leaned forward, feeling the collar tightening around my neck, and grabbed the zipper with my teeth, opening it efficiently. I brushed my nose at the bulge behind the briefs, snorting a musky scent mixed with the perfume Vegas normally uses. I felt a dryness in my throat as he cursed, feeling my face beside him.

- Sir, meow, I'm so hungry, meow - I whispered, playing the role he had imposed on me, and he quickly unfastened the button of his pants, pulling them down with his underwear to his ankles.

Thick, tough cock fell on my face still hugged to his hips, so I kissed it gently right at the base. I looked up at Vegas, catching his gaze to mine before I stretched out my tongue and carefully licked the head twitching next to me. The man hissed loudly, but he did not close his eyes, still staring at my every move. For the first few minutes, I played with him, licking him gently, kissing, biting the sensitive skin at thighs, and Vegas couldn't stop moaning, massaging the skin on my neck.

- Take it in your mouth - he said in a harsh voice as I ran my

tongue over its entire length again, and I purred, and as he asked, slipped its entire length inwards.

I relaxed my throat, feeling it filling my mouth , and swallowed my saliva carefully, knowing that the muscles would tighten on his hard penis. Vegas growled before he stepped out and pushed my lips, sensitive to his every move, again. I did not know how much I would feel this position, but having his dick in me, knowing that he was fucking me according to his rhythm, feeling him pulling the sensitive hair on his neck, I had the impression that I would cum in a short time. The plug filled me, making me want to move my hips to the rhythm in which Vegas fucked my mouth, and it would only be enough for me to brush my cock, rub it even once, and be fulfilled.

- Kitty, you're doing it so well - Vegas whispered, then I saw wild flames in his eyes. - You'll get a reward for it.

Before I could think about his words, something inside me began to vibrate strongly, pressing on my touch-thirsty prostate. With my mouth full, I couldn't scream, and it cost me a lot to refrain from biting Vegas as I came by jerking my hips hard. I didn't know his toy would vibrate either, but it pressed on my sensitive spot, constantly and rubbed it until I felt like I was going crazy.

I could feel my sperm running down hips and my stomach twitching from a prolonged orgasm, but I couldn't stop coming when the damned device was still pushing against my sweet place. I choked another moan when I felt it stiffen and Vegas smiled even wider, and then I saw the pilot in his hand.

- Let's try more strength - he said, still fucking my lips, and I couldn't shout "NO!" because he pressed something immediately after those words and I saw white spots in front of my eyes.

Vegas was coming tight in my mouth, and I was shaking, trying to pull my hands out of the strap that held them. I swallowed everything he had poured into me and cried, feeling pain in my jaw, which had been working all this time. Tears rolled down my cheeks, but I couldn't stop them, feeling strong vibrations pushing against my spot. I had recently reached fulfillment, but I was in the highlands again and the orgasm went on and on forever until I felt like my heart wouldn't last any longer and I was going to have a heart attack. I was in heaven and hell at the same time and it scared me.

- Bas... - I whispered, again feeling stronger vibrations at the bottom - bastard, bastard, bastard, bastard!

I kept repeating, sobbing, and when Vegas heard my words, he quickly turned off the toy and I fell to my knees, trembling all over the bed.

- Pete? - the uncertainty came in his voice, but I couldn't stop crying.

Vegas quickly unfastened my hands, then my neck, and I fell on top of him, snuggling tightly into his body. The plug was still inside, so I quickly grabbed it, throwing it away from my body. It was all too intense, too incapacitating, and too robotic, and I was sobbing, feeling Vegas' strong arms, as he was whispering comforting words, reassuring me it is fine now.

- Honey, what's going on? – he whispered after a good half hour, when I finally managed to control my nerves.

- I don't want it like this - I muttered, brushing his shoulder with my mouth. - Punish me how you want, but not like that. I don't want to orgasm because of any devices!

I felt Vegas' gentle touch on my forehead, and when I lifted my reddened eyes, he kissed my tired eyelids.

- I'm sorry, I exaggerated my reaction - I muttered, but strong fingers clenched on my chin, lifting it.

- Never say that again - Vegas ordered. - I'm the one who should apologize, I felt too much into all this punishment thing.

I laughed in a hoarse voice, snuggling into his warm neck.

- The punishment was wonderful, I just don't want to pursue it that way. Was it so insensitive? I don't even know how to describe it - I said, and Vegas took me in his arms to the bathroom, putting me in front of him in the bathtub.

Warm water washed our bodies, taking away the stress of the last days. Relaxed, I stroked Vegas' hip and he slowly soaped my chest. When he touched the bruise that appeared after the stranger's attack, I remembered his interrogation in the basement.

- Did you learn anything from man who attacked me?

- Yes and no - Vegas murmured. - He didn't know much, but I gathered some information about his boss.

- And the boy? – I was spinning the circles on his skin with my fingers.

- Deceased.

- He didn't survive your interrogation.

- He didn't survive my anger after he attacked you.

I turned lazily, resting my hands on his chest. I sat on Vegas' hips and felt his pulsating masculinity under my bottom. I massaged those perfect, tense muscles, looking at him with a smile.

- You took a long time to get the information out of him - I noticed, and Vegas slipped his hands behind my back, filling them with my buttocks.

- Nah, he immediately told me everything he knew - the man's voice became cold, but I felt a shiver of desire as I saw his eyes

flicker. - But I had to punish him for what he did to you.

I didn't even notice when Vegas carefully slid into my still vulnerable hole, while at the same time biting and licking my skin around neck. I groaned as he filled me to the end and closed my eyes, feeling his warmth inside. That's what I dreamed of, that's what I wanted. Not toys, but him, deep within me, loving me completely.

- Vegas - I whispered, dragging my nails over his sexy back, and he groaned, lifting my body to slowly let it fall on his big penis.

We made love for a long time, without haste. The bathroom was filled with steam and our moans of delight, and I couldn't remember when our love making was just as perfect, just as wonderful as this one. I had the impression that Vegas and I had reached a new level in our relationship, something far beyond a simple couple, we were no longer connected only by body, but our souls also melted into one.

- I love you so much - I whispered, feeling for the hundredth time how he fills me with all of him. - I love more than anything, Vegas. You are all mine, only mine.

- Only yours, dear - he assured me and pushed a few more times, and then we came together, staring at each other. - You're all I need, Pete. Without you, I am gone, completely.

MACAU:

I was lying on the bed staring at my phone. Alcazio went downstairs to prepare something for us to eat, and my task was to choose a movie to see. For three days we tried to sit together like a normal couple and watch something, but it always ended with sex. Today I categorically demanded that we finally do what we had planned. I felt like our relationship looked too physical and I wanted to do more things that would bring us closer together. I was browsing websites on my phone recommending various titles when the sound of a text message caught my attention. Unknown number.

" Bro, this is Chay, you have to help me"

I looked at the message, not fully understanding why Porschay did not write to me from his phone. I felt anxious, so I quickly called his normal number, but no one answered, so I replied.

"I'll call it, we'll talk, just a second"

I got an answer right away.

"No, Macau, I have no way to pick me up, no one can hear me!"

I got up on my feet, terrified that my friend was in trouble.

"What's going on? Where are you??????"

For a few minutes it was quiet, only I walked like crazy from corner to corner, then a text message came.

"Behind the Yok bar, man, I seriously screwed up, you have to

help me, Porsche will kill me!"

Without waiting for anything else, I ran out of the room and then ran into Alcazio, who kept the prepared food on a tray.

- Caz! - I shouted, picking up the tray from him and putting it on the shelf. - We need to go!

Before he could stop me, I was already in the garage, jumping into the passenger seat.

- What's going on?! – he murmured, following me. – Where to go?

I was texting and he was waiting patiently for my response.

- Tiger, we are not going as I do not know where - despite these words, he fired up the engine and left in front of the house.

- Bar Yok, you know where it is, don't you? - I just whispered, writing to Chay that we were on our way.

Alcazio asked me to explain what was happening, but I was only focused on writing back to a friend who was terrified like never before.

- Faster Caz, faster - I begged, and he looked at me with his eyes wrinkled.

When we finally pulled up to the building, I jumped out of the car and ran towards the back entrance of the bar. I didn't know what awaited me there, but Porschay wouldn't have asked for help if he didn't need it . The three men looked around the alley as if they were trying to find someone. They raised their eyebrows in surprise when they saw me, and then one of them laughed triumphantly.

- Isn't this a Vegas puppy? - muttered the skinny guy holding a knife in his hand. - Now we have two! Selling them will make us rich.

But before he took a step towards me, something banged, and a hole appeared between his eyes, then the body fell to the ground, dead. Alcazio was standing beside me, his hand with gun stretched out in front of me, I could still see the smoke coming out of the barrel.

- Which one is next? – the man asked politely, and I felt pride, lazily spreading throughout my body.

Before the strangers answered him, more shots were fired, and only me and Caz and Chay, who had to hide somewhere, remained in the alley.

- Chay? - I said, running deeper. - Where are you?

I looked around like crazy, and Alcazio glanced only at the place and suddenly directed his steps to the big metal bin, lifting its flap. I heard sobbing, and then I saw that Caz was helping Porschay get out of there. The boy's face was red and swollen with tears. I hugged him tightly to myself, and he, with difficulty, began to

speak.

- Kim, Kim left me here! - He repeated, crying even louder, and I looked at Alcazio in disbelief, still holding a friend in my arms.

- Let's get out of here, you both need to calm down - he said, and we headed for the car.

I couldn't believe that Kim had left Porschay alone at the club, especially after the recent events, but my friend was in such shock that something must have happened. I knew that our movie night would not happen today, but I was glad, because seeing how Caz reacted to the whole situation only strengthened me in the belief that he is the one and only for me.

***

We were sitting in the kitchen, Chay after a long and hot shower finally came down to us in clothes I've lent to him. I put a cup of hot tea in his hands, and Alcazio heated the food he had prepared earlier. Vegas sat at the table, holding Venice in his hands, both yawning, apparently bored with the whole situation, and Pete walked from wall to wall, talking on the phone with an angry Porsche.

- Just come here, Chay doesn't want to go back to the main family, what can I do about it? - shouted a frustrated Pete and slammed the handset against the counter.

I shuddered because angry Pete was scary, but he took a deep breath trying to calm down and looked at us warmly.

- Now explain to me exactly what happened.

- Kim took me to the bar because I'd been asking him to do it for a few days - Chay began, crying. - And there in that bar, there was a guy, and he gave me a drink. I didn't want to be rude, so I agreed, and Kim started yelling at me that how could I take alcohol from strangers. - We all mentally agreed with Kim, but Chay continued. - Well, I told him that it was enough for him to tell me about it normally, he didn't have to scream! We argued, I told him to leave me and he did! – the boy threw out his last words with louder cry.

- Pathetic - Vegas muttered and everyone looked at him angrily, only Venice nodded head as if he agreed with his dad.

- I angrily went outside and then they showed up, I ran to the back of the building and I hid in the trash bin, but they were looking for me and they were saying horrible things that they were going to sell me and so on, and then I realized that I didn't take my phone, but when I was taking my jacket from the counter, there was this guy's phone next to it, who gave me a drink and I took his phone by accident. So I dialed Macau number and wrote asking for help and here I am.

I patted Porschay on the back, wanting to encourage him, but at

the same time I felt like slamming my friend and pouring some oil into his head.

- I have to admit - Vegas said, standing up from his chair, with Venice in his arms - this is the stupidest story I've had the displeasure of hearing lately, and believe me, I've heard really, really dumb things, like my cousin is the damn Tankhun!

Chay cried louder when he heard this, and Pete looked at my brother with a murderous eyes, even though I knew he was thinking similarly. I shook my head in disbelief when Porsche burst into the kitchen.

- I'm going to beat that bastard - he shouted, throwing himself at Chay and hugging him tightly.

Brothers stayed with us for a while, and then Porsche convinced the younger to return. I watched them leave and then I felt strong arms around me.

- Your family is... - Caz began, and I wanted to burst out laughing, because he was probably looking for a word that wouldn't offend me.

- Crazy?

- One of a kind.

We laughed and then went back to my bedroom. The movie could have waited, now I needed long hours filled with hugging. What an awful night.

Chapter 26: No More Peace in Our Home

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

Hi guys! I had sooooo much fun writing this chapter! Last days were hard for me, especially when it comes to my stories but I am truly, truly back right now. I am gonna focus on story for Wattys this week, as covid took a lot of my time and I have now only few days to publish it. I do not know if I will be able to make it on time but still I think you will love the story, so anyway, you will get it sooner than later!

BTW GUYS, NEXT CHAPTER GONNA BE FILLED WITH JEALOUSY, SOME OF YOU WILL BE VERY HAPPY HIHIHI

VEGAS:

I woke up before seven o'clock, snuggling into Pete's warm, sleeping body. I kissed him carefully on the shoulder, not wanting to wake him up, and smiled proudly, seeing on his neck hickeys and bites that had not yet healed. From the first day since Pete came back to me, I've always tried to make sure that at least one of the marks is on his body in a visible place. At first I hid my desires, not wanting him to understand what I was doing as he could just forbid me from making more, but one of the nights, when I knew that the next day we would have to meet the yakuza, I decided to refrain from marking his neck.

- Vegas! VEGAS! - Pete shouted, running out of the bathroom after showering.

I was just changing sheets so we could go to bed peacefully when I heard his voice. I turned around immediately, because he sounded dissatisfied.

- What is it?! – he stood in front of me, pointing to his neck.

I watched him carefully, wondering if I had bitten him under the

influence of emotion, but I saw only his delicate, fair skin. I ran over it with my fingers, and Pete trembled.

- I can't see anything - I muttered, and he snorted and looked at me with his widened eyes.

- Exactly! – he shouted, raising his hands up for a second.

I frowned and he looked at me with anticipation, this time weaving his fingers in front of him.

- And how are you going to fix this? - He added when I didn't answer.

- I don't understand - I admitted, and he snorted and made a turn, showing me his neck.

- There is no trace! – he growled. - Why is there nothing? From our first night together there are always marks, hickeys or bites there, and now suddenly nothing? You never let me walk without it and today what?!

I opened my mouth in surprise, not believing that Pete had known about my plan from the beginning. I wanted to answer him, to assure him that it was out of concern, but he took a step back and before I could say anything, he whispered.

- Oh my God, you don't want others to know that I'm just yours anymore?

- What?! – I grabbed him tightly by the shoulders, pulling him to myself before he withdrew more. – Are you kidding?! Of course I want to.

Adding nothing more, I ran my tongue over his clean, bath-scented neck and bit into it, and Pete groaned my name, sticking his fingers into my shoulders. I sucked the sensitive skin right next to his jaw, embracing this perfect body, and he purred, rubbing against me.

We didn't sleep for a moment that night, and at the yakuza meeting Pete dressed one of his black turtlenecks, which still couldn't cover all the marks I had left on him. Since then, there hasn't been a moment when his neck hasn't carried evidence of our love.

Now I was looking at the fresh signs from last night and, unable to help myself, I brushed one of them with my thumb, and Pete trembled, hugging his butt tighter into my hips.

- Vegas, pervert - he whispered, still asleep.

I smiled at his words and cautiously stood up, heading for the bathroom. I never thought that I would be able to meet someone in my life who would fill the emptiness I had in my heart so perfectly. I lived with the knowledge that no matter what I did, no matter how hard I tried to be good, I would be alone anyway, so why even try? And then Pete showed up and beat me easily. Now, if he had

left, I know I would have left with him. It's scary to know that your whole life depends on another person, but for someone who has never had anyone, it's a miracle. Now, when I look at my life, when I see the joy of Macau and Venice, when I hear Pete's love words, everything makes sense. There is no more darkness, there is only light, that someone is trying to take away from me now.

I left the bathroom and headed to the kitchen, wanting to prepare coffee and a light meal, today the housekeeper had free time, so the preparation of food fell on me. I learned to cook for Pete, and he encouraged me to experiment in the kitchen frequently. Once he even helped me with one dish, but we ended up with a few burnt pots and sex on every countertop in the room, since then Pete decided not to get involved in my new hobby. But he ate everything I had prepared with happiness, and I was proud to see him marvel at what I gave him.

- Good morning, sir - Jenna came out of Venice's room, smiling politely at me.

I replied with the same answer, but seeing that the woman was carrying an empty plate in her hand, probably after breakfast, I took it from her, as I was heading to the kitchen myself.

- Thank you, sir - she replied, before returning to the child's bedroom.

Whistling quietly, I walked down the stairs to the living room and noticed a few bags there, but I ignored them and immediately entered the kitchen.

- Hi - I heard and looked away from the stove to the table where Porsche and his brother were sitting.

I stopped, surprised, looking around the room. Maybe by accident I magically appeared in my cousin's house, but it was not possible. This was definitely my place, and last night the two of them left it and went back to the main family.

- What the hell? - I asked, and Chay grimaced, hiding behind his brother.

I quickly put the plate in the sink and walked over to them, rubbing my eyes in disbelief. I reached out and carefully brought hand closer to Porsche's face, then patted him lightly on the forehead.

- Son of a bitch - the man growled, and only then I believed he was really here.

- What are you doing here? - I murmured, turning to the fridge. - I'm sure you came back home yesterday and I closed the door for the night.

- Asshole – Porsche muttered, sighing loudly. - For your information, Nop let us in in the morning. Chay and Kim argued all

night, and it was impossible to calm them down, so we decided to move to you for a few days, because it was annoying to withstand this constant crying.

- Phi? - Chay whispered, pinching Porsche, but he looked at him with his eyebrow raised.

- And it wasn't? You say he left you, he says you ran away from the club dramatically when he was in the bathroom and you can't get along.

- Okay - I interrupted them because I knew how they could talk for hours. - I understand why he's here, but you? Kinn let you leave the house?

Porsche snorted, giving me a threatening look, but it didn't bother me. I was looking at him and suddenly it occurred to me what he had reminded Pete of when they were at the bar. *My recordings.*

- Well, that's the truth - I said, trying to sound bored. *Karma is a mean bitch.* - You're jumping like a dog around him and just waiting for him to tell you to sit down.

- Vegas! - Porsche shouted, clenching his hands into fists.

- Khun Vegas, I don't think it's a good idea for such conversations - Chay quickly added, and that's when the landline I recently set up rang.

I picked up the phone, and hearing Kinn's voice in it, I activated the hands-free option so that the brothers could hear it too.

- Vegas, you bastard, where the hell did you hide Porsche?! - He screamed, and I wanted to go to his house and hit him on the head.

- I didn't hide anyone, they appeared by themselves - I muttered instead, feeling a headache approaching. – Maybe you should put a collar on your boyfriend, then he will not get away from you.

I knew Kinn was going to make an inappropriate or stupid comment to my idea, and I was just waiting for it, looking at the increasingly dark face of Porsche. *An eye for an eye.*

- Well, I guess that's what I should do - an unsuspecting Kinn laughed, and Porsche slowly walked over to the phone. – I will buy a muzzle for him too, maybe there will be some silence at home.

I wanted to laugh out loud because I didn't expect my provocation to have such an effect. *Kinn and his fucked up mouth. How this man is still walking on earth? I will never know.*

- Don't worry - Porsche growled in response, grasping the handset into his, trembling with anger, hands. - I'm not coming home, you're going to have the peace and quiet you dream of, you damn thirty-second lasting son of a bitch!

The phone slammed, interrupting the call, and I breathed a sigh of relief, rejoicing at the small success. Maybe it will teach them not to start with me.

- Well, it was a nice meeting, but I have to go back to my darling - I smiled at them, unable to help but giggle as an upset Porsche threw a fruit basket on the floor.

I stopped in front of the door, looking at them for a moment.

- All in all, you can stay, why not. Nop will show you the rooms in a moment – I good-naturedly agreed. – Just try not to bark loudly Porsche, I, like Kinn, do not like noise.

Before the man threw himself at me, I quickly went out into the living room and jumped upstairs. I whistled again as I entered the bedroom. The to-do list for today was buzzing in my head: *mess with someone's relationship? Check. A wonderful start to the day.*

MACAU:

I lay snuggled with Alcazio, who snored in my ear, sticking his head into my neck. His breath moved the delicate hairs on my nape and I felt a tickling in the place where he was touching. It didn't bother me, but instead it gave me a strange sense of security. Caz threw one of his arms through my chest, hugging me tighter into him, and I only sighed because I had to go to the bathroom, and I was unable to move, overwhelmed by his weight. I tickled him gently on the skin below arm, and he twitched, whispering something under his breath, and fell on his back. I quickly stepped out of his warmth and ran to the bathroom, wearing only his plain white T-shirt. It would drop to my knees and cover everything which should be covered, and it smelled of him, so I stole it and replaced it as the pajama that I am using right now.

I walked out of the bathroom, looking again towards the man stretched on the bed, and I trembled when I saw his muscles move with every slightest motion. My throat got dry as he lay there, like a god, with his hips covered only by the bedding. The olive complexion perfectly harmonized with the white of the quilt, and additionally illuminated by the rays of the sun waking up in the sky, it gave it the appearance of someone almost out of this earth. Alcazio was beautiful.

- It's not fair, bastard, you're too perfect - I muttered, sighing and coming closer to him.

I lay down in my seat and leaned over him, kissing his parted lips carefully. I heard a groan before I slipped my hungry tongue inside, and just as I wanted to sit on his hips and start rubbing against those strong muscles, someone burst into my room like a storm. I froze, looking towards the door where the figure I knew was standing.

- Macau, you won't believe it... - Chay shouted, then fell silent, looking with his mouth open at me and Alcazio kissing.

I almost fell out of bed in shock, but Caz quickly grabbed my

hands and pulled me to him before my butt hit the floor. I immediately looked at his hips, which by sudden movement had been discovered from under the covers, and I reddened all over my face. Of course, this man wasn't wearing any underwear.

- Wow - Chay muttered, and I quickly grabbed the material, covering my man from the eyes of others. What an embarrassing situation.

- Maybe I'll go to the bathroom - Alcazio said, standing up and holding the duvet on his hips, and I looked behind him hoping he would take me with him.

- Wow - Chay repeated, still looking with his mouth open at Caz back disappearing behind the door. - Macau, I'm proud of you.

I sighed, hiding my reddened head in a pillow. Chay went deeper into the room, sitting on the cushions at the end of the bed.

- Literally ten out of ten, bro, you have amazing taste!

I wanted to throw a pillow at him, but where could I hide then? In addition, his words gave me weird pleasure, as Alcazio looked amazing, and I was proud of him.

- What are you doing here anyway? - I murmured, showing Chay an unpleasant look.

The boy was still watching the closed bathroom door, as if he was just waiting for the man to appear.

- Chay! - I growled, and he looked at me unconsciously and frowned.

- We always get into each other rooms without knocking - he said, and I understood that we need to change our habits immediately. This situation must not happen again, never. - It's strange that you never caught me with Kim.

I silently thank my luck for never coming across them in an intimate situation, and then I got up, reminded of last night.

- Exactly, what about Kim? - I asked, and Chay's eyes suddenly covered the sadness.

- It's over - he said, crying, and I rolled my eyes. This boy said so at every argument.

- Sure, but really? - I grabbed a glass of water laying on the bedside table and handed it to him, and he greedily drank the whole thing.

- I tell you, the end! Yesterday maybe, maybe it's true that I dramatically ran away from the club when he went to the bathroom, but...

- Wait, huh? - I interrupted him because it didn't match his earlier version.

- Well, to some extent he left me - I saw that the boy was giving me and himself some excuses and I sighed.

It was strange that Kim left Porschay alone at the club, I knew that at the time, but I also understood people do different, unusual things when they argue. I thought my cousin was so upset that he went outside for a minute to calm down, and Chay said he had left him. The truth must have been different, since Kim had only gone to the bathroom.

- Chay - I shook my head in disbelief, and he looked at me angrily.

- Yes I know, I'm dramatizing! But Khun Tankhun told me that if someone really loves you, if you tell them to leave you alone, they won't do it! And Kim did just that. He said he had to pee and when he came back we would talk about it and he went away.

I looked at my friend in disbelief, and he continued to tell me the golden wisdom of Khun. Meanwhile, Caz came quietly out of the bathroom and headed for the door, and all I could do was watch him disappear behind them. Lucky bastard!

- You're really crazy - I said when he finished, and then laughed as I saw him show me tongue.

- We'll stay here for a few days - he warned me. - I thought I'd be sleeping in your room, but from what I've seen, the three of us are unlikely to fit in. Then I will take one of the guest bedrooms.

I smiled, and then we both lay down on the bed, gossiping about Alcazio and Kim.

PETE:

I was awakened by wet kisses that went slowly from the middle of my back down until I felt them reach two dimples above my bottom. I moaned loudly, biting my lower lip as Vegas's working tongue ran down my soft buttocks, until I finally sensed a bite on one of them. I hissed, clenching my muscles, and a quiet laugh resounded in the room.

- Mmmm - I groaned as those dangerous lips returned to kissing again, this time climbing upwards.

- We have to get up - I heard before hungry teeth dug into the skin on my neck.

The pain mixed with pleasure, and I opened my sleepy eyelids. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Vegas leaning over me, giving me his joyful smile. Something good must have happened when he got up, because happiness beat from him even in the darkness of the room.

I slowly rose to a sitting position, feeling the coverlet slip off my naked body, and I freely got out of bed, heading for the bathroom. I quickly washed myself and, still naked, returned to the room, looking at Vegas sitting in a gap, savoring my view.

- Satisfied with what you see? - I asked, and he nodded,

devouring me with his eyes.

I felt the skin begin to burn under his watchful pupils, and I couldn't help but slip onto his hips. I sat right on his growing erection and rubbed against it, feeling the roughness of Vegas's pants irritating my skin.

- I should take money for watching me - I muttered, and he raised his eyebrows, giving his eyes an almost devilish look. - From you, of course, I would already be a millionaire.

- Baby, everything mine belongs to you, I will send all my money to your account - I smiled as he rubbed my ticklish body when he said that. - You're already a millionaire.

This time I couldn't help but giggle, and Vegas at the time carefully unfastened the zipper of his pants and slipped inside me without any preparation. I hissed, feeling his pressure on the still sensitive skin inside. Last night we made love for a very long time and I actually slept for maybe three or four hours overall. My muscles still ached from the effort, but it didn't matter when he moved in me so wonderfully.

- You're still stretched - he murmured, as he managed to get inside me without much difficulty. - I love it.

I hissed again when he pushed deeply, reaching my prostate and I tightened my knees stronger on his sides. Feet hung behind the bed, and the rest of the body was firmly snuggled up to Vegas.

- Fuck - I whispered as he squeezed my buttocks, and I knew it didn't take much for me to reach orgasm.

Vegas was also close, because I could feel him pulsating in me. It was really amazing to be able to have his cock inside. I pushed harder on his masculinity, feeling him press on my sweet spot, and then the bedroom door opened wide and Porsche stood in it.

- Pete, that damn guy of yours... - the man shouted, then blushed, seeing what we were doing exactly, and ran outside, all red on his face.

The problem was that as soon as Porsche opened the door and saw us, I came. I was looking at Vegas panting next to me and I didn't know what to do next. I tried to calm my frayed nerves, but I still looked at the open door in disbelief.

- Was it Porsche? - I whispered, sticking my nails into the skin on Vegas' shoulders.

- Oh yes, they showed up in the morning and they want to stay a few days, he and Chay.

I was so shocked that I didn't even notice Vegas taking me to the bathroom. The water from the shower was washing our bodies and I knew that the man was also helping me get clean inside, his damn fingers literally drove me to a fever, but there was only one

information in my brain, that my friend had just seen me cum.

- I'll never be able to look him in the eye - I muttered and Vegas snorted.

I glanced at him unconsciously, and he kissed my nose, while soaping my hands and chest.

- I'm sure you caught them having sex too - he muttered, and I flinched, remembering how I came back drunk from movie night with Tankhun and fell asleep at my desk, and when I woke up from the couch I heard the moans of both of me.

- Sadly fucking yes, I did - I reluctantly admitted, and Vegas threw me a sweet smile and this time kissed the dimple that came as soon as I answered him with the same.

- I love those cute dimples of yours - he murmured, and I smiled even wider, wrapping my hands around his neck.

- You know how to make them appear - I assured, and he kissed them once again. – Use this knowledge and make me breakfast.

- That's my intention - he just replied, and then I felt on my body the gentle touches of his fingers, which tickled me in tender places.

I laughed like crazy trying to get out of his hands, but Vegas was stronger and pulled me to him, kissing the dimples whenever he had the opportunity. The unfortunate meeting completely flew out of my head and only after an hour when I came across Porsche in the main room that I remembered everything.

- Hey - I waved at him, and he waved back, looking at me with a smile.

I breathed a sigh of relief because I was afraid of the first confrontation, but the composure on his face helped me also with calming down.

- I have to admit that this guy of yours is really someone. He messed up my relationship and then went to fuck you over - Porsche muttered, and I only sighed because Vegas had already told me that he had punished my friend for the old bar situation.

- You easily let him provoke you - I said, and man agreed with me. - Are you still arguing, you and Kinn?

Porsche picked up his cell phone and I saw more than twenty missed calls and twice as many messages on it. I felt sorry for Kinn, who still had a long way to go before his comments were forgiven.

- And who is now behaving like a dog that runs after his master? - Porsche muttered under his breath, and this time I couldn't help but laugh.

- As I understand it today, Kinn will also invite himself to our dinner?

- Add to this Kim, the boy does not give up easily.

I shook my head as I watched the satisfaction with which Porsche

was ignoring another phone call.

- So I can immediately assume that Khun will also appear with the rest - I said to myself and sent a quick text message to Nop, asking him to bring the housekeeper today and pay her double, giving her a day off tomorrow.

- The whole crazy family will be back together - Porsche added, and I groaned in my spirit, knowing that this day is going to be very tiring.

Chapter 27: The Ugly Feeling of Jealousy

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥹 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

I DIFFERENTLY IMAGINED THIS CHAPTER BUT IT ENDED UP LIKE THIS. I AM NOT SURE WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT ALL 🫥 ANYWAY HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY IT!

I'M SERIOUSLY NOT SURE IF I'M HAPPY OR NOT.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE TYPE OF JEALOUSY I WROTE??????????

PORSCHE:

We were all sitting at the table that was spread out outside the house. The situation was similar to what we used to do when we visited the minor family with Pete and Arm, before getting rid of Don. I felt a gentle breeze on my face, while Porschay and Pete who were sitting next to me were busy talking to their neighbors. So I managed to order that Arm sat next to Pete, then Pol and only on the opposite side were Tankhun, Vegas, Kinn and Kim. Next to Chay sat Macau, at which Caz immediately appeared.

I ate in silence, paying no attention to Kinn's gaze. After his last comments, he didn't deserve to be taken care of. *You didn't want to hear me? There you go, I'm not saying a word. And I'll put this muzzle on your dick, we'll see what you do then.* I heard laughter next to me and I wanted to get up and kick everyone and then make them be angry just as I am, but I couldn't do it. So I pushed more food into my mouth, sticking a fork firmly into everything in front of me, and imagined that instead of stabbing a chicken, I was hitting Kinn. He must have sensed my reluctance, because he had been fawning over me from the moment I crossed the threshold, but I wasn't interested. I was tired of constantly working and enduring everyone's moods. I just wanted someone to take care of me. This

whole "you are now responsible for minor family'" deal was killing my relationship with Kinn and making it only sexual. I truly hated it.

I looked off the plate when I sensed a different gaze on me. Vegas was watching my moves with his arrogant eyes, and I knew he had to make fun of me inside. I haven't forgotten who provoked such comments from Kinn, and although the guy said them himself, I still blamed Vegas partially. He used to run after me, saying all those nice lies, and now what? Man was destroying my relationship. I sighed deeply knowing that I would have to take revenge and then took a quick look at Pete. *I'm sorry man, it's not my fault that you chose such a guy as your boyfriend.*

- Vegas, don't you like it? - asked Pete in a worried voice, then looked around the table.

He asked me nicely to give him chicken which was put next to Chay and I reluctantly offered man the dish he had asked for. He stood up and put a large portion of it on Vegas plate.

- This one is not spicy, I specifically ordered it for you - he said quietly, and everyone watched as Vegas tried it then nodded his head in satisfaction. - Try it more - Pete pulled out a fork filled with pasta towards Vegas, and man quietly ate it and nodded again happily.

- Thank you, babe - he murmured, and Pete blushed before he sat down. *What a shitshow.*

Tankhun looked like he wanted to vomit while watching them, and a plan came to my mind. A very, very bad, even hostile plan that maybe I wouldn't have carried out if Vegas hadn't looked so happy when me and Kinn quarreled. *Do you want to fight me? No problem.*

***

Before the awkward dinner ended, we received information that the man with whom we had been trying to sign a contract for several months now is in Bangkok, preparing a small meeting today, to which he invites our family. I hated this dude, who was one of the cause of my and Kinn issues in relationship but we were so close to finish this deal. I just wanted to make him sign the papers and let him come back to Korea.

After a long conversation, in which only Kinn and Vegas took part, we decided to appear in the designated place to make a deal this time. Not long after dinner, me, Pete, and Vegas, along with Alcazio, who was driving the car, showed up at a sumptuous hotel that was often used by rich folks. I grabbed my friend's hand and immediately led him to the bar, wondering how I could make him argue with Vegas, but as soon as I saw the client clinging too

casually to Kinn, the whole plan disappeared from my head and was replaced by anger. I had to get a drink. No, I had to get drunk. Get drunk until I forget everything that happened recently.

PETE:

We were standing at the bar, sipping prepared drinks, and I had the impression that something bad was in the air. Porsche mumbled insults at Kinn, who was standing with Vegas and the new investor.

- Vegas you douchebag, it's all your fault - a friend murmured suddenly, and I frowned because I didn't like it when someone spoke ill of my boyfriend.

I know the past of these two, but I think Vegas has already shown that he has changed and it was wrong to constantly hold him accountable for the past and use it to insult him whenever it was convenient.

- Maybe let's not talk about him - I asked, because I still remembered Kinn's request to not make any unnecessary scenes.

- Why not - replied the drunk Porsche, and I struggled to snatch the glass from his hands.

- Don't drink any more, remember that we're on a mission - I warned, but he just shrugged his shoulders and looked at the three again.

- It's all Vegas' fault, as usual, messing up our lives, fucking snake – Porsche barely choked out, and I clenched my hand tighter on the glass.

I knew Porsche was drunk, and I understood that he was unhappy after an argument with Kinn, but he had no right to say that about Vegas. No one forced Kinn to say these things about Porsche, so why should my man be the one who was going to receive the hardest hits?

- You're crossing the line, man - I warned, but he just snorted, grabbed the filled glass that was on a tray held by a passing waiter, and quickly drank the content.

- Let's be honest, Pete, Vegas is a snake - he muttered, leaning against the bar counter, and I took a deep breath so as not to explode with anger.

- Somehow this snake didn't bother you, as long as you needed a favor from him about your parents - I growled, and a friend looked at me drunkenly. - Back then, Vegas was good and loved, wasn't he?

- Please, it wasn't a favor, he benefited from it too - Porsche replied arrogantly, and I knew we were going to argue.

It's strange, until a few minutes ago everything was fine, and now we were standing in front of each other and all I wanted to do was stop him from saying the next word. With my fists.

- Ah yes, I forgot. You sold me to get what you wanted —I

scathingly said, something I'd been holding inside since the day I found out that Porsche had specifically brought me to the bar that night just because of his deal with Vegas.

I wasn't angry with him, honestly deep down I missed Vegas and although I hid it, I wanted to see him, but the disgust remained. I would never do such a thing, no matter what the reward was.

- I did what you wanted - Porsche defended himself. - I knew you missed him, don't you dare use it against me.

- You did what was convenient for you, do not justify it by using me.

I really didn't want to argue, but I was tired of how others were taking advantage of Vegas. Now the alcohol and the argument that had begun had untangled my tongue and I finally began to say what I had always thought. Maybe it's the wrong time, especially since we're both drunk and there's a business-critical person in the room, but who cares when the man I love is insulted?

- I did what you didn't have the courage to do. And besides, do not change the subject. After all, my argument with Kinn is only Vegas' fault. He deliberately conducted the conversation in such a way as to provoke him.

- Because Kinn is a kid who doesn't take responsibility for his words? - I growled, putting the glass on the counter. - I'm sick of the fact that if anything doesn't go the way the big couple Kinn and Porsche intend, you always look for blame in Vegas. He's not perfect, he makes a lot of mistakes, but he's changed since that war, and you keep looking for problems in him, so listen to me carefully, Porsche. It's not Vegas' fault that you and Kinn can't communicate. It's not his fault that they chose you as the head of the minor family and you don't suddenly have as much time as you would like to, so all you do with your boyfriend is fuck – I wanted someone to take me from here, but I couldn't stop talking. I threw out words like a machine gun, and Porsche looked at me in amazement. - I'll say more, I don't even think you should get this ring, because you haven't done anything before that could explain in any way why you're entitled to this title. Vegas worked his whole life to take over his father's legacy and yes, he did terrible things, I know that better than anyone else, but often his behavior was forced by others, even so, when after everything he did, you showed up and took away his ring, did Vegas insult you? Did he throw himself at your neck every time you met? No, he helped you because he knew you wouldn't be able to carry that burden on your own, so when I hear you insult him from time to time, I can't believe that such words can go down your throat after all he did.

I breathed with difficulty, and my head began to pulsate with an

excess of emotions. I didn't want to throw it out, I didn't want to say all those words, even though deep inside I thought them, and normally I wouldn't be provoked so easily, but I was sick of people smiling at Vegas, patting him on the back, and then turning around and calling him a snake. Especially those people who owe him a lot. Not wanting to have this senseless argument any longer, I turned on my heel and headed to the bathroom. I needed to feel cold water on my face, which I hoped would sober me up.

- Pete! - I heard Porsche's voice behind me, but I didn't stop, I had to run away from that place for a while.

***

I spent a few good minutes in the bathroom, and when I finally left for the room where the guests were, my gaze turned straight to Vegas. I searched for him for a few seconds until I noticed him in the corner, hugging Porsche. I had the impression that I was short of air, I did not understand what exactly was happening. A moment ago I was listening to insults directed at my man, and now he and the dude who insulted him were standing and hugging as if nothing had happened? I looked towards Kinn, who was clutching the glass aggressively, and I could see the murder in his eyes, but I was strangely calm. I was jealous, that's true. I felt the red flood and overwhelm me, but I hurriedly headed towards the bar, which was located in the opposite direction, and asked for a bottle of whiskey and a glass.

My throat was burning from the alcohol I drank, but I didn't stop. Out of the corner of my eye I could see them talking to each other, the head almost touching each other and all I wanted to do was laugh out loud. Or throw a bottle at them. I wasn't quite sure which option seemed more interesting to me. This is how it always were, Porsche would curse Vegas to me and then go and laugh with him or touch his shoulders. Today he decided to hug him and all I could do is watch, because we couldn't afford any scenes. *Maybe I should just shot them all?*

- Are you okay, Pete? - I looked at Arm standing next to me, who watched anxiously as I emptied the bottle.

Arm was one of the few people I could call a real friend. When I started my training in the major family, he was the one who helped me acclimatize and thanks to him I stopped missing home so much. I was now looking into his worried eyes, and I knew that if I couldn't control myself, I would start sobbing to him. I hated showing weakness, but my head was spinning so much, and the man who supposedly love me was more busy with someone other than me.

- Arm - I just whispered and hugged him tightly to chest. *Why*

not? If we are hugging strangers today, I will do it with Arm.

I smelled a familiar, calming scent and sighed loudly, when he patted me on the back, as if in an attempt to encourage me. *What I would do, to make him transform into Vegas.*

- Maybe it's better to go from here before someone sees what state you're in - the man muttered, and I nodded, still having hammered into my head how important this meeting is.

I also didn't want to see Vegas and Porsche in their little world any longer, I was fed up with everything and everyone. We took a few steps together, but my head was spinning that I even hung around his neck, and Arm sighed, knowing it will take a lot to just bring me to second floor, so suddenly he took me in his arms, like some princess, quickly moving up to the stairs. We had several rooms rented, so I wasn't surprised how soon after I felt soft bedding under me.

- Wait here, I'll bring you water - I heard, and there was silence.

I struggled to get out of bed, feeling everything revolving around me, and even though I didn't want to, I still had the image of Vegas and Porsche in front of my eyes. I knew there was nothing between them, but my heart was still shackled. I had the impression that everything I drank wanted to escape from me, so I went on trembling legs to the bathroom and at the last moment I fell in front of the toilet, throwing up.

- Damn, Pete! - I heard behind me, and then Arm's strong arms helped me rise from the floor.

A friend washed my reddened face and then helped me get rid of the hideous aftertaste from my mouth, and when I finished brushing my teeth, I let him lead me back into the bedroom. I was so hot that without thinking I pulled off this damned turtleneck and pants, staying only in boxer shorts. I took a step towards the bed, and the clothes tangled on my ankles made me fall, and what I had grabbed out of fear fell on me. In this case it was Arm. The man weighed a lot, so I groaned, feeling pain in my back, and he cursed, wanting to get up, when we heard a dark, angry voice.

- You have two seconds to get off him before I break every bone in your damn body.

VEGAS:

I was tired of this meeting, all I thought about was coming home, a quick dinner and maybe a movie night with Pete cuddling to me? I sighed, imagining how I could use that time instead of standing with a grumpy Kinn and another gangster in love with himself who wasn't sure if he wanted to make deal with us. I smiled artificially, and then I saw Pete walking towards the bathroom nervously. I frowned because I didn't like that he was angry, so I apologized to

the others and headed towards Porsche, expecting an explanation.

- What happened to Pete? - I asked, and he looked at me, with difficulty staying on his feet.

- He doesn't like me anymore - he mumbled, then grabbed my hand and led me to a secluded place.

I didn't understand why he was doing this, after all, we weren't that close, but he mumbled something about wanting to talk. I agreed, although I would have preferred to see Pete first, but Porsche was drunk and I knew that refusing him in such a state could end in an argument. I didn't want to be blamed again for failing to convince a new client, so I politely followed him. We stood against the wall and I had to help him stay on his feet, because man was drunk like never before. I wanted Porsche to lean back, but he clung to me like a leech. I sighed disgruntled and then heard something I never expected to hear.

- I'm sorry - Porsche whispered - for taking your inheritance away.

We had never talked about it before, so I didn't know why he suddenly decided to mention it. I listened to his mumbling, still glancing towards the entrance to the bathroom, and Porsche, in order to stay better on his feet, surrounded my neck with his hands, still babbling something about what he had taken from me. I looked towards the aisle and saw that Pete was heading to the bar. I was hoping to get the guy out of my hands quickly, so I threw a few begging glances at Kinn, who was looking at us as if he wanted to kill me. I was fed up with their quarrels, and when out of the corner of my eye I noticed that Arm was carrying Pete on his hands, I had the impression that I was about to explode. I immediately moved towards them, but the strong hands of Porsche stopped me, so I grabbed him brutally and dragged his body towards his boyfriend, literally throwing him into his arms.

- Take care of it, I have more important things on my mind - I growled and quickly walked to the second floor.

Before I reached the stairs, someone grabbed my shoulder again. I saw a picture in front of my face, and then Alcazio's angry face.

- Where is it? – he asked without introduction.

I wanted to break out of his grip, but he was stronger than usual.

- Where, Vegas? Where's the damn bar? – he growled, and I, dissatisfied, grabbed phone, looked at the photo and quickly gave him the address of one of the places that Macau likes to visit.

I saw him disappear around the corner when I ran a few steps in front of the corridor. I wasn't sure which room they occupied, so I opened the doors in a hurry until I heard a thud and curses from behind the room to the left. I ran inside and saw Pete on the bed.

He was lying in only boxer shorts, with his pants wrapped around his ankles, and Arm lying on him.

The desire to murder took over me right away, I felt the blood turn into a pillar of ice and the only thing that could bring me back to normal was taking away last breath of that damn bodyguard who dared to touch my Pete. MY.

- You have two seconds to get off him before I break every bone in your damn body - I warned, and I knew my voice was dripping with hatred.

The guy got up quickly, pale and started to apologize, but I didn't care anymore. It was too late for him, too late for anything. As soon as he appeared in front of me, wanting to leave the room, I grabbed him by the neck and squeezed it tightly, pushing him into the wall behind. I wanted blood, I needed blood. I needed to see how life escapes from this motherfucker, how the eyes lose the shine and become empty. I had no intention of holding back, but when I squeezed his neck tighter, I felt something hit me in the back of my head. Surprised, I let him go, turning in the direction from which I was attacked, and saw Pete struggling to stay on his feet, holding a second pillow in his hand.

- Get out of here, Arm - Pete said, and before I could react, the man was no longer in the room.

- Do you think you're going to save him like this? – I growled, lowering my voice, but my darling was not frightened, did not tremble when hearing threatening notes, no. Instead, he frowned and looked at me with such rage that I swallowed my saliva in fear.

- I wonder who's going to save you, bastard - another pillow hit me in the face, and I began to lose patience.

- Do it again, Pete, and you'll regret it - I warned, but he only snorted and hit me in the nose, this time with a turtleneck he had previously worn.

Without thinking, I rushed towards him and we both fell on the bed. We fought for a while, but I managed to grab his hands, which I held just above his head.

- Are you kidding me?! - I shouted. - Not only do you let yourself be carried by another guy like some fucking just married wife, but then you end up in bed with him?!

- Don't pretend you suddenly care, somehow you didn't mind leaving me as Porsche started fawning over you! – I heard in response and I wanted to laugh in disbelief.

- What are you talking about?!

- About this, bastard - Pete muttered , and I felt his knee dig into my tender spot.

I hissed, letting him go and rolling to the side. The pain was

spreading all over my body and there was nothing I could do to stop it. During this time, Pete got up and hit me again with pillow, taking advantage of my moment of weakness.

- Stop it, now! - I shouted, and he slammed me one last time and stood up, then I heard crying.

Despite the pain, I got up from the bed and saw Pete disappear behind the bathroom door, with a blushed, tear-flooded face.

- Pete - I wanted to enter the room, but the door was locked, and despite my best efforts, I couldn't open it.

- You're so stupid Vegas!

I wanted to agree with him, but I didn't know what I had done that made him react this way. I tried to behave impeccably, but something must have upset him. The comment about Porsche made me wonder what my conversation with this fool looked like for others, but Pete knew that the only man in my life was him.

- I'm stupid - I admitted, just wanting him to let me see his pouty face. - The stupidest of all, so don't cry, please.

Louder sobbing came from behind the door and I wanted to tear it out with hinges so that I could finally get inside.

- Pete, honey, are you... - I began hesitantly, even though I knew it couldn't be true. - Are you jealous of Porsche?

- Oh, you mean your old love? Nah, never – a trembling, filled with sarcasm voice answered me and I closed my eyes, cursing myself for the mistakes of the past.

- You know that me and him, we never, nothing...

- Do you think I don't understand that? – he asked and I knew that he was right at the door, I could hear his voice more clearly. - I trust you unconditionally, but that doesn't mean I want to watch you two hugging! Why can't you just act like me and Kinn! We never have any skinships, you fucking bastard!

- I just tried to not make any scene. You know how he acts when he is drunk.

- Whatever, Vegas. Fuck you and your logic thinking.

I wiped my tired face with shaken hand, I didn't like that we were talking without looking into each other's eyes. All the previous anger was gone, now I just wanted to assure the love of my life that he was the only one for me.

- Move away from the door - I asked, then heard footsteps.

It was enough to take a small momentum and I felt the lock give in to my attack. The door banged against the wall and I saw Pete sitting on the toilet, his mouth shaking with his hands covering the rest of the face. I knelt beside him, trying to get him to look at me, but he stubbornly refused, so I pulled him to my chest, hugging this perfect body tightly.

- Should I kill Porsche? - I asked, and only then did Pete raise his head shocked, looking at me in disbelief with his big, weeping, doey eyes.

- Are you crazy?!

- If it's going to help, I'll do it - I assured, and Pete laughed hesitantly. - I'm serious, Pete. One word from you and I will not hesitate.

I stroked him gently on the face, and he sighed, resting his forehead against mine.

- I hate how much it bothers me, when you two are close.

- And I hate it when anyone else touches you, even when my own brother does it.

- I'm so jealous over you, even when I know you love me. I just can't stop this damned feelings. I wanted to break Porsche face.

- You saved your little friend from death, I knew he will not leave this room alive after he touched you. You belong to me, Pete. I own every inch of your perfect body and no one can even dare to think about you.

We looked at each other in disbelief, and then I gazed down at his reddened lips. *For me it is always Pete. Always. Porsche fascinated me for one second but Pete... This man owned me. I was ready to die for him. No, even more. I was ready to live for him. Only Pete could make me want to exist.*

- We're crazy about each other - Pete whispered. - So crazy I don't even think it's healthy.

- I don't care - I answered, hypnotized by those pouty, sexy lips. - As long as you are mine and I'm yours, I don't care.

- When you threatened Arm I wanted to moan. You are so sexy when you're losing control.

- I'm losing it only for you, babe. You know, everyone says make-up sex is amazing - I muttered, and Pete stuck out his pink tongue and ran it over his lower lip.

- Really? – he asked curiously. – Maybe it is worth checking.

- See? We are made for each other - I replied quickly before leaning over his mouth but before I could touch it, I added. - It's you, Pete. Only you, always you. I don't give a shit about any other man, because no one can replace you. And I will kill every person, who will try to take you away from me.

MACAU:

Chay and I stayed at home and I have to admit, I missed Alcazio. From the moment we became a couple, we were inseparable, so when Vegas took him with them to the meeting, at first I was happy that I would spend some time alone with a friend, but we quickly ended up sitting, both bored, staring at the screen where the film

was going.

- Maybe we'll go out somewhere? - Chay asked, yawning, but I shook my head because Caz asked us not to leave the house.

I reached for a glass of water when my friend's phone started to squeak. The messages went on and on, until he finally reached for it and I heard Kim's voice, who was also at the meeting. A drunken voice begged Chay for forgiveness, and I wanted to roll my eyes, because as usual, the first person to give up in their argument was Kim.

- Sweetie - Chay murmured, pointing his phone in front of my face, and at first I just glanced at the screen, then took his phone and take a closer look at the video.

Kim was standing at the table saying something, and right behind him was Alcazio laughing and leaning over a woman. With dissatisfaction, I felt inside how jealousy began to spread throughout my body. I knew Caz was in love with me, but I was young and he was my first partner and seeing him so happy because of someone else, well it hurt.

I wanted to give Chay the phone when another video message came out, but this time I saw Alcazio leaning over another woman's hand and kissing it, smiling at her, and then something broke in me.

- You son of a bitch - I muttered under my breath, then looked at Chay. - Let's go out.

The boy, delighted, applauded and we quickly changed into more outgoing outfits. I was angry. I knew Caz wouldn't betray me, but I felt bitterness and insecurity inside. Looking at me and the women around him, it was not difficult to choose who looked better with Italian. Unhappy with what I saw in the mirror, I stole one of silk shirts from Vegas and left the first two buttons unfastened. I corrected the hairstyle, arranging it backwards and nodded, satisfied with the effect. It wasn't amazing, but better than usual. Chay stood by the door in a sweatshirt that was too big and looked at me in shock.

- Are you okay? – he asked, and I just threw him a wide smile.

- I'm perfectly fine, let's go have fun.

I persuaded the security guards to take us to one of the clubs my brother had visited before. The place was of high class and I knew that we would not be harmed there. A friendly bartender waved at us and handed me a bottle of beer, and we sat on the couch in the corner, listening to the music. I needed relaxation, especially when my man surrounded himself with a wreath of women and I couldn't even see what he was doing.

After a while, the alcohol hit my head hard and I allowed myself to relax, raging on the dance floor. Chay held a phone in his hand,

posting a video of our fun to one of the social platforms, but I was not interested. I felt vibrations in my pocket and only then did I notice that Alcazio was trying to call me for an hour. I read the last message he sent me and snorted because Caz demanded that I tell him where I was.

- Dream on, asshole - I muttered, writing him only to not care about me and have fun with his new friends.

Did I act like a child? Yes. I knew perfectly well that what I was doing was meaningless and would only cause an argument between us, and I trust Alcazio and I know that he would not betray me, but I have never felt such jealousy. I never wanted to tear someone's head out, just because they were in the presence of the man I loved. Everything was new to me, so I closed my head to all kinds of logical conclusions and just let myself be carried away by the moment.

We had been dancing for almost an hour, when someone's hands fell on my hips, bringing me closer to unfamiliar body. I shuddered, unhappy, that someone had interrupted my fun with a friend, and when I looked up I saw an arrogant smile and pair of small, maliciously looking eyes.

- Hey, you're moving well - the voice said, and I snorted, breaking out of his embrace.

I may have been angry and jealous, but that doesn't mean I would allow anyone else to touch me. This was reserved only for Alcazio.

- Leave - I growled, but the guy didn't give up.

I pushed him away, turning to Porschay when someone's hand landed on my ass, squeezing it. Furious, I looked back, but before I reacted, a familiar silhouette appeared next to us. Alcazio grabbed the man's hand and then all I heard was the crackling of broken bones. Two fingers were strangely twisted, and the man screamed until the music stopped and everyone looked in our direction.

- Don't you dare touch what belongs to me - threatened Caz, who then threw me over his shoulder and walked out of the club, dragging a shocked Chay behind him. - To the car, now - he said, and ai trembled, hearing the wild anger in his voice.

I thought he would put me in the vehicle as well. But he locked the door, not allowing Chay to leave, and carried me to a side alley, roughly pulling me off his shoulder and pinning to the wall. I hissed in pain, feeling his iron grip on me, which did not ease despite my obvious dissatisfaction.

- What do you think you're doing? - Caz said calmly, and I would believe he wasn't angry if I didn't see the flashes of pure murder in his eyes.

- Dancing? - I frowned, wanting to break out of his grip, which

only increased, and I knew that in these places I would have bruises tomorrow.

- Is this a joke for you? - Alcazio shouted , and for the first time in my life I was really afraid that he would do something to me.

I swallowed my saliva and looked at him harshly. I had no intention of letting him dominate myself, not today, not now. Without thinking, I bent down and stuck my teeth into his skin, biting exposed forearm until I felt blood in my mouth. The man hissed, moving away, and I was finally able to breathe easy. His dangerous aura did not even allow me fill my lungs with air.

- I'm shocked that you found a moment for me - I growled, recalling the videos I've seen. - So many women surrounded you a second ago.

- What? - Caz looked in disbelief at me, and then at the bite I had left behind.

- The ones from the videos Kim sent to Chay! – I was so angry with myself, but I knew that my voice was dripping with jealousy. – You looked very pleased, the smile did not leave your mouth!

- Wait - Alcazio took a deep breath, and then I saw an arrogant smile on his lips.

I frowned menacingly, and he laughed out loud, grabbing his stomach.

- What's so funny, bastard? - I slapped him in the chest, but he couldn't stop laughing.

I rolled my eyes and wanted to go back to the club, ignoring his crazy ass, but when I took a few steps, his strong arms surrounded me, and I felt a warm breath on my nape.

- You know why I was smiling so much, tiger? - he asked, and my body trembled from our close contact.

- I don't care - I said, though inside I was dying of curiosity.

- Well, I'll tell you anyway - Alcazio assured me, and I felt his lips brush the delicate skin behind my ear.

I struggled to stop moans and he brushed against me sexily. I knew my heart was beating like never before. Anger woken some beast in him, which I wanted to gave up to.

- I was smiling so much - Alcazio whispered, kissing my neck in the process, - because I was telling them about my cute, sweet boyfriend who should wait for me in our house.

I couldn't gather my thoughts because his mouth found the most sensitive places on my face. I grabbed his hand, just wanting to feel his tense muscles under my fingers, and he pulled me closer to him until there was not even a millimeter of free space between us.

- I was babbling all the time about how I wanted to go home to my tiger and I couldn't help but smile, this is the effect you have on

me.

Every word he said made me feel wonderful and horrible at the same time. I behaved like a little child when he boasted about me in front of others.

- I... - I began uncertainly. – Sor...

- Don't you dare to apologize - he interrupted me, biting the sensitive skin on my jaw. - Knowing that you are jealous of me makes me want to cum here and now.

I groaned softly, and his hand slipped under my unbuttoned shirt, touching hot skin.

- Which does not mean that you will not face consequences. I own you five spankings.

- Five?! – I shouted in shock, and he only laughed, causing goosebumps to appear on my sensitive skin.

- The first for the fact that you thought I was flirting with others. The second for leaving the house without permission. The third for sexy dancing in front of strangers. The fourth for not answering the phone, and the fifth for the damn two buttons you unzipped. I could add another one for that little rat who touched you, but you pushed him away so I forgive that.

I didn't understand how we could go from anger to rubbing each other in a dark alley in a few minutes, but it didn't bother me at all, what's more I liked it. I wanted more, I needed more.

- Punish me - I asked impatiently, and Alcazio groaned deafly, biting into my neck.

Chapter 27.5: My Sweet, Lovely Boy

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🖒 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

I WANTED TO SHOW YOU HOW THE DAY WHEN THEY WENT TO THE MEETING (CHAPTER 27) WENT FROM ALCAZIO PERSPECTIVE, SO HERE IT IS. CHAPTER 28 WILL APPEAR TODAY OR TOMORROW!

I'VE ADDED NEW POST TO PHOENIX'S LAIR AND NEW ONE SHOT, IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO CHECK, HAVE FUN!

AREN'T THEY LIKE, THE CUTEST??????? SERIOUSLY MACAU AND ALCAZIO STOLE MY HEART!

ALCAZIO:

Today started better than usual. Nestled in Macau, I woke up early and cautiously got out of bed, kissing him at the temple. Unable to restrain myself, I bent down gently absorbing the smell of him on exposed neck, and once I satisfied my perverted tendencies, I left the room quietly, assuring myself to not make any noise.

I was in my underwear, but accustomed to the fact that I usually got up earlier than others, I calmly moved towards the kitchen, ready to prepare breakfast. I went inside, stretching my hands until something jumped in my spine, and then I saw Chay sitting at the table. I smiled politely, waving, and he, with mouth filled with cereals, replied with the same.

- Morning - I said, and he muttered something then swallowed quickly, before he threw me a wide smile and repeated.

- Hey!

- You got up early - without waiting for an answer, I went to the fridge, pulling out bacon and eggs from it, wanting to prepare Macau one of his favorite meals.

- Well, my brother snores - Chay excused himself, returning to

food again.

Next to him lay a cell phone that vibrated and lit up every few minutes. The boy must have noticed that I was looking at it, because he laughed awkwardly, putting it on the other side on the counter.

- Kim doesn't give me peace - he explained, and I nodded, though I felt sorry for his partner in my heart.

- Isn't it better to pick up and explain everything? - I asked, cursing myself inside.

I didn't want to interfere, even though Chay was a friend of Macau's, so I wanted him to be happy. A strange bond between the two existed. As soon as Porschay appeared here sad, my tiger focused on him and it would not bother me if it were not for the fact that he was strongly stressed about his friend situation at the same time. Stressed Macau means temperamental Macau, who likes to disappear and go outside. Most often with Chay, so I was interested in ending the dispute between the two as soon as possible.

- Hmm - the boy murmured, then walked over to the sink, putting down the empty bowl.

I thought he would go back to his bedroom, but he sat on the counter, watching me cook. I turned my head, looking at his sad face, and I knew that the story he told us wasn't entirely true.

- What did he do to you, bro?

- Ah, won't you tell anyone about it? – he asked in a trembling voice, and I hesitantly nodded. - Even Macau? Promise!

- I promise - I loudly assured, and he sighed and started looking for something on his phone.

I knocked over the bacon, not wanting it to burn, and took out special bread to prepare the toasts when Chay pointed the screen to my face and I saw the picture. It was quite blurry, but I immediately saw Kim kissing a young man.

- Charms of being in a relationship with a famous musician - the boy muttered, and I understood what had happened.

- I'm so sorry, man - I stroked his head lightly, but he stepped back as he went down off the counter.

- Everybody thinks I'm crazy because of this bar situation, but I don't know what to do. Kim has no idea that I saw this picture.

I watched as the boy clicked something on his phone again and then started reading.

- I love you. Talk to me. Don't be childish...

I knew it was messages from Kim and I frowned. There were a lot of secrets between them , and I didn't think everything could be solved quickly and painlessly. Especially when one od the sides are

making such stupid mistakes.

- You know, he didn't even tell anyone about our relationship - Chay continued, and I felt sorry for him. - Porsche and Kinn knew because they found us in bed, cuddling, but the truth is that if it hadn't happened, they would still think we were just friends.

- I'm really sorry, Chay - I assured, looking at the prepared plates of food while thinking of what I should say - If he doesn't know that you know, he looks at the whole situation differently than he should. If you want, I can beat him. For free, I will even pay you extra. Somehow I have an inner desire to hit him.

Chay laughed, but shook his head at my idea. *I could still kick his ass, accidentally of course.*

- Thanks, I needed to hear that - he said, throwing me a cute smile.

I understood why Macau liked him so much because Porschay was definition of a good kid. Such a really good, warm heart and honest intentions. It's a shame Kim wasn't able to see that.

- We haven't known each other for too long - I added. - But - I took his phone here and entered my number, - if you need anything, call me. You're Macau's friend, and he's the most important person in my life and well, he cares about you. Feel free to ask for help if you need anything.

The boy laughed, although there was still sadness in his eyes. Despite this, he looked at the phone again and began to search for something.

- You're a good person, you'll get a gift from me - he murmured, until finally he found what he needed, because he threw me a wide smile, patted me on the back and left, stopping in front of the door for a moment. - You're welcome - he added at the end, and soon was gone.

I didn't understand what had happened, but I took my plates and went back to the bedroom, where Macau was still sleeping. He was lying on his stomach with his head stuck in my pillow, in the position of a starfish. I couldn't help but giggle at seeing him like that. I put the plates down and wanted to wake him up when I saw a flash of the screen on my phone. Unknown number.

I unlocked my cell and before my eyes I saw a video of Macau standing on the street, withc cheeks probably flushed with alcohol, because he could hardly stay on his feet, hugging a lantern. I wanted to laugh because he looked as cute as he had ever been, when he spoke suddenly and my heart froze.

- Cazzzzzz, bastard, why are yohgj ignoring meeeeeee? - he asked, looking drunkenly at the pole. - I love you soooooo much - here he hiccupped and I had the impression that he fell asleep for a

minute to wake up again. - Whyhsj don't you love meeeeee?

I wanted to run downstairs and hug Chay, but instead I saved the video in the gallery and then added it into the cloud, fearing that for some reason it would disappear from the phone's memory. Still smiling, I slipped onto the bed, hugging Macau's back, and kissed his pouty lips, which appeared as he turned his head slightly to the side.

- I love you so damn much - I muttered, and he sighed, clasping the fingers of one hand with mine.

- Let me sleep - he whispered in a hoarse voice, when I stroked his tangled from sleep hair. – What smells so nice?

I remembered about breakfast which was waiting for us and, without wasting any more time, I took his sleepy body in my arms, regardless of the objections I heard.

- Breakfast will be served - I said, opening the balcony door with one hand.

I took the plate, one at the beginning, then second, and quickly put it on the table, which was set up outside. Then I sit back on the chair, with Macau still on my lap. The tiger stretched out, wrinkling his nose, and opened one eye with difficulty, looking greedily towards the food.

- I'm so hungry - he muttered, then quickly added. - But so tired.

I couldn't help but laugh, because at his last words he gave me an evocative look. I put some bacon and eggs on the toast, then approached his mouth, and he quickly grabbed a large piece and groaned in satisfaction, swallowing. I wanted to bite a piece of bread because I was hungry myself, but Macau moaned disgruntled and took it out of my hands. I thought he preferred to eat alone, but he brought food to my mouth and, blushing, waited for me to bite this time.

I had never eaten a meal like this before, but now we were feeding each other, and I was already thinking about what I would prepare for dinner, which we would be able to share in this way.

I never knew how much truly I will feel towards this man, even when I was putting my life in danger to destroy Mikolaj. Love is a concept I do not understand but now, looking at his bright, shiny face, hearing those giggles, feeling this touch. I don't think there could be more perfect moment between us and yet, the same I felt yesterday and day before that.

I wanted to kiss him and ravish him until Macau will be thinking only of me and at the same time I needed to cuddle his sweet, cute body and just assure him, how much I love and adore every milimeter of his persona and soul. I knew he thought the same, those sharp, honest eyes betrayed him every single time he looked

at me. There was something holy in the way we crave each other. Something hard to catch. This love thing was everything I ever wanted.

***

I stood dissatisfied in a room filled with strangers. Once again I sighed, wondering what my tiger was currently doing. I didn't want to leave him and go to the meeting, but Vegas personally asked me for assistance, and that didn't happen often. Now I was standing, bored to death, next to the table, looking left and right, altthough my thoughts revolved around one topic.

- Mister Bianchi, how nice to see you - said the feminine, sensual voice, and I turned to face the woman to whom I owed a lot, especially when I was still working for Mikolaj.

- Miss Chanthira - I whispered in disbelief, then kissed her hand, which she stretched out towards me.

A wide smile appeared on my face when I saw her alive and healthy. The last time we met each other was more than two years ago, when she was hospitalized after being harshly beaten by her husband. Out of pure respect for her, I killed him. It gave me a lot of pleasure, though I tried not to show it too obviously.

- It must be destiny - the brunette replied, patting me carefully on the cheek.

She was only a few years older than me, but for some reason she always treated me like a son. I tried not to be close to anyone, but I could not hide the fact that she managed to break into my world. Unfortunately she paid for it with great pain and scars, now carefully hidden by a well-tailored dress.

- I heard that you had died - I noticed her eyes begin to glaze.

Immediately I grabbed a glass of champagne, pressing it into her hand. I didn't drink myself, as I was partly a driver for others but she could enjoy it.

- Gossips and slander - I said, winking at her, and she laughed out loud, shaking her head.

- I could have expected it - still overjoyed, she leaned over me slightly. - But what are you doing in Bangkok? You don't like Italy anymore.

- Italy is my homeland, but unfortunately Thailand stole my heart.

I could see the curiosity on her face, so I pulled out my phone and showed her the wallpaper I had set up some time ago. There was a picture of Macau and me, hugging each other, smiling, happy, bursting with good energy.

The woman took the cell from my hands and blushed, noticing that we didn't have shirts on. She shook her head when I grinned,

noticing it too.

- I can't believe that the loner Alcazio has finally found love - Chanthira said, staring at our image.

- Like you said - I remembered suddenly. - You warned me it was going to happen, and you were right.

The brunette looked up, playfully showing me her tongue.

- I'm always right, Mister Bianchi - she handed over the phone and patted my shoulder with encouragement. - He must be extraordinary since he has awakened your icy heart.

- He is... one of a kind - I whispered, feeling myself blushing. - You would like him, you two could gossip about me together, all day long.

- Ah you are tempting me! - Chanthira laughed. - My number hasn't changed, Alcazio. I say this not only because of our social relations, but above all because of my work. Mikolaj is dead, but if you need help, write or call. I will always help you.

- I'll do that, Miss - I quickly nodded, before she patted me on the shoulder again.

- And take care of your love. You two look so happy that I feel like eating you, sweet as candies boys - she laughed again. - I wish I could see you so happy always.

- It won't be difficult now - I muttered with pride, and she slapped me slightly on the shoulder.

- I feel lonely when I listen to this! I have to find someone eventually, but before that happens, why don't you tell me a little bit about your fiancé?

- Ah, it's going to be a long conversation!

- We haven't seen each other for so long, say as much as you can, because in a moment you'll probably disappear again and it's going to be years before we see each other.

- Not true! Ah, okey, of course. So his name is Macau... - I began, and she rested her hand on the table, listening with a gentle smile about my tiger.

An hour passed when a strange man approached us, asking Chanthir to come to one of the couples, waiting by the wall.

- Of course when I'm happily talking, work is calling, this is my luck - Chanthira said, sadly smiling. - Your Macau sounds like an ideal man, keep an eye on him, it would be a sin to lose such a treasure - she said on the way out, and I smiled broadly one last time before she left.

Having a free moment, I took advantage of the bathroom break and again stood in front of the empty table, watching what was happening around me, when a young girl approached my side, stretching out her hand towards, waiting for my kiss on it. Not

wanting to start an argument, I pretended to brush her hand with my mouth, and she, pleased, smiled at me broadly. I answered her similarly, although I moved away to a safer distance.

- You're lovely - she murmured, approaching.

Here she pointed sith her head towards the stairs, and I snorted.

- I'm gay - I simply said. - And I have a boyfriend.

- Maybe if you tried with a woman...

- Well, thanks, been there, done that – I turned down her offer, but she was relentless.

- Nobody needs to know - she whispered, as she must have thought, sensually, though it looked more comical to me, and I snorted suddenly laughing.

- I am extremely and completely in love with my tiger - I only said. - He's so cute, I swear, if you could only look at him... - I added, and before I could stop it, I started telling her about Macau.

She listened for a while, uninterested, but then she started asking additional questions and ended up wishing to receive invitation to the wedding. Laughing, I suddenly noticed strange behavior of Porsche and an upset Vegas, so I apologized to her and wanted to approach them when the phone vibrated and I saw a message from Chay. A short video of him and Macau dancing, followed by a bunch of drooling guys standing around. I slammed my fist against the table and started calling and writing, but none of them answered me. I was angry because Macau promised not to leave the house, but most of all I was worried. If something had happened to him, I would never have forgiven myself, so when I got the message I knew, it's time to go.

"Don't bother, stupid. Focus on you nice meeting. Laugh more with them, I can't see how happy you are to have finally some convos with chicks. Bastard Caz!!!"

I read what Macau wrote a few times and watched the video again, and I was sure that if I didn't calm down, they would soon shut down the club forever and me too, in prison. I breathed a sigh of relief, trying to clear my mind, and ran to Vegas, asking him exactly where the place was. I knew I could count on him, and although he was in a hurry, he gave me the information I needed.

Without waiting, I went downstairs and jumped into the car, rushing like crazy. Macau was handsome, but in the video he looked even more sexy and provocative, and hell would sooner freeze than I would let anyone touch him. I was smiling under my breath because I knew there would be spanking later, a form of punishment we had agreed upon, after one of the little squabbles we had. Although maybe I should not call it a punishment, but more a game between us.

A few sharp turns, running red lights and here I was in front of the club. I jumped out of the vehicle quickly, going inside, and I saw him, my handsome tiger was on the floor with Chay, they were dancing with each other, having fun. I breathed a sigh of relief and wanted to get closer when a leech started to latch on to Macau. My baby rejected the proposition but then the man grabbed him by the buttocks. Next second I held his fingers in mine and then pressed, feeling the bones break under my strong pressure. Someone will not leave this place alive tonight, and I vaguely knew who it will be.

Chapter 28: I Am Sorry, Please, Forgive Me

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

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I KNOW I PROMISED CHAPTER 28 ON MONDAY BUT I'VE DECIDED TO COME TO MY HOMETOWN ON MONDAY MORNING AND THERE WAS NO TIME FOR ME TO EVEN THINK ABOUT WRITING OR ADDING ANYTHING! SORRY GUYS, LOVE YOU GUYS!

VEGAS:

I stroked Pete, who was still hugging me, on the back, kissing his temple every now and then. I felt his hands tightly clamped on my shirt and I was glad he wasn't crying anymore. Today was a tiring day, but it gave me a lot to think about. I knew that my previous relationship with Porsche might not have looked good for Pete, especially when I tried to convince everyone that there was something between us, but I didn't think my lover was still jealous. There was no one else in my life, I didn't even think that now my body could accept any other man, so I was relaxed in my relations with Porsche. Patting on the back, teasing, laughing at jokes that others might not understand... That was my mistake. I should put up barriers that would calm my partner, because Pete is not a man who likes to complain. On the contrary, often my lover hides deeply his negative feelings, as if he does not want to hurt the rest of us. But what about him? Bad move, Vegas, you need to fix it immediately.

- Pete? - I whispered, carefully lifting his head snuggled to my shoulder.

I saw his mouth slightly open, calmly exhaling. Snoring spread

throughout the bathroom and I wanted to laugh. Pete was asleep, probably because of the alcohol he drank, as it eventually sweep him off his feet. I sighed, shaking my head in disbelief, and slowly took him in my arms, carrying tiny body to the bedroom. I had two options, to stay here, which I know wouldn't satisfy me or Pete, or to dress him up and go home. Everywhere good, but at home the best, with this motto I chose the second idea.

Without waiting long, I put on his pants and shirt, ignoring the jacket, which I just threw over my shoulder, and then took him in my arms again, princess style. Pete's body always gave me the indescribable feelings, but that night all I wanted was to embrace him in my arms and let him sleep sweetly, he truly needed to feel love more than usual. Feeling my body next to his, Pete immediately snuggled his head into the hollow of my neck, sniffing for a moment. I think my smell pleased him, because he sighed, tickling me harder with his nose.

- Why are you so damn cute? – I muttered to myself, calmly leaving the room.

I didn't want to explain myself to the host, so I used exit that was prepared for the employees and soon after we were out. Cold air surrounded us and Pete snuggled into me tighter as I quickly walked into the car, sliding him inside the back of the vehicle. I slipped into the driver's seat myself and drove out of the parking lot, heading home. I barely touched alcohol, I was convinced that nothing would happen. There was no other option either, Alcazio disappeared when I went upstairs, and I didn't want to ask for a bodyguard, not when Pete is sleeping so cutely. For a while we drove in silence until I heard a little movement from behind and then a yawn.

- Where am I? - Pete said with difficulty, lifting his eyelids. - Did you kidnap me?

I wanted to laugh when he was looking at me with his slightly bent and pouty mouth. Big, doe eyes, focused on mine, innocently looked at me and I had the impression that Pete did not recognize me. Somehow, when he's drunk, it always happens.

- Yes, I kidnapped you, it was so easy - I winked at him, and he snorted.

- Vegas will kill you - he nodded his head tightly. - What a pity, you're handsome.

I raised my eyebrow and clenched hands tighter on the steering wheel. I hoped that Pete, when he was drunk, didn't often tell others that they were handsome. It would end badly if I experienced such a moment. Especially bad for the person who would hear it from him.

- Really? - I asked perversely, and he nodded again.

- It's probably because you look like Vegas - he whispered, and I smiled softly.

- Do you often see guys who remind you of Vegas?

- Never - Pete admitted, rubbing his wrinkled forehead with shaky hand. - Only you and him, maybe you're his twin. Bastard Vegas didn't tell me anything!

I rolled my eyes and then saw Pete trying to unfasten his seatbelt. We were not far from home, but something could still happen, we had already been attacked on the road once.

- Pete! - I used my most commanding tone, and he twitched, staring at me. – Don't you even dare!

- Ahhh, fine, whatever, sir - he whispered, though I could see that he was dissatisfied.

I shook my head in disbelief because I wanted to hug him and at the same time just kick his perky ass with all my might and give him a few decent spankings, but before I decided what I was going to do, I managed to get home.

- Now I can? - Pete groaned and I nodded my head as I walked out of the car myself. I stood on the other side, watching my partner struggle to get out from the backseat.

- It's so hot here - he said suddenly, and I threw myself in an attempt to stop him.

But I was too late, and Pete simply grabbed the shirt he was wearing and tore it, letting the buttons fall to the ground. I watched as his body leaned against the car, and a hazy look stared into me. He looked so fucking sexy, to sexy for others to see.

- How is it that every time you drink, you end up stripping? - I grabbed half of his shirt, wanting to cover milky body, but Pete slammed my hands and slipped away, hesitantly walking towards the entrance.

- Vegas! - He shouted, and I rolled my eyes as I followed him. - Someone is following me. Go away - Pete asked, waving his hand at me as if to chase me away. - Vegas, a pervert is chasing me!

- We'll have to talk about your alcohol habits someday - I muttered to myself, and Pete hugged the door, trying to open it.

I came close to him, even rubbing against his back and, while kissing his neck, pressed on the handle. Pete made a choked noise, probably feeling my lips on him, and then lost his balance, but I managed to catch him before he fell.

- If you weren't so damn cute - I assured, taking Pete like a princess in my arms. - I would have left you here on the ground and woke you up in the morning with a bucket of cold water, but your drunken actions make me feel so weak. What are you doing with

me?

At the same time, Pete snuggled into my neck, gently nibbling on it. The biting caused chills all over my body that I couldn't stop, making it more and more difficult for me to move. Fortunately, no one was wandering around the halls, so this time we both reached the bedroom in peace.

The room was darkened, although the light coming through the balcony window gave enough illumination for me to calmly reach the door separating the rooms. I carefully placed Pete on the bed, making sure he was in a comfortable position, and then pulled his clothes off in one quick motion, folding them down and throwing in the laundry basket. Only the underwear was left on the stretched, snuggled in the pillows, man. I swallowed my saliva, staring at the slender, milky skin that still showed my hickeys and bites.

- They should show you in the museum - I whispered. – Work of art.

I quickly threw off my clothes and slipped right next to him, and Pete, feeling my warmth, immediately snuggled into my chest, and after a while lazily began to kiss tense muscles. I groaned, trying to calm my weaken heart, but I didn't want to do anything naughty when my darling was drunk. I knew it wouldn't be fair to both of us, so I grabbed him by the shoulders, pulling away from me, but when he lifted his hazy, tearful eyes at mine, I felt pain in the chest area. I hated seeing him so hurt.

- Vegas, bastard, don't you want me? – he asked in a shaky voice.

- God, Pete, of course I want - I assured, kissing his pouty lips gently .

- Don't bother me then! – he shouted, freeing himself from my hands and returning to licking and biting my belly.

I hissed, sticking my fingers into the middle of my hands, waiting for Pete to finish the torture, and he grabbed the edge of the boxer shorts with his teeth and pulled them down, with a little help from me. I was hard from his earlier kisses, so as he ran his tongue along the entire length, I groaned loudly, slipping my fingers into his hair and pulling it carefully.

- Tsssk - I hissed, and Pete slipped my penis into his mouth, sucking gently.

With each eager move, I felt fulfillment approaching when suddenly Pete's head fell on my stomach, with mouth still surrounded on the head of my dick. My whole body trembled in anticipation of what would happen in a moment when I heard the snoring coming from down there.

- Pete? - I whispered, in a hoarse voice, still hard as ever.

All that answered me was silence. I closed my eyes, trying to

calm tensed muscles, and carefully slipped out of his mouth. My lover fell asleep in the middle of the blowjob. I wanted to shake him and laugh out loud at the same time. Oh, I'll use it in the future, I won't let him forget that moment, I know how embarrassed he will be. Still with an ironic smile on my lips, I lifted Pete higher, letting him snuggle into my neck, and then, still hard and thirsty, feeling the tantalizing smell of his hair right next to my nose, I clenched my hand on penis and squeezed. It didn't take long for me to get there, though it didn't give me that much satisfaction.

ALCAZIO:

I felt myself losing control when I heard Macau's hoarse, pleading voice. I wanted to lift him up, here and now, and slide deep into his body, feel that warmth that always surrounds me. I kissed his neck, feeling him tremble from my touch, then walked lower to the bare shoulder, and although I hated the shirt my tiger was wearing, I loved it just as strongly. He looked so sexy, hugging his back to me, wheezing my name, rubbing his cute, perky ass against my dick. Nothing else interested me but him, so I began to unbutton shirt covering his beautiful body when a loud scream woke me up from my trance.

- Macau you asshole, come back here! Your boyfriend locked me in the car! - Chay shouted.

I sighed, disgruntled, but I knew we had to go home first before we could go any further.

- Damn it, he's right, we have to go back - I growled, disgruntled, and Macau looked at me in a hazy look.

- Caz... - he cried, stretching out his hands to me.

I hugged my tiger tightly, knowing what he was feeling. We had to calm our hot, thirsty bodies, before returning back.

- Shhhh - I whispered, kissing him gently on the forehead.

We stood there for a moment, and when Chay's scream broke through the silence again, I reluctantly moved away from my tiger, looking at his still reddened cheeks.

- Okay now? - I asked, and he slowly nodded.

- Can we hurry? I want to feel you inside. – Macau asked quietly, and I bit my mouth, not wanting to scream out of frustration.

I grabbed his hand, and we returned to the car, judged by Porschay angry eyes.

- Seriously, you both are like animals in heat - the boy growled, shaking his head in disbelief.

We quickly slipped inside and soon after we were at home. I wanted to take Macau in my arms, ignoring his friend, and run upstairs when Chay grabbed his hand and pulled him away.

- You will not sleep together today, as a punishment - he

murmured.

I was too amazed to say anything, and when I finally followed them, I saw Macau's disgruntled face before Porschay slammed the door in my face, turning the key.

- One night you can spend without each other - he added loud enough for me to hear, then I had the impression that the two were whispering to each other, as if arguing.

I was still standing, not knowing what to do when Macau's voice came to me.

- Caz? I'm sorry, but I'm going to spend the night with Chay tonight. I love you.

I leaned my tired head against the wall and sighed, frustrated. I knew I wasn't going to fall asleep tonight, so I went downstairs and headed to the pool, wanting to get all my anger out.

PETE:

I woke up late at noon, feeling something invisible squeezing my head. I struggled to drag myself out of the bed, which was empty now, and saw a piece of paper on the table.

"I didn't want to wake you up, and I had to go to a meeting. You will be punished later.

I love you, Vegas."

I breathed a deep breath, because I only had the clearances of our return home, and when I realized that forcing my mind to remember everything that had happened was not the best idea, I locked myself in the bathroom, lazily washing tired body and preparing to go downstairs.

After less than thirty minutes, I returned to the bedroom, feeling much better after a cool, waking shower when I noticed a flickering on the phone screen. I got a message, or even a few, from Tankhun, who was yelling at me, ordering to attend the meeting he had organized today. I frowned, unhappy with being forced to leave, but his tone suggested big consequences if I didn't listen this time. I still remembered the day he came to burn down our house because I refused to go shopping. Frowning, I checked the time and realized that I was late, so I quickly threw on some clothes and went outside, taking one of the cars. I wrote to Vegas , even though I didn't know when he would finish the meeting, I preferred him not to worry about my absence.

- Sir! - The scream at the door drew my attention to Jenna, who was waving at me, holding Venice in one hand. I left the window, leaning towards her, with the question in my eyes.

- Sir, could we go with you? Recently, a few things have finished for the child, but if it's a problem, maybe someone else – she said, not wanting to impose herself, but I threw her a smile.

- Of course, get in – at the same time I nodded at Pok, who also left the house. – Pok, get in, you'll go with us, you'll keep an eye on the little one and Jenna.

The man came closer, checked to see if he had a gun with him, and slipped into the passenger seat, then we drove away. I parked by the huge mall and, before we parted, kissed Venice on the forehead and then on the cheek.

- Be polite, I know you don't like shopping for too long, baby - I asked, and he put his mouth in a pout and peck my skin, while laughing.

- Charming sweetheart - I whispered, then asked Pok aside.

- Keep an eye on them, we're among the people, but I don't want anything to happen. It is better not to tempt fate – I ordered, and seeing that the man was nodding, I allowed him to follow Jenna.

I myself headed to the restaurant that Tankhun had written to me about, but I was surprised to see waiting, Porsche, in the place where I had been led.

- What is it? - I murmured, still feeling insecure after yesterday, but he got up, pointing me straight ahead.

I sat down, ordered spicy curry and water, and when we were finally left alone, I looked at a friend's face as pale as mine. I wanted to apologize for last night, but before I said anything, he said.

- I'm sorry - Porsche said, and I could see the remorse in his eyes. - What you threw at me yesterday, everything, is true. Although I never asked for this ring, I got it against logic, and then the amount of work started to take its toll on me and Kinn, and somehow, I got irritable. I am truly, truly sorry. Vegas helps me incredibly and I never thanked him for it, yesterday I think I apologized to him, but I was drunk, so it doesn't count. Now I'm sober and I want to start with you. Pete, sorry.

- I'm sorry too - I admitted. - I didn't want to jump on you like that, but you have to understand that when I hear some of the comments, it just hurts me. You wouldn't want me to speak ill of Kinn, would you? I have the same.

Porsche nodded and then sighed, rubbing his temples.

- It came out stupidly, you're right. I, myself, yell at others when someone says something about Kinn, and here I do the same to you. I didn't want to, seriously. It's just that Vegas has been the bad guy for so long that somehow I couldn't switch. This won't happen again, and I'll make sure Kinn doesn't say anything stupid either.

I smiled gently, and Porsche responded with the same.

- It's ok, let's just move on. We both accepted our apologies. By the way, where is Khun? He was the one who called.

- Ah, that weirdo woke me up at six in the morning. SIXTH! He yelled at me and told me to reflect on my life choices. I asked him to arrange a meeting for us, I didn't know if you would want to pick up from me. I'm really sorry, Pete. I hate arguing with you, you are my best friend and I love you.

I saw Porsche reach to my hair and stroke it and I was relieved. I was glad that we explained everything to each other almost immediately, not wanting to drag out the situation.

- I love you too! Let's never fight again.

After the meal, we wanted to go and search for Jenna and Venice when the waiter came up and asked us to go to the secluded part of the restaurant that had been rented for the two of us. As we walked there, we heard stifled laughter, and soon after we noticed Tankhun, Porschay, Tay, and Pol sitting at a huge table.

- Well, finally! - Tankhun shouted at the sight of us and dragged our surprised bodies inside.

- What's going on here? - Porsche asked, sitting next to his brother.

- Tankhun felt lonely and forced us – here Tay coughed – I mean he asked for a meeting.

I walked next to Pol, who was sitting stiffly, unsure of what he should be doing with his boss. I wrote a message to Jenna, asking to let me know when she would finish shopping.

- Khun, I can't be long - I said right away, and when he frowned angrily, I added. – Jenna and Venice are with me, they are shopping but I don't want to make them wait. You know how fussy Venice is sometimes.

- Okay, I will let this little man win you this time, but next meeting, you staying for whole day! - Tankhun muttered, then all sorts of delicacies were brought to us.

We were sitting and talking loudly when Tay suddenly smiled broadly.

- And anyway, when was the last time you heard "I love you"? Because Time surprised me lately, and we weren't even having sex at the time - he looked at us and then focused on me - Let's start with you, Pete. Admit it, don't be shy.

- Ah, Vegas tells me that quite often - I proudly admitted. - Today he wrote it to me, and yesterday he told me this several times a whole day.

Everyone looked at me in disbelief, and Tankhun made a face as if he wanted to vomit. I guess for them Vegas was this cold and not emotional type. I was kind of happy, they never met real Vegas.

- Porsche?

- Ah, Kinn, last week, I guess? - the man murmured, unhappy

with this fact.

- Don't worry Phi, Kim told me he loved me probably some month ago? - Porschay said, looking at everyone with a crooked smile. - And I think he did it by accident, so I don't know if it counts.

The atmosphere changed from joyful to quite gloomy in a matter of seconds. The brothers looked dissatisfied, I preferred not to lean out, and Tay stuffed his mouth with food, ignoring the disgruntled look Khun gave him.

- I actually heard it this morning - Pol whispered, and suddenly we all looked at him.

- From whom?! – shouted Tankhun, and then as if understanding himself, he added. – OH MY GOD, ARM TOLD YOU THAT?!

With anticipation, we stared at the reddened man, who deeply regretted speaking.

- Well... - not knowing what to answer, Pol nodded, and everyone flooded him with questions.

- When did this happen?

- How long have you been together?

- Have you done it before?

- Who is the top?

Pol reddened more and more, until he suddenly got up and ran out of the room, mentioning the sudden need to go to the toilet. I laughed quietly to see his embarrassed expression and rejoiced because in the end, he and Arm teased me the most when they heard about my relationship.

- Okay, I'll get everything out of him later - Khun assured us. - Are your mafia bosses making any romantic gestures at all? I need to hear some embarrassing stories about my brothers and cousin!

Porsche and Chay told some cheeky stories, but I didn't want to share mine. Selfishly, I wanted to keep to myself all the moments that Vegas had done for me. I smiled under my breath until I noticed that I was being watched.

- It's your turn, Pete - Khun reluctantly said.

For a moment I wondered what to answer and as I knew they see Vegas as brutal type, I decided to tell me one story, which could be more bloody than romantic but for me still mattered a lot.

- Well, once - I began - once Vegas cut off the hands of a man who groped me and...

- Stop right here! You call it romantic? You need some help, Pete – Tankhun rolled his eyes and quickly changed the subject, not letting me finish my story, although I could still feel the looks of some on me.

- Are you into it? - Porsche asked quietly, and I bit my lips. – You like seeing people being punished by Vegas? When they are

touching you?

- And you wouldn't?

- A little bit, it kinda sexy, knowing they love you so much - he reluctantly admitted, but before we continued, a waiter ran into the room.

- Sir Tankhun! – he shouted, pointing his hand towards the exit. - They're shooting!

Chapter 29: Yesterday's Repercussions Became Today's Blessings

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

I WAS SO SURPRISED FOR SUDDENLY GETTING SO MANY NEW FOLLOWERS AND LIKE AND COMMENTS UNDER MY STORY! THANK YOU VERY MUCH TO *MINA* WHO POSTED ABOUT IT ON TIK TOK (I ADDED HER ACC TO COMMENTS HERE, IF SOMEONE IS INTERESTED)! I HOPE YOU ALL WILL ENJOY MY OTHER BOOKS TOO. <3

HONESTLY WHEN I STARTED THIS STORY, I WANTED TO FINISH IT IN 20 CHAPTERS BUT I AM SO IN LOVE WITH WRITING IT, I JUST CAN'T STOP! IF YOU FEEL LIKE MY FF IS STARTING TO GET BORING AND WHOLE THING IS NOT MOVING, I'M SORRY, I JUST TRULY WANTED TO MAKE IT LONG, BECAUSE THIS BECAME MY COMFORT ZONE.

I JUST WANT TO SAY THANK YOU, WELCOME, HOPE YOU ALL ARE HEALTHY AND IT'S OK TO NOT FEEL SATISFIED WITH HOW IT ALL IS GOING. I AM JUST HAPPY I CAN SHARE MY PASSION WITH YOU ALL.

OK, THAT'S ENOUGH, LET'S BEGIN!

MACAU:

I stood alone, staring at the water in the pool, wondering if I had the strength to swim a few lengths today. Last night was full of surprises, and although I dreamed of a night with Alcazio, I was happy to spend it with Chay. I still had our bedtime conversation in my head, as I was feeling sorry towards him. I was surprised when yesterday, he closed the door in Caz's face, but when he leaned against it and stamped his leg for few seconds, waiting, we heard a

few curses, and then the steps headed down.

- Hmm, not bad - Chay muttered, smiling at me - I thought he'd blow up the door and force you out of here, but he respected me. I like him!

I watched in disbelief as Porschay pulled off his shirt and, without bathing first, went to bed.

- I'm so tired - he groaned, stretching and then sighing with satisfaction. - I don't have the strength for anything, I'll take a shower tomorrow.

Also feeling exhausted, I grabbed one of Alcazio's sweatshirts I had stolen from him and put it on, taking off clothes filled with the smell of alcohol and cigarettes. I lay down next to my friend, glancing at him curiously.

- So, well, this whole situation... - I began, and Chay interrupted me quickly.

- You can endure one night without his dick, you're not in rut.

I laughed because he had such a funny face when he mentioned it, but I didn't want to argue. Porschay liked to hide his feelings, and I knew that the recent stories with Kim must have given him a mental beating. For someone so nice and innocent, he truly could take a lot on those tiny shoulders.

- I'm glad we're going to spend the night together like before - I just said, and he turned to me, slipping his hands under head and gently bending knees to fetal position.

- Me too, I missed us - he admitted, throwing me a cautious smile.

I positioned myself in the same way as him and stared at those sad, pain-filled eyes, I felt guilty. From the day we brought him from the bar, I knew something was wrong, but I couldn't get him to speak. It hurts when someone so close to you is shutting you out and you can't help it in any way.

- I'm sorry, Alcazio occupy so much of my time, I didn't even realize it - I muttered, and Chay snorted, showing me his tongue.

- Do not brag about your boyfriend, we all know how wonderful and perfect he is. I'm not mad you want to be with him all the time, believe me, I get it! Just sometimes think of me, that's all.

- Yours isn't that bad either - I quickly replied, though my words made Porschay's face contort for a second. If I hadn't looked straight at him, I might not have noticed. - Or not?

There was silence between us for a moment, and then Chay bit his lower lip, almost to the blood. I wanted to ask him not to do it, but I stopped myself, scared to frighten him.

- You know, I never thought that love would be so – here he was looking for a word for a moment – difficult.

I looked into his hazy, as if filled with memories, eyes, not

wanting to interfere when he finally began to speak.

- When I met Kim and we became a couple, I knew that his fame would take him away from me sooner or later, I just hoped it would happen late enough for me to prepare for that day. I wanted to be mature and accept it but looking at us now, I do not know who is the bigger child here.

- Wait, huh? - I had the impression that Chay was trying to tell me that they had broken up, even though that couldn't be true. My stupid cousin called him all the time for the past days.

- Mac... - our eyes crossed again when I heard his tiny voice, and I moved gently, wanting to share my warmth with him. - Would you forgive Alcazio if he kissed someone else?

I froze, unable to even think about such situation. I wanted to say yes, because everyone makes mistakes, but when I imagined him and someone else kissing, their lips touching, their bodies next to each other, I knew I was too in love. This would break my heart in a second.

- I... I don't know, I have no idea - I admitted, and then a foolish thought came to me. - Why are you asking? Have you seen him with someone? Who was it?!

Chay slapped me on the forehead, shaking his head in disbelief.

- We both know that he would break his spine sooner, trying to move away, than let someone kiss him. Dude is completely head over heels in love with your stupid ass.

- Well - I smiled gently - that's why he's wonderful.

Porschay rolled his eyes, and I took a closer look at him and realized who could have made my friend ask me this question. *How silly of me!*

- Don't tell me - I began, and seeing the fear in his eyes, I realized it was true. - Really? What an asshole. I'm going to kick his ass! It happened in the bar? That's why you left?

- No - Chay shook his head and then reached for his phone. - In the bar I got it and that's why I ran away.

I was looking at the picture and I couldn't understand why my family was so stupid. What's going on with these people, why can't they just be like Pete and Vegas?

- Chay, I'm so sorry - I gave him back phone, hugging his now trembling body to mine.

The crying spread throughout the bedroom, and I gently stroked his back, wanting to calm down and encourage my friend to share everything with me. He needed it.

- I didn't want to say anything because you know how hot-headed Porsche is, but I don't know what to do anymore - the boy whispered. - My heart hurts so much, as if someone hit me right at

it. I thought that after a few days I would be able to choose some way out of this situation, but as soon as I think I will lose him, I am so sad.

- I know, pumpkin, I know - I let him cry some more before I added - you know I'm not the best at relationships, I'm only now having my first one, but I want you to know that whatever you decide, I'm going to stand behind you like a wall. You can live with us permanently, Vegas won't mind, and Pete loves you so much, he will not let you go back when he hears about this. Remember this, before you decide anything, you have options, you are young and smart and handsome too, Kim is not the end of the world.

- But I love him, I really, really do! - he cried, hugging me tighter. - He does not know at all that I know, maybe it is just a mistake.

- Oh God, just not find excuses for him, this is not a way from this whole mess! – I begged, then I pushed away his tearful face for a moment. - Talk to him, show him a picture, make him explain the matter, then decide, but don't do it on the spur of the moment, don't let him apologize and get away with all of this just because you love him. Listen to Kim's side and then ask yourself if you can really forgive him.

I pulled his body back to me. I couldn't just look at Chay's tears, he was too good and kind to hurt him like that. Kim you piece of shit, I will kill you!

- I don't want you to suffer because of him again - I admitted, and I felt his hands slightly tighten on my shirt. - You're my friend, Chay. I will always be with you, we promised it to each other, remember? So please be kinder to yourself, respect yourself more. You deserve to be loved completely, without situations like this.

- Thank you – Chay said in a stifled voice. - You know, I first confessed to Alcazio and asked him not to say anything. I didn't think he would really do it, but he was silent. He is really good, I'm glad you met him in your life. Now the question is, if Kim is my Alcazio? Or not?

I laughed, and when Porschay looked up, I could see peace of mind in his eyes, as if the weight had fallen from his tired arms, at least partially.

- Would you believe that in the beginning, Caz wanted to kill me?

- What did you said?! - Chay got up on bed and we talked for hours, partly about my story, partly about Kim, until we couldn't stop ourselves from sleeping.

Now that I had gotten out of bed and Chay had run to meet Tankhun, I stared at the water in the pool and, after thinking more deeply, decided to relax a little bit. Vegas and Alcazio disappeared somewhere in the morning, Pete was still asleep, and the house was

as quiet as I think it had ever been. I took off my pants and shirt, staying only in the swimming trunks, which I perversely put on, just before entering, and carefully began to go down, feeling the cool water wash my feet, then knees, until it covered still sensitive neck. I made two lengths of the pool before I noticed the figure standing by the door.

Alcazio looked at me, leaning against the wall, and when I swam up to him, happily extending hand towards him, he raised his eyebrow without moving.

- Won't you join me? – I asked, straightening myself leaning against the edge of the pool.

I knew he might notice reddened marks on my neck that he had made the night before. The twinkle in his eyes indicated that he was looking specifically at these places.

- Chay told me everything - I said, wanting to distract him. - Thank you for keeping his secret.

- There's nothing to thank about - Alcazio finally muttered, though I didn't hear him very well.

- Now stop sulking and come to me - I pushed myself away from the wall, swimming for a moment on my back. - Let's play a little bit.

The man looked at me for few long seconds, then turned around and I heard the door slam. I didn't know if Alcazio was angry about yesterday, but I was hoping he would join me. Sadly, I swam another pair of lengths when I heard the door open again and this time Caz, in the towel itself, sticks something on the entrance, then I heard only a twisted lock.

I swallowed loudly when he looked at me as if he wanted to eat me right here and now, and as the towel fell, showing him completely naked, I almost choked on the water.

- Take off your panties - he told me, and I, blushed to my neck, hesitantly pulled my underwear off and threw it at him.

We were separated by a few meters, but I managed to reach him, and when the underwear fell on the towel already lying on the ground, Caz jumped into the water and dived, soon after surfaced next to me. Carefully, trying to stay afloat, I swam up to him, surrounding his strong arms with my hands and snuggling in a warm body.

- I thought you were angry with me.

- I'm horny - he murmured, kissing me on the forehead. - Since last night. It's a damn long time, you have to admit.

I laughed, but as soon as I lifted my head, Alcazio dug into my mouth, muffling all sounds. I sighed, completely trusting him about a possible drowning, and not caring that we were in the middle of

the pool, I wrapped my legs around his waist, focused only on the strong movements of his tongue. I groaned as his fingers wandered across my body, stroking, pinching, and provoking. Kisses had now fallen around my neck and, feeling sucking in the places he had recently touched, I couldn't help but moan.

- Ca... Caz! – I shouted, completely overcome by thirst.

The water cooled our bodies, although I had the impression that we managed to raise its temperature by a few good degrees. But I didn't care about anything anymore, only Alcazio, snuggled up in me, showing me how much he missed me.

- I can't wait, tiger - he warned in a trembling voice, and I nodded, not fearing pain.

Two fingers quickly entered me, moving fastly and efficiently, pressing on my prostate until I stuck my nails into the Italian's arms. But before I got used to the feeling, Alcazio pulled it out and slipped in something much bigger, something that filled me completely and took my breath away. The pinching mixed with pleasure, until after long seconds it was all in me.

- You're killing me - I whined, pressing fingernails into his back, and he, kissing my tear-wet cheeks, began to move, not even allowing me to adapt to his length.

- You're so tight, tiger - he growled, pushing against me faster and faster. – so freaking hot inside, all I want is to feel the warmth forever, just like now.

I didn't focus on his words, too overwhelmed by the sudden need to feel him deeper. All I could do was repeat his name, whining it until we both reached the heights, harder than ever. I fell on his shoulder, without any strength left, and Alcazio cautiously swam to the end of pool, unfolding a towel and then putting me on it. I was lying on my stomach, fulfilled and lazy, when I felt the first slap on my buttock. I jumped in shock, but Caz's strong hand held me down, not allowing much movement.

- Did you think I forgot? - His deep voice made me tremble suddenly, and even though I knew it was physically impossible, I felt like I was getting wet for him.

The second slap choked out of me a long moan that bounced off the walls of the room. I pushed my ass a little bit higher, cautiously and impatiently waiting for the next one, which came soon after. The skin, in the places of impact, burned and became sensitive, but I felt that I was stiffening, delighted with what Alcazio was doing to me. The fourth slap fell on the other buttock this time, and I lifted my calves and curled toes, wanting to feel more.

- Caz, I beg you – I moaned. - It was supposed to be five, you promised!

Before I added anything, Alcazio slipped into me and began to move. I clenched my hands on the towel, but it was not enough, so I reached with shaky fingers towards the ladder and grabbed the metal, feeling my body move gently from the thrusts. The bottom became more sensitive from the blows, so every touch of our skins spread electrifying waves all over me. I was close again, and when the next of the thrusts hit my tender point, I screamed with delight, just then the last slap fell on my buttocks, but I tensed them and, while lifting them higher, I came, unable to refrain from whining. I knew that Alcazio had reached the heights exactly when I did, but as he slipped out of me to help me rise from the floor, I murmured disgruntled.

- I hope this is not the end? – And I heard laughter.

- Don't be afraid, tiger, this is just the beginning.

I trembled with excitement, looking forward to the next time, and then the cool water doused my sweaty body.

PETE:

I froze, hearing the panic in the waiter's voice, and the only thing I had in my head was that Venice and Jenna were somewhere in the store, possibly in danger. I got up, feeling a sudden surge of adrenaline, when Tankhun ran up to the man, grabbing his hand.

- Really?!

- Yes sir, just as you said, they are shooting the newest series right at the corner on out floor!

I watched uncertainly at what was happening, and Tankhun screamed with joy and, forgetting about us, ran outside. I looked first at Porsche, then at the rest of the guys, but no one knew what was going on. It wasn't until Pol came back and explained the real reason for the invitation. I felt like pulling Khun outside and beating his egoistic ass. Really, he invited us only because he didn't want to wait for the film crew to arrive? It wasn't even certain that they would start shooting here!

- And he told me it was about reconciling you two - Tay muttered, and nodding his head, followed the crazy Theerapanyakul .

- And it's like that literally every single day - Porsche sighed before we walked through the restaurant into the hallway, where Tankhun, jumping happily, waved to one of the actors.

I didn't know which of the dramas they were going to shoot here, so I patted Porsche on the back and, noticing Jenna with Venice walking towards me, I headed to them, taking the little one in my arms. He didn't look happy, but I knew how he didn't enjoy shopping, and although he never complained with me, he wasn't afraid to show his dissatisfaction with strangers. Now Venice was

reluctant to look at Jenna, probably not believing that she had truly forced him to visit so many shops.

- I don't think he likes me anymore - the girl laughed, and I echoed her, because Venice snuggled up to me and sighed in fatigue.

- He will rest a little and everything will go back to normal - I assured, and when Tankhun noticed us and began to call out to the little one, the boy looked at him with widened eyes and cried.

- Don't cry sweetie - I asked nicely, kissing his forehead, then his cheek, and he looked at me and immediately stopped, but when Tankhun approached us and the baby's face turned towards him, the sobbing began again, as if on cue.

- Venice, did you miss me? - said his uncle happily, taking boy out of my hands. – Why are you crying? It's probably your daddy, he tells you some horrors about me! Don't believe him, his the evil one.

- Tankhun! – I screamed, not happy with his words.

- Oh ok, ok, Vegas is angel and we all are devils here.

The child slapped Khun in the mouth with his little hand, as if dissatisfied with what he was saying about Vegas, and then ignoring the man, he stretched out his hands to me, insisting on taking them from his uncle. I quickly kidnapped him from now moody Tankhun, and he, when he heard another well-known name, turned around and, ignoring us, ran to the place where everyone was standing.

- Let's go - I asked, and we quickly moved on to the car.

It took us a short time to get home, and when I got out, I noticed that Vegas was already inside, his vehicle was in one of the garages. I smiled and for a moment the memory flickered in my head when, drunk, I began to kiss his chest, but everything disappeared before I remembered the rest. Last night I really overdid it with alcohol. We went inside, and Jenna took the little one for a meal, he must have been hungry after shopping. I quickly climbed the stairs, then into the bedroom, with a smile looking at Vegas sitting at his desk.

- Hey - I said, and unable to help myself, I walked closer, kissing him on the cheek.

- Hey, honey - he replied, putting down his pen and letting me sit on his knees.

I looked at the papers in front of him and saw a long analysis of the man who was stalking us. It's gotten really quiet lately, and while I was hoping he was dead or just decided to give up, I didn't think that was the truth.

- Did you have a meeting with Arm today? - I asked, seeing my friend's notes on the sides.

- Yes, still nothing - Vegas sighed, rubbing his tired temples. –

Motherfucker disappear into thin air. I don't know if this guy is so good at hiding or if he's just nobody, so no one cares about his movements, but it's impossible to catch him at the moment.

- You can handle it - I assured, kissing Vegas on the forehead. – No one could be better than the great and formidable Vegas Theerapanyakul.

I felt hands on my back, gently massaging my muscles.

- Don't worry, I'll take care of it. But maybe let's change the subject – I heard cheerful tones in his voice. - First, explain to me why when you're drunk, you undress, and how come I didn't see you like that before you broke into my mansion? If I knew how delightful you are back then, I would immediately focus only on you.

I lifted my head, looking at him with a question in my eyes.

- What are you talking about?

- Well, about your constant undressing in front of me while being drunk.

I tried to remember all the moments from last night, but there was nothing about taking off my clothes.

- I don't do that - I said confidently, and Vegas laughed and opened one of the files on his laptop looking into saved files from cameras put outside.

I couldn't hear the sound, but I could see perfectly well how I struggled to get out of the car and suddenly grab my shirt, tearing it apart. Vegas tried to cover me, but I hit him in the hand and, losing the remnants of the material that covered me, I struggled to get to the door, resting my bare chest against the wood.

I watched myself in disbelief and suddenly remembered everything, our conversation, striptease, crying and unfinished blowjob. I knew I was red as a tomato, and Vegas, seeing that, understood exactly what situation I was thinking of.

- Last night was... magical - he assured me, trying to stop the laughter. - I have to admit, no one has ever fallen asleep during oral sex with me. This first time I owe only to you, honey.

I wanted to get up from his knees, but he held me tight, not allowing to run away.

- I should probably be offended, but just knowing how embarrassed you will be when you find out about it made all the negative thoughts evaporate right away.

- Stop talking - I begged, covering his mouth with my hand.

I had the impression that I would burn there from embarrassment, but he moved his face away and started again.

- You were so involved, I literally felt like you were going to swallow me in a moment, you tried so hard, and suddenly boom,

snoring - Vegas laughed so loudly that his whole body trembled with vibrations, and I tucked my head in his neck, unable to understand my behavior.

- Can we not mention it? – I asked. – Like never?

- Pete, I love you with all my heart and I will do anything for you - Vegas assured me - but there's no chance I'll ever let you forget it. You'll see, I'll add it somehow into my marriage vow.

- Marriage? - I repeated after him and Vegas suddenly went silent. - Do you want to marry me?

- What a stupid question - he murmured, stroking my cheek. - You are my whole world, of course I want to marry you. As soon as we deal with this pathetic ghost, I will ask you for your hand. And you will agree – the last words sounded like an order.

I smiled, kissing him sweetly on the lips.

- Yes, sir - I replied, and then he ran his nose from the line of my jaw to collarbone, and then back, stopping for a moment at my ear.

- I'd ask for a blowjob to celebrate our love, but I'd prefer if you didn't go to sleep yet - he whispered, and I slammed him on the shoulder.

- Vegas, you bastard!

Chapter 30: Mousetrap

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

THANK YOU ALL FOR KIND WORDS, IT REALLY HELPED ME A LOT, THOSE COUPLE OD DAYS WERE HARD BUT SUPPORT AND LOVE SHOWED TO ME MADE THIS WHOLE THING SO MUCH BETTER. YOU ALL ARE THE BEST!

I'VE NOT CHECKED IT, SO THERE MAY BE MISTAKES! NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE FIREEEEEE! SHIT WILL GO DOWN!

PETE:

I hid my reddened face in hands, still remembering last night. I couldn't believe what I had done, and Vegas, laughing his ass off, hugged me tighter, kissing me on the hair. I felt the heat in the places he touched, which spread in waves all over my body. With his big, strong fingers, Vegas stroked my back, on which I could feel pleasant chills.

- Don't worry, honey - he said with difficulties. - I'll remind you of this maybe a million more times, and then I'll let us forget, I promise.

I punched him gently in the chest, laying down my head, cuddling into his neck. I smiled furtively as he was joking about yesterday. I loved those moments when Vegas was enjoying everything so much that his whole body vibrated with happiness. His face shone, dark eyes glowed like diamonds, and I felt like we had reached the perfect moment in life. The type of moment, which people dream about. I've always wished, deep inside, about finding someone who would make my life colorful, more lively. That was the case with Vegas. I no longer remembered what my past was like without him, as if those years didn't matter. I had the impression that the moment I accepted our love, something fell from my eyes,

and I suddenly really began to see everything that surrounded me. The colors became stronger, the smells more lustful, the flavors tastier. My existence suddenly took on a meaning that I could not see before. Love truly changes people.

- I love you - I whispered, kissing him on the neck, and Vegas immediately fell silent.

He carefully twisted my head, which was still on his shoulder, so that we could look at each other better and, while stroking my cheek, he smiled, but this time differently. Before, he radiated with childish joy, now I saw in his eyes pure love and something dark, something that made me clench my legs, feeling the heat between them. Love and lust. The desire to possess, to completely absorb my person. I shuddered to see the depth of his feelings before he bent over, squeezing a wet, addictive kiss on my lips that took my breath away.

- I love you more - he said, and I rolled my eyes.

- You wish - I muttered, and he get closer once again, but before anything could happen, the phone on the desk rang, interrupting our intimate moment.

For a moment, Vegas wanted to ignore the phone, but seeing my raised eyebrow, he sighed disgruntled and answered, pressing the speakerphone button. There were no secrets between us.

- What?! - he growled, not paying attention to who was calling. - It's better be important, otherwise I'll find you and...

- Khun Vegas? - Arm's uncertain voice spread through the office. - Sir! I was able to find a signal.

- What signal? What are you even talking about? - Vegas sighed, all this time massaging the delicate skin on my nape.

I knew he was unhappy to hear my friend's voice, and he was still mad at him after that evening. I wasn't sure if Arm realized how close he was to death. Man was saved by me only because I was still angry at Vegas and when I saw him I just wanted to kick his ass, so I took one of the pillows and threw it at his not focused on me face. Now, while getting back to reality I sighed, trying to listen carefully to what he was saying. It was really late and he decided to call us, it could not be just anything. It was also the first time he contacted not me, but Vegas, so the matter had to be important. My lover's sinful fingers were driving me crazy, so I slammed him on the forehead, telling him to calm down and focus.

- A person who persecutes you.

We looked at each other with disbelief and hope. Vegas let me go, helping me sit more comfortably, while still holding me on his lap. Now his dislike of Arm didn't matter, much more important things came before us. Things that we had to finally finish. I shuddered,

hoping that we would finally be able to catch the person responsible for all the pain and fear we had been feeling for weeks.

- Speak - I asked. - Tell us everything, Arm.

- Pete? Hey, yes. In a nutshell, from the moment I learned about messages and phone calls, I set up a search for a signal related to the numbers that were used - Arm said. - I didn't think I'd find anything, but you know, it's always better to make sure. The program was going in the background, so I forgot about it, but I just caught something.

- What information do you have? - Vegas asked, pulling out one of the briefcases and placing it on his desk.

- Coordinates that point to the old villa on the outskirts of the city. Remember that place, Pete? We used to hide a weapons depot there when a yakuza burned down one of our warehouses.

- I know - I admitted, writing down the address next to the questioner sign Vegas had drawn. - We spent a lot of time there. An ideal hiding place, completely out of sight from people. Damn sure, I should have thought about it sooner!

- It's not your fault, no one knew where to look - Vegas assured me. - Anything else you have, Arm?

- That's all I could find. Khun Kinn is going to come to talk about everything, since they poisoned Porsche, he wants to destroy these people. The matter is important, so the boss does not want to wait another day.

- I'm not surprised by it - Vegas admitted, kissing me on the temple. - We are waiting for you. The time does not matter, we will be sitting in the conference room. Head straight there.

- When will you be able to arrive? - I asked. - And who will be with you?

- Now we are looking for Sir Kim, Khun Kinn wants him to be part of the talks, but we will definitely show up tonight. Boss Kinn, Khun Kim, me, Pol and Porsche of course.

- Wonderful, let's not tell anyone else, I don't trust people. It was too easy for that son of a bitch to make our lives miserable for some time. Maybe this is the beginning of the end of this damn issue - I asked before we said goodbyes.

I felt Vegas tense up with impatience. We have lost so much health, so much nerves and so much time that no one will give us back anymore, and now there is a ray of hope. But I was skeptical, because why did the signal suddenly appear? Something didn't sit well with me in all of this, but we had no other clues. I intertwined my fingers with his, making him look at me from behind the papers.

- We'll get him - I assured, and Vegas grabbed my face in his hands, while kissing me on the forehead.

- Of course we will, darling – he said with confidence. - And then I'll peel skin off of him for everything he's done to us.

VEGAS:

We sat down at the table where I spread out all the papers I had collected. Arm pulled out a large map, and next to it a drawn plan of the building from which the signal came. I looked at the three-story villa and wondered what Lorenzo was planning this time. It's been quiet lately, but I knew it was just the calm before the storm.

- So as I understand it, you want to get to the building? - Alcazio asked, staring at Kinn and Porsche. - Do you realize how risky it is? Certainly, the signal did not appear by accident, it is an ambush.

- Probably yes - Kim admitted to him, leaning his back against the wall. - But I don't think there's much way out here. The ghost stalker has been hiding for months, and we don't even know what he looks like. This is our only chance.

- I drew a plan of all the rooms and divided us into three equal teams - Arm warned, pulling out the tablet. - The Alpha group is Pete, me and Porsche, we will enter the third floor. Then there will be Omega with Khun Vegas, Nop and Pol, they will go to second floor and we are left with Boss Kinn, Alcazio and Khun Kim as Beta, staying on the first floor.

- I disagree - I said, unhappy with the attempt to separate me from Pete. – Me and Pete, we need to be together. I can't go there not knowing if he is fine.

- There's no chance we will let you be in one team, cousin - Kinn assured, resting his hands on the table and leaning towards me. - You're too distracted when it comes to him. I'm not going to be with Porsche either, because we have to keep a cool heads. Pete is professional, he can survive just fine without you.

- Kinn, you asshole, I said no! - I began, but I felt Pete's hand comfortingly laying down on my thigh.

- Everything will be fine - he whispered to me, and I felt him brush my neck with his hot lips. - The faster we take care of this man, the sooner you'll see me, so don't hold back.

I sighed, still dissatisfied, but nodded, knowing I was in a losing position. I knew what a good fighter Pete was, but my heart wanted him to be close. I had to see him in front of me in order to cover him with my body when it was needed. I didn't care who would come out alive from this villa, as long as one of those people was my Pete.

- We will go inside at night. The only way to get upstairs is through the elevator, but after previous missions, I still have access to cameras. I checked and now they are covered, but I will anyway turn off everything before entering. We have one goal.

- Kill - I said, intertwining my fingers with Pete's.

- Catch - Kinn corrected me - catch and interrogate. We need to know if we've caught a boss or just some invalid roach.

- Of course. First to catch, then Vegas will be able to kill them, once we get everything out what we need to know - Pete added, and I threw him a lazy smile. He raised an eyebrow in response, and all I wanted to do was kiss him with all my might.

- We are no longer interested in your little sex games, as long as we will hear what is needed - Porsche laughed quietly.

- Let's move on with the plan - I asked, feeling warmth spread through my body.

- Well, yes. After entering, the matter will be simpler, we check all the rooms, catch who we can and come back. It sounds easy, but let's remember that they can expect it. I sent a drone to those areas, but it did not catch anything extraordinary, it is possible that inside we will not meet a living soul.

- It doesn't matter - Kim said. - We have to check it anyway. Maybe we will find some clues.

- What if they filled the whole thing with explosives? - Alcazio asked, leaning more comfortably on his chair.

- The detector didn't find anything, and I don't think they came up with a new kind of bomb. The place is abandoned most of the time, only one day during the month there are palpable movements there.

- When?

- On every third Thursday, which means tomorrow, Khun Vegas - Arm replied.

- Dammit, little time to prepare - Pete muttered, getting up and leaning over to get a better look at the building's plan.

- There is no time at all - Porsche sighed. - That's why we have to decide, we do it tomorrow or wait another month.

There was silence in the room, everyone watching each other and waiting for someone to speak. I was not a patient man when it came to the safety of my loved ones, I did not want to tempt fate. If something had happened to Pete, Macau or Venice in that month, I would never have forgiven myself, so now, looking at their pensive faces, I knew it was our only chance.

- Tomorrow - I said firmly, and Pete looked at me questioningly, so I added more strongly. – Tomorrow.

- Tomorrow - he repeated after me, so I reached for him, and Pete grabbed my hand and let himself be brought to my knees, on which he sat. - Tomorrow everything will end.

- Let it be tomorrow - Alcazio agreed, though I saw that he was concerned. - We will increase security in this house, let everyone

gather here, your eldest brother, Chay, Macau and Venice. I have to be sure that nothing would happen to him - Caz didn't even have to say who he was talking about, I knew that my brother was his main concern.

- We will bring them here - Porsche assured - and tomorrow we will destroy this viper's nest.

- Great - I didn't wait for Kinn's approval anymore. I knew that the moment his lover gave us permission, the case was closed. - Nop, prepare weapons and vests, everything must be checked three times, I do not want any sudden problems, because the barrel is not clean or the material was torn.

- Yes, sir - said the man, leaning over and then leaving.

- Take copies of the plan - Arm rolled up the paper and handed it to me. - Everything is written there, I preferred not to use electronic methods, I didn't know whether someone would not catch such an e-mail.

- Thanks, bro - Pete muttered, smiling, so I moved him closer to myself.

- Yeah, thanks - I growled, then took a deep breath. - See you tomorrow, at six pm.

- I don't like all this - Pol whispered, speaking for the first time since his arrival, but no one responded to his words.

Only Arm leaned towards him gently, and when blushes bloomed on the bodyguard's face, I knew he hold his lover's hand under the table. Pete had told me their secret earlier, so I hid a smile, feeling Pol's panicked gaze on us.

- Great, sleep well this night, we all need a lot of strength tomorrow - Kinn ordered, and nodding to us, went outside with the rest, leaving only the two of us in the conference room.

- We risk a lot - I heard when the door closed behind the last person. – Maybe too much. I don't want anything to happen to you, Vegas.

- We have to end this - I replied, though I was shaking with nerves myself, thinking that I might lose Pete. - He cares about me, so I'll give him what he wants and then I'll kill him. No one will ever hurt you again.

We kissed, although it was rather just gentle touch of the lips. We had to get some sleep tonight, but I knew that after all the mission, which we will finish with success, I would lock the two of us in the bedroom for a week and not let Pete out of my arms until we were both completely satisfied.

- I hope you do - Pete whispered as I repeated my thoughts aloud. - Catch him, Vegas. Catch and kill, and then fuck me until I die myself.

***

We stood by the cars, dressed and ready to go. I looked at focused Pete, staying next to me, who was calming his breath while having eyes closed. I walked closer to him, checking if the vest was tightly protecting his body.

- Everything will be fine - Pete said, feeling my hands on him.

- I know, but - I began, swallowing my saliva loudly. - If anything happens and you have to choose, promise me that you will run away.

Pete opened his eyes, looking at me in surprise. I stuck my commanding gaze directly into his brown pupils, with no intention of backing down from what I had said. I needed to hear him promise to take care of himself first, I couldn't be on the third floor with him, so I wanted at least to have an assurance from him that he would treat himself as a priority.

- Vegas... - Pete began, frowning.

- No, no excuses. Promise me now that if anything happens, you will think of yourself first - I ordered, even though I knew I sounded more desperate than frightening. - I beg you, Pete. Tell me that, even if you are going to lie. I have to hear it before we get into the lion's cage.

Pete slowly moved towards and kissed me carefully, first on the neck, then on the corner of mouth, until he finally hit thirsty lips. He brushed my sensitive skin, gently biting lower lip and soothing irritated areas with his tongue. I groaned quietly, surrounding his face with my hands and hugging my forehead to his, while looking at those beautiful eyes with begging.

- I can't lose you - I admitted, and he stroked my cheek. - I can't live without you. You have to promise me that you will get out of there, otherwise I will not let you go.

- Vegas, honey - Pete began, and kissed me again. - We will both get out of there unscathed. I promise you that. You won't get rid of me so easily.

- I love you - I whispered.

- I love you more - I heard and felt a smile blossom on my face.

We stood there, snuggled up in each other, until finally Porsche had to pull us away from each other.

- Stop being so dramatic, it's going to be fine, we will be back - he said, then dragged Pete to the other car.

It suddenly got chilly around me and all I wanted was to feel Pete next to me again, but I had to focus on the mission. I checked my gun and vest and got into the vehicle, now we were just waiting for Alcazio.

ALCAZIO:

I was sitting on the bed, looking behind Macau who was still walking to the right, then to the left, like a madman. Tonight was not the easiest one, my tiger woke me up every now and then, giving new excuses to not go. When I told him everything yesterday, I got hit strongly by pillow throw at my head and then I needed to listen a long lecture about how stupid and irresponsible we are.

- You give yourself to them there on a tray - Macau repeated, and I nodded, trying to grab and hug him to myself.

- You're right.

- Can't you wait this month and prepare properly? - he asked, and I, feeling that my eyes were closing from tiredness, only shook my head.

- Caz, CAZ! - I woke up from my nap, and Macau looked at me, still nervous. – You are seriously falling asleep when we are talking?

- Tiger, it's late, I know you're worried, but everything has been set - I replied, stretching out my hand to him.

He stood for a moment, grumpy, and then sighed, grasping my fingers and lying down next to my tired body. I closed my eyes, feeling everything relax from his warmth, and fell asleep again. Macau woke me up a few more times, but our conversations lasted a minute, until the morning finally came.

Now, sitting on the bed, I watched as he walked through the room nervously and repeated everything he had said before.

- Don't go - he asked suddenly, and I pulled him to me and sat on my lap.

- I'll be back soon, you won't even notice me being gone, believe me tiger - I assured, though I knew it didn't convince him.

- Maybe I'll go with you, I can shoot and...

- No! - I shouted, not even wanting to hear anything more about it. - No, Macau. You will stay here, safe. There is no chance that you will go with us.

- Why can you take the risk and I can't? - he asked perversely, and I just kissed his eyebrow, hugging him tighter.

- Do not be afraid, I will come back. I killed one of the biggest bosses in Italy for you, I can handle this stalker - at the last words I kissed him, wanting to silence all the protests.

The muscles tensed up when I felt his sweet taste in my mouth. I lazily sucked lower lip, hearing quiet moans. The vest bothered me a little, but I couldn't take it off anymore. Instead, with struggles to break away from Macau, I moved a little, while kissing the tip of his nose in an attempt to calm my senses.

- Be a good boy, keep an eye on Chay and your crazy cousin.

Promise me - I asked, and he rolled his eyes and, with pouty mouths, whispered a short "I promise".

I got up, heading for the door, when the clock struck six o'clock in the evening. Last time I turned around, staring at sad Macau, before I sighed, angry that I had to leave him here alone.

- Don't you want to say goodbye to Vegas and Pete?

- I've already done it - the boy assured me.

I was just holding my hand on the doorknob when he added.

- Caz... - I didn't turn to him, but the muscles on my back tensed when I heard the uncertainty in his voice, then I felt him hugging me. – When you come back, leave the vest, don't take it off. It turns me on.

I laughed, and all the stress came off me right away.

- I love you tiger, wait for me.

- I love you too.

PETE:

We arrived at the stopping point after an hour of driving. Everyone quickly and efficiently left the vehicles, standing in the groups into which we were divided. I took a deep breath before I looked at Vegas for the last time. Our eyes met and I had the impression that everything else began to lose color, only the brightness of his pupils shone in gray. I nodded to him, trying to smile with encouragement, he did the same and we were moving on.

There were two entrances leading to the building, main one that everyone knew about and one hidden, which Pol accidentally discovered two years ago. I immediately took steps in that direction, and soon we disappeared into the ivy-covered hole that was supposed to lead us to the basement. The musty smell spread through my lungs, wanting to force me to cough, but I refrained from it, moving forward until we reached a cold ground filled with damaged furniture and memorabilia from the family who once lived here. I looked at Arm and Porsche, pointing my head towards the small stairs and doors that were now ajar. They both nodded to me and we walked into the darkened room. There was no one around, so I quickly went into the elevator and slid in with my team, Vegas, Pol, and Nop. Everyone was silent when we stopped on the second floor, and I looked at the stiff back of the love of my life one last time, then the elevator started again.

We quietly climbed to the third floor and looked around. From what Arm said, the movement does not start here until midnight, so we could calmly search all the places, but to our surprise, the walls were demolished and the entire floor was changed into one huge room. I swallowed my saliva, feeling dangerous chills on my nape,

and that's when the whole villa shone with brightness. I closed my eyes, feeling blind from the sudden light that was on, fortunately I quickly got used to it. I blinked several times, trying to regain focus, and when I saw what was before me, I held my breath, looking in disbelief at the walls of the building.

Photos of me, Vegas, Alcazio, Macau and Venice were looking at us from all sides. Photos at home when we wqtched television together. Photos in the kitchen, where we ate meals and fed baby. Photos in the bedroom, where we were lying cuddled, kissing or having sex. Photos of Macau and Alcazio in the pool, swimming, fucking in the water and so much more. There wasn't even a scrap of visible wall, just hundreds, thousands of photos.

- What the fuck is this shit - Porsche cursed, seeing himself in this dark collage.

- What is this supposed to mean? - I asked, looking at him in disbelief, and then all hell broke loose and everything once again went black.

Chapter 31: House of Madness

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

GOOD LUCK TO MY READERS, YOU WILL NEED IT HERE AND THIS IS ONLY A BEGINNING. LUV YOU ALL! MUAH!

I DID NOT CHECK IT SO SORRY FOR ALL MISTAKES!

ALCAZIO:

The light went out, causing confusion all over the floor. I grabbed my gun harder, cowering and moving on to the wall plastered with pictures. I felt like screaming when I saw the nude photographs of Macau. I wasn't interested in whether anyone had seen my body without clothes, but knowing that others had seen my tiger in a negligee drove me crazy. No one had right to see that body, only me.

- Vegas? Are you on the line? – I asked, starting the handset, thanks to which we could communicate.

Silence answered me and I knew that things were bad on the second floor. I didn't envy those who were with Vegas now, the guy must have been on the verge of madness and mad Vegas was worse than the devil. I saw him in action few times and whenever something has been related to Pete, this man was losing his mind.

- Kinn? - I whispered and immediately heard a murmur beside me.

- I am here - muttered a voice right next to me.

- Me too - the next one added, and I breathed with relief.

- We have to be careful, we don't know what's going to happen here - I said, clenching my hand tighter on the gun.

I couldn't let my feelings overwhelm me, so I took a deep breath a few times, calming my confused thoughts.

- Only the elevator leads to the floors, there are no other

entrances - Kinn warned, and I nodded in understanding, though he couldn't see it.

This gave us some room for manoeuvre. Before the darkness, I managed to quickly look around the whole and although the room was large, damaged walls and lack of furniture made it not difficult to see through every corner.

- Alcazio? - Pete's voice came to me from the earbud. – Caz!

- Yes? - I focused on him, hearing nervousness in his voice.

- Pull the UV lamp out of your bag and point it at the wall - he ordered, and I immediately began to look for what he was talking about in my backpack. - Do you see that?

I lit up the flashlight and quickly swept through the photos, noticing that something had appeared on them. I did it again, this time more slowly, and with difficulty swallowing the saliva, I saw the inscription appearing, most likely added by some phosphorescent paint.

"Thank you for your help, K. You are free now. Good dog."

- Who the hell is K? - Kinn asked, and I thought about every single employees of Vegas.

- Kora, Kin, Kar - I repeated, trying to remember other names, but nothing else came to my mind. - Damn it, are there more? - I asked myself, focused on that one visible letter on the wall.

- It couldn't be someone from us - Pete said, recalling that he was still on the line. - Maybe the kitchen and pool are easy to hide the cameras, even Vegas' office, they would be able to make it there, but not our bedroom. And not the Venice room. We have special rules put in place there.

- So who the hell is K? - I asked.

- I have no id... - the call was interrupted before I could hear the whole answer.

- Pete? Pete?! PETE?! – I shouted and then the room lit up again.

I looked hesitantly at the pictures, trying to remember anyone who might have access to everything in the house and who had been in it recently, but nothing came to my mind. I first looked at Kinn, who was cursing under his breath, tearing his and Porsche photos off the wall. There weren't many of them, fortunately for him, and they were both dressed in every single one, but he wasn't glad that someone was secretly watching them. Then I looked at Kim and noticed that he had turned pale. Sparkling eyes stared blankly at the photographs, and hands clenched awkwardly on the pistol.

- Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK! - he repeated, walking frantically from one side to other and over again.

I frowned because I didn't like his behavior at all. I looked at the

pictures and couldn't find any that showed him or Chay, and yet the boy spent a few days with us. And that's when I remembered Kim's visit a few weeks ago. He had to see Vegas immediately, who had just left for the meeting. I wasn't interested in anything at the time, as I was more focused on Macau, but I remembered that he said he would wait for him in the office, and after half an hour he went downstairs and left. I didn't care then, after all, it was his cousin, but now, under these circumstances, I wasn't sure of anything.

- What have you done? - I asked, raising the barrel towards him.

Kinn, seeing that I was threatening his brother, also lifted a gun, looking at us nervously.

- Alcazio, what are you doing? - he growled, but I was focused only on Kim.

- What did you do? - I repeated, and the boy flinched, looking away for a moment, and I knew he was guilty.

I quickly unlocked the gun, unable to believe that a family member had done such a thing to his own cousin. I ignored Kinn, who had been urging me to step back all this time, and I took a step toward the traitor.

- How could you do that to them? - I asked, still incredulous.

- It's not him! - Kinn shouted and stood between me and his brother. - Why would Kim do that? Stop talking nonsense and let's find the person together.

- Phi - Kim's whisper came to us from behind him. – Phi, it's me.

Kinn froze, his pupils dilated, which reassured me that he had no idea about it. The man swallowed his saliva loudly and turned slowly toward Kim.

- You? But how could you... - he said quickly, with uncertainty in his voice, as if he still did not believe in what he heard. - Why would you do that?

We both waited for his explanation, and he turned even paler and to our surprise Kim started to cry.

- I had no other choice! – he assured and leaned against the wall, slowly sliding down it to a sitting position.

He looked like someone carrying a lot of weight on his shoulders. I sighed, reluctantly blocking the gun, and ran my hand over face, tired of everything. Kim put my tiger in danger, allowed some madman to record our lives, and I was close to shooting him here and now. But I couldn't do it, I couldn't do it for Macau. I had to calm down and listen to Kim and then decide. I had to act like an adult, although all I really wanted was to tear off his head.

- You have five minutes to tell us everything before I will kick the shit out of you - I threatened, and he wiped away his tears, looking sadly at his brother.

- Don't look at him, look at me - I growled, taking two steps towards him. - Look at me and speak. Tell me what could have happened that you decided to sell your family?

- I - Kim began, but his voice broke, as if unable to tell the truth. The man grunted, calmed down and slowly started again. – I had a concert some time ago, more intimate one, with only few people. Before I never agreed to such stages, just performing for someone and his friends, but the offer was nice and company seemed legit, so why not? I met them before the show and, although I shouldn't have done it, I took a drink congratulating them on their anniversary. – he said in a trembling voice. At the same time Kinn leaned over him, grabbing his hand to give him encouragement. - I don't remember much about the whole event, but I woke up in the hotel, naked, and right next to me were photographs of me and a guy I don't know. Our poses were rather – he swallowed his saliva – unambiguous. I panicked because I couldn't remember anything! The next few days were hard, I wanted to tell you and Chay, but I was so ashamed. And then I got a call.

I knew what he would say next, but I didn't want to hear any more. I wanted to hit him, destroy him, because he put everyone in danger, but I knew that in a similar situation I would also be terrified of losing my Macau. Did I have the right to judge him?

- All I had to do was pin something in Vegas' bedroom and install the app on his computer. I knew that the program would be stopped by protective filters created for Vegas's system, so I was not worried! I should have said everything, but I was so ashamed! Kinn, I really didn't do it on purpose! They had videos and all those fucking photos! No one said a thing about bug so I assumed it was removed.

I looked at his brother, who was watching Kim with pain in his eyes. The man had just learned that someone probably raped his brother and then forced him to betray his family, the whole situation must have overwhelmed them. I didn't want to interfere with their family, so I turned on my heel, again trying to catch the signal to other groups.

- Pete? – I started. - This K is Kim, he bugged your bedroom and probably gave some virus to system. That's why no one could find the issue.

- WHAT?! - I heard Vegas' nervous voice and then Pete's curse, and I wanted to say a few obscene words myself.

Everything was falling apart.

VEGAS:

When we went upstairs, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Everything was taped up with our photos and I had the impression

that I had ended up in a madhouse. How did someone have access not only to my cameras, but also to the bedroom? I looked with frowns at each of the photos and before I could stop, I grabbed a few, tearing them off and throwing them on the ground. No one had the right to record my family, no one had the right to threaten them. I wanted to get rid of the man who did it, but most of all I wanted to get rid of those damn photographs.

The pictures were falling to the ground and then I noticed that there was something else underneath. Something that made my blood boil. Someone stuck other photographs under the ones I was just peeling off. Photographs of two men I know well, in which one of them watched the other with sadness in his eyes. Photographs that confirmed my belief, which I had as soon as I saw them together, talking. Photographs of Pete and Arm.

- What is it? - Pol murmured, walking up to the wall and helping me take everything off.

I remembered that they had recently both confessed their love for each other. I wanted to snort, looking at the evidence that Arm had long been in love with Pete. The way he looked at him in each of those damn pictures was irrefutable proof that it was true. I saw Pol's face fade, falling in sadness, as if the truth he had in front of his face was hard to reach him.

- I'll kill him - I warned, and the man flinched and looked away.

- Sir - Nop began, and then the light went out.

- What the hell?! - I shouted, dissatisfied, before I heard Alcazio's voice saying my name in the earpiece, but I ignored it.

- Someone has to control the electrics - Nop muttered and walked slowly towards the elevator, at least I recognized it from the shuffling of his feet. - I'll go down and check everything as soon as the electricity returns.

I didn't listen much to his explanations, but instead turned to the direction from which Pol's breathing sounded. I felt sorry for him, because the photos of Arm looking at Pete seemed quite fresh and new.

- I'm going to smash his balls - I said, feeling the anger rise in me more strongly.

- Well, maybe I'll help you - Pol muttered, and it was the first time he said something to me informally. - Damn it! That fucking idiot! Damn, damn you!!

Surprised, unaccustomed to his screams, I fell silent, then the light flashed again, blinding us for a few seconds.

- Let's see - Nop murmured, but when he pressed the button calling the elevator, nothing happened.

Mechanism did not start and I knew that we were stuck. I harshly

pulled bag off my back, throwing it against the wall. I was nervous, my anger was seething with me, and I couldn't hold back anymore. I wanted to destroy, I needed to see this stalker on the ground, bleeding and dying before my eyes, but nothing went our way. Pol continued to rip off the shoot, focused only on discovering everything, and I wanted to laugh out loud, knowing that Arm and Pete were on the same team.

- Who set the groups? – I asked, and Pol muttered something under his breath, then his hands stopped. – Repeat!

- Arm was arranging everything - the man whispered again, clenching his eyelids tightly.

I don't think he wanted to admit the truth. Poor man. I felt sorry for him. To know that someone you love doesn't really love you, but your friend, it must have hurt. The only thing that reassured me was the knowledge that Pete belonged only to me. I knew he loved me, and the photos showed that it was only Arm who looked at him with care and love. One-sided feelings did not bother me as long as they were one-sided. But I didn't like it, pretending to be friendly, when it was clear to everyone that Arm wanted something more.

- Son of a bitch! Your boyfriend is trash - I growled, ripping off more photos, and then a window appeared to my eyes. Someone tried to hide it from us, probably to make us feel trapped without any other exit than elevator.

- Interesting - I muttered, turning to Nop. - we're taking down everything, maybe something else will be underneath.

The next minutes passed us on cleaning the walls, but after a while clean concrete appeared to us. Two windows let in light and I knew that if the elevator didn't work, at least we would have another way to escape.

- Pete? - I heard a crackling sound in the earpiece and then a voice I missed.

- Vegas! I finally got you, I was worried, you bastard! - Pete said.

- Nothing happened, we only discovered that the elevator does not work, but there are windows in the room, under the pictures. Someone taped them, it is possible that he wanted to hide the possibilities of leaving this damn villa. Idiot!

- We'll check it out, but there was an inscription on photos, hidden... - Pete began, when Alcazio's loud voice interrupted him.

- Pete? This K is Kim, he bugged your bedroom and probably gave some virus to system. That's why no one could find the issue.

- WHAT?! - I shouted, slamming my hand against the wall.

The pain spread to the muscles, I didn't care. I couldn't believe that Kim had betrayed us, it didn't make sense. I threw a long bunch of curses, again hearing crackling in my ear. Just then, a

voice spread all over the floor, which I did not expect here.

- Don't worry Chay, everything will be fine! - said Macau. - Worry more about us, Khun behaves like crazy. He almost drowned me in the bathtub, I don't know where he came up with idea about dyeing his hair now.

- You're just boring - Tankhun replied, though the voices were slightly altered.

- Damn it, what's going on? - Nop whispered, and I looked at him in horror.

- It was not about us - the truth hit me with redoubled force. - It was about them, everyone in the house is in danger. We have to go back!

PETE:

Darkness took over whole room, so I huddled automatically, pointing my gun towards the elevator. It was the only place from which someone could attack us, so I expected that if something happened, it would be from the other side. I could hear someone's footsteps and curses around me, but I was focused on something else.

- What is this? - Arm whispered, and then it occurred to me that he was looking for something in his backpack.

- Damn, I hate dark places! - Porsche muttered right next to me. - Someone died in that villa? Tell me! Or don't speak, I don't want to know.

I rolled my eyes when the curse from behind came to us.

- Guys, see this - said Arm, and we turned around, looking at the strange inscription that appeared on the pictures. - Interesting. Someone had to try very hard to do all this.

- But for what? - I asked, not feeling impressed. I no longer understood what was going on.

- Maybe the person who persecutes you likes dramas. He can't just attack you, he has to do all this stupidity? - I wanted to answer Porsche when I heard crack and Alcazio's voice in the earpiece.

- Alcazio? - I focused on the voice in the handset. - Caz!

- Yes?

- Pull the UV lamp out of your bag and point it at the wall - I ordered, staring at the written words. - Do you see that?

Silence appeared between us and I could imagine Caz face, focused.

- Kora, Kim, Kar - Alcazio's words came to me from afar, and I had the impression that I was losing my reach. – Damn it, are there more?

- It couldn't be someone from us – I assured him. - Maybe the kitchen and the pool are easy to hide the cameras, even Vegas's

office would be able to make, but not our bedroom. And not the Venice room. We have special rules put in place there.

- So who the hell is K? - Caz raised his voice and I sighed.

I hated being in ignorance. To wander like a child in a fog and not understand where we might be attacked from. Home should be our oasis of peace, and it turns out that we have been watched for a long time. Let it end finally, I have enough!

- I have no id... - the connection was interrupted. - Damn it, what a shit!

- There must be something here that interferes with the signal – Arm walked all over the room, but he didn't find anything out of the ordinary.

- The villa is big, they probably hid everything well - Porsche assured and the two began to discuss possible places.

I didn't listen to them, instead I ran my thoughts over all the employees, focusing on those whose name began with K. No one of lower rank could enter our bedroom, so it would have to be someone familiar, someone we trusted. I went from corner to corner, trying to remember the people who were with us, but I could not find any suspect.

- Pete? - Vegas' voice broke through the conversation between Porsche and Arm.

- Vegas! I finally got you, I was worried, you bastard - I said with relief.

- Nothing happened, we only discovered that the elevator does not work, but there are windows in the room, under the pictures. Someone taped them, it is possible that he wanted to hide the possibilities of leaving this damn villa. Idiot!

I slapped Porsche, pointing him towards the photograph and showing to take it all down.

- We'll check it out, but there was an inscription on photos, hidden... - I wanted to tell him about the mysterious K when Porsche went to the wall, ripping off some of the photos.

- Pete? - Alcazio's voice reached me. - This K is Kim, he bugged your bedroom and probably gave some virus to system. That's why no one could find the issue.

- WHAT?! - Vegas's scream spread through my head until I trembled.

- What the fuck - Porsche murmured and I looked at him.

Underneath our photos were others, well hidden, showing me and Arm in different situations. The man looked at me intensely, it seemed that with longing, as if he was heartbroken or something. Most of the pictures showed us in places where we had not been together and I already knew that I was being followed. I looked in

disbelief at Arm, who blushed and looked away.

- Arm is in love with Pete - Porsche whispered.

- It's not like that! I mean, I had a soft spot for you, but it's already gone, like long time ago. I have Pol now - Arm muttered in response , though he didn't sound convincing.

I knew that if we saw it, Vegas and Pol also had to look at it and I felt sorry for my friend. Arm was lucky he wasn't downstairs with Vegas, though I felt like slamming him on the head and waking him up.

- We don't have time for that now - I muttered, rubbing my face with shaky hand. - Damn it, Arm! After all, you are with Pol. Why do you mess with his head like this.

- It's seriously not like that! – shouted the man. - Khun asked me to follow you, we're friends, so of course I look worried, but it's really nothing more. I liked you once, a long time ago and that's it.

- It doesn't matter, later you will talk about it - Porsche said, tearing off another part of the photos that discovered a small window. – Finally!

We walked up, looking to the ground, as Macau's voice spread between us. I turned around, looking for where the sound was coming from, and then the glass broke and I heard a painful moan. I looked down where Arm and Porsche were lying motionless and a dark stain was spreading to the floor.

- Fuck, why did you pull me with you?! – shouted Porsche, rising to a sitting position, but I warned him not to get up. Alone, huddled against the wall, I grabbed the unconscious Arm by the leg and pulled him away from the glass. There was blood gushing from his neck, so I quickly opened my backpack and took out the first aid kit I had prepared.

- He's alive - Porsche assured, checking his pulse. - It's a damn trap! How do we get out of here.

I did not answer him, focused on dressing the wound, although I too was overcome by uncertainty. Everything was falling apart and I had the impression that someone was playing with us with ease. I hated feeling like this, and I hated person who put us in this place but even harder I hated myself, for threatening people I love. We should wait for a month, prepare and then attack so why we did not do it? Stupidity runs in those houses, both for minor and major families.

MACAU:

I prepared a simple meal and bottle for Venice, who from the moment we were left alone, was very capricious. I sighed, worried about whether everything was okay with the rest, but I didn't want to think pessimistically. Caz promised to come back to me and I

trusted him, he wouldn't lie and I believed it completely. I put what I had cooked on a tray, slowly moving into the living room when I felt a chill on my back. I turned around and saw a door wide open in front of me. I froze, because I was sure that everything was closed,and then out of the corner of my eye I saw a body lying on the ground. Mork was lying on the porch, only part of his head was visible from where I was standing, and next to him was a growing red spot. Chills ran through my body and I knew we had been attacked.

I panicked for a moment, but when the sound of a shot spread upstairs, I dropped the tray and ran up to the first floor, terrified that something might have happened to Chay, Tankhun or little Venice. The door to child room was ajar, loud cries and curses came from it, but before I got there, someone ran out, bloodied, and my heart froze.

Information!

HI GUYS! I KNOW THIS IS NOT NEW CHAPTER BUT A LOT OF YOU WRITE TO ME WITH IDEAS OF NEW BOOKS AND I JUST WANT TO SAY:

1. I LOVE EVERY SINGLE IDEA, AND I WILL TRY TO WRITE IT WHEN I WILL HAVE TIME! <3

2. I HAVE MY OWN IDEAS AND I WANT TO FIRSTLY FINISH THEM BEFORE STARTING ANYTHING!

JUST FOR YOU ALL TO KNOW I AM NOT LYING, BELOW ARE MY IDEAS!

YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT THEM, I'M CURIOUS IF THIS IS SOMETHING YOU WOULD READ.

FIRST THREE SHOULD BE ALREADY KNOWN TO MY FOLLOWERS :) ADDITONALLY THANK YOU ALL FOR ALL LOVE YOU SEND TO ME, FOR ALL KIND WORDS, ALL LIKES AND EVERYTHING. YOU TRULY HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH IT MEANS TO ME!!!!!!!!!

THOSE, EXPECT OF PHOENIX'S LAIR, ARE ONLY IDEAS. I WILL WRITE THEM BUT WHEN? WHO KNOWS. I WANTED TO WRITE ONE FOR WATTYS BUT AFTER COVID IT WAS HARD TO START WRITING AGAIN AND NOW I FEEL SUCH PRESSURE BECAUSE OF THE TIME THAT WHEN I TRY TO WRITE, I'M STUCK SO HONESTLY I DO NOT THINK I WILL FINISH ANYTHING FOR WATTYS BUT STILL, THOSE WHICH ARE NOW ONGOING WILL BE FINISHED. I WILL ADD ME AFTER YOU CHAPTER SOON AND PHOENIX'S LAIR IS ALSO COMING

PHOENIX'S LAIR: Anakinn and Vegas Theerapanyakul are cousins who have ruled the mafia world in Bangkok for several years now. Once quarreling, today working hand in hand for their family, without divisioning it into main or major part. Nobody dares to defy them until two strangers sneak into their well-guarded mansion and steal important documents related to the contract with the yakuza. This makes two cousins into laughing stocks in mafia circle. Vegas and Kinn vow to find the thieves and punish them in front of everyone as a warning but then they meet two friends. Lust mixes with love and the bosses face a huge dilemma. What is more important, pride or their heart's needs? Porsche and Pete have known each other since childhood. Always friends, now they have

decided to take a dangerous path leading them into the world of the mafia. It all started when Porsche's parents died tragically. The boy was unable to come to terms with their deaths for a long time and was looking for the real cause of the accident. This is how he met Pete, who saved him from an inevitable beating. Now they have their own gang, which they lead. The two managed to find a trace that linked the accident with the Theerapanyakul family. They both take a mad step and sneak into the mansion looking for clues. By accident, they take a briefcase with them. Not afraid of death, both of them soon meet the cousins they robbed, and so begins their story, filled with pain, betrayal, but above all with gusts of heart.

DID YOU MISS ME, DETECTIVE? - Pete is known thief who is wanted by police for few years now. He is smart, clever and very charming and he never get caught. No one even know how he looks like. Police is pressured to finally catch the thief, who is stealing very specific objects from important people in Bangkok. Cop, Vegas, receives this case and he is starting to chase Pete but all he is seeing at crime scenes are letters, from theif to him, because Pete finds Vegas very attractive. Their little game is starting but Vegas has no idea that man, he met in club is the same one he is trying to catch.

HEAL MY BROKEN HEART - Vegas and Pete are friends for a long time now and Pete has been always in love with Vegas who knew about it, but preferred to ignore it to not lose his friend. After Vegas's engagement party, Vegas is taking drunk Pete to his home, by car, and this is the moment in which Pete decides to confess and at the same time completely end any relations between the two. The are fighting which ends with car crash and when Vegas think that Pete may be dead, he realizes his true, deeply hidden feelings (as his dad is homophobic, so Vegas only dated girls). They both are taken to hospital but doctors are not able to wake up Vegas. In the same time Vegas meets stranger, who takes him to the past and showing everything that Pete done and sacrificed for him, then he is showing him present time and he sees Pete as the only person truly worrying about him. Vegas realizes that he had the only person who truly loved and understood him all this time and he decided to follow his feeling, knowing that his father will throw him out of the house.

MIDNIGHT CONFESSION: HOW YOU BROKE MY HEART - Vegas, the former co-owner of the Theerapanyakul Family corporation, once gave his heart to a man who had been his best friend for many years. Blinded by love, he allowed his lover, Tawan, to rob his company and bring it almost to ruin. After this event, his cousin, Kinn, who was the second owner, bought all of Vegas' shares and threw him out, leaving him with nothing. Soon

after, Vegas learned that Kinn had paid Tawan to seduce his cousin because he wanted to take over the company. Broken by the betrayal of his family and beloved one, Vegas disappears completely, closing his heart to love or trust. Two years later, a broadcast by a man calling himself Bible begins on one of the stations. "Midnight Confession: How You Broke My Heart," as the show is called, allows listeners to call in and tell a story about how their heart was broken. Bible, who talks to callers, often shows a cool, even calculative approach to love, and surprisingly listeners like it the most. A man can be mean, insensitive and cynical until one night a stranger calls, who instead of using his real name prefers to call himself Biu. Unhappy in love, asks Bible for help to forget his infatuation. From the first call, the couple has long, deep conversations about love and suddenly the show becomes number one on the station. Most listeners are just waiting to hear the next conversation between the two, and over time, something indescribable begins to emerge between them. At the same time, Vegas is looking for a roommate and thanks to this he meets on his way a joyful, always smiling man, Pete. The two live together, and since one works at night and the other during the day, they do not meet very often. One day, however, Vegas discovers that Pete is one of the listeners of "How You Broke My Heart", and when he hears his nickname, he can't believe that the man with whom he has intimate conversations about feelings is his cheerful roommate. From that day, something has changed in Vegas, who is beginning to notice more and more charms of Pete. But Pete is in love with another man? And Vegas has not yet coped with the betrayal of his former lover and his cousin?

IT WAS ALWAYS YOU - Pete and Build are twins, and while they have many in common, they differ even more. Build is a cute boy with dimples who loves to dress in colorful clothes that emphasize his figure. Called a "prince" by others, he is adored by everyone, especially because of his sparkly, bubbly personality. Pete, however, is a professional boxer, dressed in too big, mostly black clothes. The man has several tattoos on his body and although he looks threatening, inside he is a shy and love-hungry man. Pete sets up an account on a dating site where he uses a photo of his adorable brother to flirt with a man he's been in love with for a long time, Vegas. Pete knows what type Vegas likes the most, and unfortunately he's the opposite. The two begin to talk and get to know each other, and although Pete does not agree to meet face to face, Vegas, enchanted by him, does not stop writing with him. One day Pete's heart sinks when he sees Build and Vegas talking on street. They met by accident and Build doesn't understand why

Vegas acts like he knows him but Build felt under Vegas charm in the second they started to talk. Pete decided to step back, as he knows who truly is Vegas type. At the same time Vegas notices something is wrong, Build from app and this Build are not the same in character but he decides to forget it and give him a try as he really is attracted to Build look. They are flirting for some time but Vegas just can't feel it in his heart so he stops it, then he meets Pete. Pete is rough, swears a lot, drinks, have scars and is not slim or cute as his brother but when they start talking it's like finally Vegas found his person and he is starting to notice all cute and charming things in him but Pete knows Build fell in love with Vegas and Vegas likes cute types, so he leaves. One night Vegas finds Pete in bar and he tooks him to hotel, as both had some drinks and can't drive. Pete decided to forget about Vegas, so he went to bar to find someone he can sleep with, who will make him forget the only man he ever loved but he ends up with Vegas intead. The spend this night together having hot, steamy sex but at the morning by accident Vegas sees app on Pete's phone and his nick in it, which makes him leave angrily, while leaving money and note on the table.

Chapter 32: Bloody Stains on The Ground

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🖒 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

I KNOW I'VE ADDED MORE ONE SHOTS THAN CHAPTERS BUT THERE IS VEGASPETE WEEK ON TWITTER AND I DECIDED TO PARTICIPATE BUT IT WAS KINDA RUSHED SO I PREPARED ONLY ONE SHOTS. I HAVE IMPORTANT CALL ON TUEASDAY BUT AFTER THIS I WILL ADD NEXT CHAPTER CAUSE SHIT IS TRULY GOING DOWN HERE.

DON'T BE MAD AT ME, JUST READ IT AND WAIT FOR ANOTHER CHAPTER. TRUST IN ME AND IN PETE! LUV YOU ALL AND THANK YOU FOR ALL SUPPORT!

WRITING IT HURTS ME TOO!

MACAU:

I looked, terrified, with mouth wide open, at the figure who ran out of the child's room in tattered, bloodied clothes and a gunshot wound to the thigh. Scared, while holding Venice in her hands, Jenna looked at me with eyes filled with tears and pain. Woman was crying, barely limping towards me, and I noticed another wound, this time inflicted with a knife, on her exposed forearm. Just behind her, a masked man rolled out of the room, cursing under his breath. Pieces of glass protruded from his head and I recognized in them the remnants of the colorful lamp that lay by the little one's bed. Jenna had to hit the attacker with it, smashing it on his head, using the last of her strength and escape, taking the child with her. Venice cried as much as he could with his small lungs. I knew we didn't have much time and I had to help them immediately.

- Master Macau! - shouted the terrified woman. - Please run! He wants to kill us! Macau!

Sobered by her words, I ran up quickly, taking the child from her tired, trembling hands and, dragging her behind me, we ran into the room where my father's office had once been. I immediately locked the place with a key, which fortunately was always stuck in the lock, and when I made sure no one will barge in, I pressed on the specific book from the library, showing the hidden door that led to one of the best secured places in Bangkok, the minor family saferoom. I typed in a combination that only I, Vegas and Pete knew, and the door that blocked the entrance began to open, revealing a spacious, full of the most necessary products room with a double bed. Someone put a basket filled with children's belongings on the table, and I knew it was Pete, who always made sure that in case of danger everything was prepared beforehand. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the two of them in a place that no one but us would have access to, but I knew that those close to me were still in danger. Porschay and Tankhun were somewhere in the house, possibly hiding from the attackers.

I didn't know where all the bodyguards were, and I couldn't wait for a miracle, praying that one of them would save us. I had to take action, so I gave the two of them one last look and withdrew, returning to the office.

- Sir, you're not allowed to go there, they have guns! - Jenna repeated, but I could not help but check whether the rest managed to hide safely.

I took the gun that was hidden at the table and closed the door behind me, blocking it with the right combination of signs. Before they disappeared from my sight, I asked her, with a heart filled with fear to take care of the child. Jenna nodded, looking at me with tears in her pupils.

- There must be a first aid kit somewhere, use it. Everything will be fine, you will see - I promised, although I did not believe it myself.

Again, I was left alone and did not have much time to think, I had to make a decision immediately, but more than that I had to contact the rest. I tried to use the phone from the office, but we were cut off the electricity, even our additional generator was not working. Someone had to plan it for a long time, because he knew that we were hiding additional equipment that we used in the events of a sudden attack.

I could have used my cell phone, but I left it in my bedroom, and I couldn't get there without firstly getting rid of the man who had struggled to chase after Jenna, who run from the child's room. When we went inside the office, he tried to break in. We saw how aggressively handle was moving but luckily for us the closed door

prevented him from doing so. Now there was silence on the other side. I reloaded the gun and, as Pete and Caz had taught me, and I grabbed it tighter, not letting fear take over me. I took a deep breath and calmly let out the air, trying to clear my head, then walked cautiously into the hallway, but no one was there. I quietly ran into my bedroom and slid in. I quickly looked around the room, but it seemed abandoned. I grabbed my phone, which was on the table top, but before I could write anything, someone grabbed my ankle. I screamed, jumping in terror, but when I saw Porschay's head leaning out under the bed, I breathed a sigh of relief, helping him get up and hugging him as strongly as I could.

- What the hell is going on? - He asked me, trembling all over tiny body.

- Someone attacked us. I have no idea who, but now the most important thing is to hide.

- Wait! What about Venice?! - Chay whispered in fear, but I patted him on the back.

- He's safe, we have to go to my father's office, it's the safest place now - I warned, and the boy nodded to me. – Where is Khun?

- He said something about the pool, that he wanted to swim or something.

- Damn it, getting into the pool will be a problem. Okay, never mind, you first, Khun later.

I grabbed Chay's wrist and pulled him behind me as I stepped out of the bedroom. The corridor was empty, but we didn't know if anyone was lurking in one of the rooms. We cautiously walked into the office and I quickly opened the hidden door, letting him in and giving him my phone.

- Call the rest, they need to know we are under attack. I'm coming back. All I had left to find is Khun and then all of us will be safe - I muttered, wanting to close the passage behind me, but I was stopped by Chay's terrified voice.

- Don't go, Macau, don't take any chances! They will kill you! Tankhun is smart, he is going to hide somewhere - the boy asked, and Jenna, hugging the still crying Venice, nodded.

- I need to be sure, Chay. He's my cousin, I can't leave family alone - I just said before I slammed the door behind me.

I ran outside and, looking around, went down the stairs. The whole house was screaming in silence. I had the impression that my steps echoed off the walls of the living room. I wanted to be brave, like Alcazio, but what I felt was fear. I was terrified. Terrified that maybe it was the last time I'd seen Venice and Chay in my short life. Terrified that I wouldn't even say bye to my brother, Pete or Caz. I will never tell them again that I love them. I won't laugh

when I see their cute quarrels. I will not kiss the man to whom I have given my heart...

Inside, I yelled at myself, unhappy with the risks I were taking, but I knew I was not the type who can just sit still in the saferoom, not when Khun was in danger. I wanted to be more selfish, but I couldn't. I slipped into the room, feeling the smell of chlorine spread through my lungs. The monotonous sound of the filter spread throughout the pool, dampening my steps.

- Khun? - I whispered. - Khun? Are you here?

I walked to the edge of the water, looking around, as I felt a movement behind me. I turned around and someone grabbed my arm, trying to pull a pistol out of my hands. I wanted to move away from the attacker, but my foot hit an empty space and we both fell into the cold water. I felt the stranger's nails hurting bare skin on my neck until I hissed in pain, swallowing water flowing into my mouth. I choked, losing more and more strength, until I finally released the gun from my hand, allowing the water to take hold of me. I was losing consciousness, and although I fought bravely, I was too weak to deal with a much stronger opponent. Black began to flash before my eyes and I imagined their faces when they returned to home. Vegas will have Pete, but who will take care of Alcazio?

Someone pulled me out of the water and threw me to the ground. I turned my head and out of the corner of my pupil I saw Tankhun lying on the tiles, unconscious. All I could do was stretch out my tired hand towards him, but before I was able to even reach the man, my eyes shut down.

PETE:

Arm was still unconscious, though his life was not in danger. Together with the Porsche, we hid by the wall, not wanting anyone to attack us again. We looked at each other, thinking what to do now, when the sound in the earpiece appeared, directing my thoughts in the other way.

- Pete?! Everything is okay with you? We heard gunshots - Vegas' voice spread through my head, calming my confused thoughts.

- Someone shot Arm - I muttered, looking at my friend's pale face.

- Shot whom? You interrupted! Repeat, Pete?! Who did they shoot?! – uncertainty and fear in his voice was tangible.

- Arm! SOMEONE SHOT ARM! - this time I screamed, not wanting Vegas to think that I had been hurt.

I couldn't let him panic, so I assured him that nothing had happened to me and he breathed a sigh of relief.

- Aaaah, Arm, well - he muttered Vegas, no longer interested, then added, but not to me. - Someone shot him. Calm yourself, Pol, if he was dead, Pete would say. Okay, OKAY, I'LL ASK - he growled,

unhappy with the bodyguard's insistence. Listening to it was almost comical, but I didn't want to have it, it's not the time for a light atmosphere. - Pete, honey, how about him?

- We managed to stop the hemorrhage, he is unconscious, but nothing threatens his life.

- Well, as I said, everything is fine - Vegas muttered. - How did they shoot him?

- Windows - I admitted, laying more comfortably on the floor. - I don't think we can go through them. The only way out will be an elevator, only this damn thing doesn't work.

- You're sure you are fine, right?

- Yes, Vegas! Focus! – I repeated. – I am completely fine, not even one scratch on my body. Let's focus now on leaving this place.

- We need to do this quick, I think they wanted to distract us to attack home – Vegas said and I froze in fear, thinking about Macau and Venice being in danger.

- WHAT?! – I screamed, hearing my heart beating faster than it should.

- Maybe we could ... - the noise appeared before Vegas finished and the connection was interrupted.

- For the fucks sake, if we get out of here, I'm going to beat the person who was preparing the equipment to the pulp, what a shitshow is this! - I growled, almost screaming to Porsche, who was looking towards the elevator with specific thought in his eyes. I knew he had some plan and now I would do anything to get out of here.

- Pete, maybe let's try to open the entrance - he said in thought. – This building isn't big, we can try to go down and turn on electricity or something.

- Want to try to walk down the hallway? And what if the elevator starts working? – I murmured hesitantly, although we both moved in the designated direction on our knees.

- I don't know, but I don't think we have any other way out here.

I couldn't tell him there is a possibility of Chay being in danger. My heart sank when I heard is from Vegas and I knew how strongly Porsche love his little brother. We needed to focus on leaving this villa and our options were almost nonexistence.

Even if I was not sure about the idea, unfortunately, I had to admit that he was right, we were in a terrible situation. We quickly approached the elevator and with difficulty managed to move the closed door, which Porsche quickly blocked with a metal rod so that it would not automatically close. I looked down uncertainly, but when a friend wanted to tie himself with the rope he had pulled out of his backpack, I shook my head, taking it out of his hands.

- I'll go, I'm lighter than you - I said confidently, though I felt anxious inside.

Porsche tried to argue for a while, but hearing Arm's moan filled with pain, we made a quick decision, and soon after I cautiously walked down the hallway, with the rope firmly plugging into my waist. I wanted to curse, feeling my muscles tighten from the excessive effort, but now I could not back down. Minutes passed and I slowly approached the roof of the elevator. When the feet finally touched the stable metal, I looked up showing the Porsche that everything was fine.

Now all I had to do was open a small passage, which was used in case the elevator broke down, and jump inside. Then opening the door, going down to the basement and starting the electrics, just this. The whole plan seemed simple, as long as no one was around but in case of someone waiting for our leave, I could easily die. I took deep breath, trying to calm my anxious thoughts, looking only on bright side and I have made my decision.

Ready to take the risk, I grabbed the hatch but before I could open it, the rod that held the door far apart bent under pressure and fell out, causing Porsche to release the rope and darkness fell around me. I quickly grabbed the flashlight, needing a little light to see anything around me and continue the plan, when the elevator just moved, getting closer and closer to the ceiling. I stood, unsure of what to do next, terrified by the prospect of death here where no one would find me when it all stopped at first floor and I was able to hear loud screams, after it smoke, which began to come out of the cracks of metal. *Sleeping gas* I thought before it made me fall to the ground, vulnerable and unconscious.

UNKNOWN:

Love is weakness.

I understood this from the day I was born. There was a storm, and the dark sky was illuminated again and again by lightning. My mother, who from the day they raped her, hid her pregnancy, went to the barn and gave birth to me there, and although everyone says that in mothers the maternal instinct awakens after the birth of a child, she did not feel it. Instead of love, her heart was filled with hatred, apparently because I had his eyes.

Determined to get rid of me, my mother did not expect that lightning would strike the barn, spreading sparks on the dry grass collected earlier. The fire spread throughout the room, and my scream called one of the employees who, when choosing to help an innocent child or a woman who had been abusing him since the day he appeared here, the man easily made a choice. This is how my mother died, in agony, burned to the chip.

From that day on, my grandmother took care of my upbringing. He, convinced that it was the devil himself who brought me to her, taking away her precious daughter, showed me at every step how little I meant to her. To sleep, instead of fairytales, she read me her versions of those stories, in which she always added me as a tragic villain and, although I tried very hard, I always ended up dead. Such karma, she said, *an old bitch*. I killed her on my fifteenth birthday by pouring rat poison into her food. My father, a rapist, did not know of my existence, but when I grew up and turned eighteen, I found him and, with pleasure, burned him too. *An eye for an eye*, I thought, listening to his screams. Thus I got rid of all the members of my pathetic, common family.

Living in some godforsaken, abandoned by everyone village, I realized that I was too good to die here, forgotten. Opportunities should be rampant before me. I should have people to work for me, not the other way around. With this awareness, I robbed my neighbors and used money to leave this horrible country. I didn't think twice, after all, only I mattered here, so I chose anything, knowing that everything was better than where I was born, and that's how I came to Italy.

Climbing to the top was not difficult, it was enough to fuck the right daughter and make her a child. An influential father wanted to force me to get married, and I, feigning dissatisfaction, agreed. A few years passed and all three disappeared under mysterious circumstances, and I took over the business. That's what it looked like to get to the top until there was nothing left to achieve. At least not in Italy. I dreamed more, I dreamed of the world which will belong only to me. I wanted to rule and I was so close to it, if this little fucker would not betray me.

I gave him everything, show him real world and freed him from pathetic, weak family and what he did? He tried to kill me just because of some silly boy. He took all my business partners, one by one, all my power and I was not able to stop him. But he couldn't kill me so easily, not me, the ruler of underground world. Looking at him being so proud of killing just another person which I used to help me survive was hilarious. Fucker was too confident, too proud and I knew I will use it sooner than later. Who would thought some Italian will find me and ask for help to take down all family. Italian who wanted to see them bleed, just as strongly as I. Isn't luck on my side? Even gods wants me to win. You will be dead Alcazio, but before that you will suffer. Again.

ALCAZIO:

Everything happened quite quickly. The elevator suddenly worked, entering our floor and then the masked attackers ran out of

it and before we could kill them all, the gas put us to sleep, taking the opportunity to any defense.

We woke up some time later, in the woods, surrounded by a group of men who were hiding their faces. My head worked fast, looking for any way out of this situation, but I had my hands tied, surprisingly as the only one of our whole team. I turned around, seeing that Vegas was awake, but when I noticed over the faces of others, including those awake, that I didn't saw Pete among them, it gave me some hope. *Did he manage to escape?*

I tried to get the attention of Porsche who was with him on third floor, but he, staring at Kinn, slowly rolled towards his lover, wanting to be closer to him. Pol hugged the unconscious Arm to himself, cursing under his breath and I knew he was more mad at others than the man he held. Some looked sad, as if reconciled to their fate, but Vegas was furious like never before. I saw him seething with anger, probably worried about his lover's absence but Pete could bring others and save us from this hell. At least I hoped for it.

I thought intensively about our options, looking around, trying to predict the next steps of the opponents. There weren't many of them, only nine men, probably a lot of them died when they took us from the villa. It gave me a strange satisfaction, knowing that we had taken off so many of those fuckers, but I didn't want to smile so as not to provoke them. Not when I was in worse position.

I waited, trying to understand what the opponent was up to, when the taller of them went to the middle, dragging an unconscious body behind him. A body that I recognized right away. The body which was dressed in an orange sweatshirt, the one I had chosen myself, and which was now soiled with blood and ground dust. The body of my tiger.

- Let him go! - I screamed, and someone kicked me in the back, probably trying to make me lay down, but I did not fall, holding firmly on my knees. - DO NOT TOUCH HIM WITH YOUR DIRTY PAWS! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT!

The stranger threw Macau to the ground and I saw his battered, beaten face. My heart pounded like crazy as I watched those tired eyes open with difficulty, looking at me with tears in scared pupils. I wanted to murder, I wanted to gnaw through the ropes and then pounce on all of them, stripping the skin of their worthless bodies. I wanted to take them to hell and torture them until all they had left was whine for mercy. No one could touch what was mine and this man right there was belonging only to me. *I will scalp you all slowly, I promise to God!*

- Caz - a small, gentle voice spread through my ears. a voice filled

with fear and pain, which I could not reduce in any way.

I wanted to assure him that everything will be fine. I wanted to take him into my arms, kiss every single wound, massage bruised places, hide him from all evil around us, but I couldn't. I was too weak to protect person, who I loved.

- I'm sorry, I'm sorry, you'll see, I'll save you from it, I'm sorry, so sorry, tiger, forgive me, I'm so sorry - I cried, even though I must have sounded like a little child.

- Macau! Let my brother go! - shouted Vegas, breaking out as much as he could from their grips but they quickly placed him on the ground again. - You motherfucker, it's just a kid!

- Everything will be fine - Macau whispered, looking directly at me. - I love y...

The sound of the gunfire spread through the woods, and Macau's body twitched, immediately fading. His eyes dimmed, mouth stopped before he finished what he wanted to say, and my heart broke in half. A trickle of blood flowed from his chest to the ground, soaking deep into it. I stopped thinking, not believing what I was seeing. It must have been a bad dream, a nightmare, because no one could hurt my Macau. No one was supposed to touch him. It was all just a lie, and I had to wake up immediately. Right away. *WAKE UP, ALCAZIO, WAKE UP NOW!*

- Ciao, vecchio amico - I heard from afar, and my dead, ready to kill everyone eyes rose to the man who had just taken off his mask. - Hello, old friend.

It couldn't be true, because I killed him with my own hands. How could the man whom I strangled and then shot few times stand in front of me now, with a gun in his hand, smiling from ear to ear? what kind of sorcery this was? This is not real!

- It's impossible - I whispered. - That can't be true!

- And yet here I am - replied Mikolaj, laughing hysterically, probably content with what he saw in front of himself.

Chapter 33: My Own Personal Hell

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

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SOOO MANY PEOPLE ASKED ME TO ADD ANOTHER CHAPTER, SO I WROTE IT DOEN ALREADY BUT I JUST FINUSHED TRANSLATING IT SO THERE MAY BE SOME MISTAKES. HAVE FUN!

IT'S 5:30AM FOR ME, I NEED SOME SLEEP

PETE:

I felt pain all over my body as consciousness began to come back to me. I was still lying on the roof of the elevator, feeling the loud knocking in my head caused by inhaling the sleeping gas. Groaning, I rolled over on my side, but when I hit the cool wall, I immediately woke up and jumped, feeling the adrenaline rush. It only took me a few seconds to pull off the hatch and jump into the elevator, so I did it quickly by pressing the button that opens the door. I wasn't sure if everything was working now, but I was convinced that they had put us to sleep for some reason.

The door opened without a problem, so I closed it quickly and clicked the button to the first floor, just to check, but I did not see anyone there, while slowly looking around at all the accounts. Panicked, terrified that I had woken up too late, I remembered the ring I had given Vegas a long time ago. I threw most of my stuff out of my backpack until phone fell to the ground, which rang as soon as I touched it. I recognized our home number on the screen, so I pressed the handset and a loud moan came to me.

- My head hurts like shit! – shouted Tankhun, and I had to remove the device from my ear and mute everything in the settings, unprepared for such a loud noise. – Pete! Where are you?! Someone kidnapped Macau! Get your asses back here and find him!

I froze, terrified, incredulously listening to his stories of masked people who had attacked him when he wanted to swim in our pool. Tankhun began to chant, casting curses on everyone, so I sighed, not wanting to waste time on such behavior.

- Khun! Not now – I shouted, running a tracking app at the same time. - Are you sure Macau isn't home somewhere? There is a hidden room in his father's office...

- We know! God, Pete, we are not dull. Macau hid Jenna with Venice and Chay there, but then went to look for me and disappeared. He is nowhere to find, but there are traces of water from the pool to the exit.

- Damn it! – I shouted, and the application clicked, founding Vegas, who was not so far away from the villa.

I took a picture of the location, sending it quickly to Tankhun and Chay, then checked where Macau is, but it turned out that he was in the same place as us. I didn't like it, especially when the stalker played with us with such ease. However, I had to keep a cool head, everyone was counting on me.

- Macau is where we are - I growled. – Which means he is in the greatest danger.

- Take care of him, my head hurts, I have to lie down - Khun said, but I interrupted him immediately.

- Call everyone from both houses, I don't care if they have time off or not, every one of them is going to show up at the location I sent you - I ordered, and Tankhun snorted, but I had neither the time nor the inclination to joke. - Our family is in great danger, and it is possible that not everyone will come out alive. I give you thirty minutes to bring in help, if it turns out that you didn't do it and someone gets hurt, I'll find you and fucking kill you with my two bare hands.

I've never threatened anyone in the major family before, this is the first time I've used equally aggressive words and a ruthless tone but nothing else mattered to me. I will do whatever it is possible to save them, even if it means sacrificing my friendship with Khun.

- I know, God, how sensitive you are from all this living with Vegas, I've already informed everyone! - Tankhun shouted back. - Good luck and come back alive so I can kick your ass. Bring my two, stupid brothers with yourself! – the last words, despite the unpleasant resonance, sounded downright pleasing.

- Goodb... - I began, but Khun interrupted me quickly.

- Don't you dare say goodbye! Let's just hang up. I hate goodbyes - he muttered and quickly hung up the phone.

Acting like Vegas. Those two have far more in common than they think. I breathed a sigh of relief, trying to get rid of all the stress

while packing everything I threw on the ground. I rode the elevator down again, but when I went to the door, I felt someone stick the barrel of a gun into my back. I froze, raising my hands carefully upwards, and was pushed to my knees, then pulled towards the exit until I fell on the grass.

- We have the last one - the attacker said proudly.

I lifted my head gently and saw a familiar face. The brunette looked at me, raising one of her eyebrows, when another man put me on my feet, throwing me in front of her. We were surrounded by group of men, all armed to the teeth.

- Pete - the woman murmured, bending down gently.

- Chanthira - I growled, not able to believe that the person Alcazio had once saved had turned his back on him, betraying his trust. – Are you fucking kidding me? Really?

- Different times require different business partners - she replied only, shrugging her shoulders. – One time you help the good ones, sometimes the bad ones. You know how it is, mister former bodyguard of mafia family.

The man who pulled me out of the villa laughed, spitting under my feet. But I didn't look at him, I was focused only on the woman who always said that she treated Alcazio like a son. *Was it so easy to sell yourself like this?*

- How much will you get for us? – I asked with clenched teeth.

- As much as I want - she smiled at me, and I wanted to throw myself around her neck, taking her life for that fucking grin.

- You know it won't end this easily, right? I'll find you and...

- You're going to kill me - she added. – I know. Mafia threats are always the same. Zero creativity.

- Let me go, I'll show you how i creative I can truly be – I promised, and she laughed, pressing a gun to her chest.

- You're really cute, Pete. I wish we had time to get to know each other better, I feel like we would have had a lot to say to each other, as one wife to another.

- I don't think so - I muttered, and she raised one of her eyebrows, looking at me deeply.

- You know, a lot of people don't understand that, but I can be really spontaneous. I could surprise you.

This time it was me who laughed emptily. The very fact that Chanthira was standing here with me, keeping me at gunpoint was surprising enough. I never expected such a betrayal, because although I did not have much in common with her, Alcazio once saved her life, and this was supposedly of great importance to the Italians. Apparently not for a woman like her.

- You can't do anything to surprise me - I snorted, and she

wrinkled her nose, lifting the gun to the height of my face.

- Well, then look closely - she murmured, then quickly moved her hand, shooting.

The smoke was slowly coming out of the heated, newly used barrel, and I watched in disbelief at the dead, motionless body of the man who had caught me in the villa.

- Surprised?

- Like never before - I whispered, as she winked at me, ordering the rest to let me go.

ALCAZIO:

I lost everything.

It no longer mattered what happened to me. I lost everything.

Macau was lying in front of me, bleeding, unconscious, and there was nothing I could do. A thousand thoughts flew through my head, each containing our memories, breaking my heart into ever smaller pieces. I didn't want to feel anything anymore, pain or joy, it didn't matter, because I lost the only person in my life who gave it any meaning, and he was killed by the man I swore to defend him against. A man who should have been dead, but instead, like a coming back nightmare, stood in front of me, proud, satisfied.

Behind my back, I could hear Vegas screaming and talking, but I was focused only on the monster that was laughing in my face.

- I told you, people are just ballast that makes it difficult for you to get to the top - Mikolaj said, looking at me with euphoria. - I couldn't let you become such a weakling. I had to take away from you what was holding you back. You don't have to be grateful to me, there's nothing I wouldn't do for my little killer – he added the last words with pride.

- Grateful? - I whispered. – I should be grateful?

Mikolaj nodded, then raised Macau's hand and released it, which immediately fell to the ground.

- See how weak he was, taking his life was too easy, such a shame - he murmured to himself, and I looked at him, twisting my hands carefully behind my back.

When I fell, I managed to grab from the ground a small piece of glass that I had noticed earlier, which was now rubbing against the ropes, trying to free my hands. Sometimes the sharp edge hit the skin, but it didn't matter to me, although I felt the blood flood my wrists, making everything slippery.

- Don't touch him - I growled, furious that he began to press his finger on my tiger calm, unconscious face. - You have no right to touch him!

- No - Mikolay chuckled - it's YOU who have no right to touch him. I thought you would defend him from all the evil on this

world, and you did what? Your love lies here because you have failed. You killed him — it was getting harder and harder for me to breathe, but I was so close to freeing my hands while he continued his monologue. - Apparently he wasn't important enough for you to take care of him.

- You have no idea what was between us! Do not fucking dare to desecrate our memories!

- Or what? – he said arrogantly, and at the same time I broke the ropes and freed my hands.

Without thinking, I threw myself at him, rolling his body on the back. Someone ran up to me, wanting to pull me out of Mikolaj, but before he could do anything, shots sounded everywhere and were not directed at us, but on the contrary, at the people working for the Italian. I had nothing left to lose, so I ignored the pain that had gone through my shoulder, which was pierced by a bullet, and I quickly snatched a pistol from Mikolaj slimy hands, hitting him in the other end of the gun on the nose until we both heard a crack.

People ran around us screaming and shooting, while I, sitting on Mikolaj, hit him with my fists once in one direction, once in the other, until only pulp remained of his face. I wanted to kill, I needed it like air, so I grabbed a stone laying next to us, but before I slammed it into that cheeky smile, someone tore me away from Mikolaj and I saw Kinn's face in front of me.

He was saying something, but I couldn't hear it, just wanting to go back to the previous activity, but he hit me in the face with an open hand, and when the ringing stopped, one thing came to me.

- Macau is alive!

VEGAS:

I couldn't look at Macau's dead body. I couldn't lower my eyes. Everything around me hurt like when I lost my mother, but then I never saw her corpse but this time I had proof that my little brother had died. His body, so small, huddled, lay on the cold, bare ground, soiled by the blood and mud that surrounded us, and I had to kneel, powerless, at the mercy of some people who only wanted me to suffer.

I could not breathe, every inhalation burned my throat, I even had the impression that everything inside was tightening, not allowing the air to pass. Tears were coming to my eyes, and all I wanted was to fall to the ground and weep. I failed. I let him down once again. I couldn't protect him from his father before, now I couldn't save him from danger. I was ridiculous. A pathetic substitute for a real man and nothing or no one was able to change it.

Pete was missing, I wasn't even sure if he was alive. Macau was

lying dead in front of my face, which only suggested that the rest of the household was dead, and the very thought that somewhere out there, in one room, Venice's body was lying...

I couldn't even think about it, instead I sobbed, letting tears run down my cheeks. I should have been stronger, I should have avenged Macau, but I wanted to die with him. I lost everything. Love of life, closest family, future and any possible happiness. Someone grabbed my hair tightly, lifting my face upwards. A masked figure stood in front of me, laughing to the hilt.

- Hello, Vegas - said a muffled voice before the man pulled off his mask, revealing his scarred face. - You probably don't recognize me, but I know you all too well.

I answered nothing, watching him with a dull look. It didn't matter who the man was, it didn't matter if I knew him or not. I lost everything and nothing made sense anymore.

- Kill me and let's finish it - I just growled, and he chuckled, shaking his head.

- It's not so easy, you wanted it to be slow, you will get it slow - he assured, and I looked away, losing interest in him. - You know, when they told me that the big and dangerous Vegas had killed my father, I couldn't believe it. After all, Don and you had a contract, you were business partners. How could you betray him for the major family when you conspired against them with your father? It didn't hold up. And yet you did it, you killed him, you shot him like a traitor when you were the one who betrayed everyone – Lorenzo spoke continuously, but no one listened to him, everyone looked in pain at Macau's motionless body. - It was not easy to shake you, luckily Mikolaj showed me the way that revenge should go. Look at yourself now, you lie powerless at my feet, doomed to grace.

- Finish this monologue, no one cares about your sad story - I said, and he, furious, fell silent and kicked me in the chin, knocking me on my back.

- Like usual arrogant, as Papa said!

- Well, he didn't mention you to me once, apparently I had more value to him, since he was throwing stories at you about me - I muttered, wanting him to kick me again.

I needed to feel physical pain that would cover up for a moment the despair into which my broken heart had fallen. As for my request, Lorenzo kicked me several times, gasping with difficulty, tired of this little effort.

- You're pathetic, I'm ashamed that such a no one has messed up so many things - I admitted, and he hit me again.

- This fucking no one took your brother and your lover - his laughter spread through the forest. - How did you called him? Oh,

Pete! Before he died, I let my people play with him a little. He cried like a child when they showed him what it was like to have a real man inside him!

It only took me a split second to push my hands off the floor and throw myself at the overconfident Italian who fell when I bit into his neck. I wasn't interested in the fact that I behaved like an animal. I was not interested in being pushed away immediately by his men, beating me almost unconscious. The only thing that mattered to me was that before they did it, I managed to bite off a piece of his hideous body. I laughed like crazy, focusing the eyes of everyone except Mikolaj and Alcazio, who were still staring at each other, talking, but nothing anymore was bothering me. *Death is the only answer.*

Lorenzo screamed in pain, covering with trembling hands the place where the blood was pouring, and I spat on the ground, looking at him with madness in my eyes.

- I'll scalp you - I promised, throwing him a big smile.

- God, Vegas has lost his mind - Pol whispered, horrified at the sight of my half-bloodied face.

The man hugged Arm, gently moving away from where I was lying. Porsche and Kinn looked emotionlessly, probably ready to die, but now I changed my mind and decided to take as many as possible with me.

I wanted to pounce on Lorenzo again, sensing that one of the attackers had loosened the grip on my hand when shots flew between trees, hitting one of them right in the forehead. The dead body fell to the ground, right next to me, which helped me to easily get up and quickly strangle the other until I broke his neck. At the same time, Porsche threw himself at the pistol, which fell to the ground and fired at another of the opponents, hitting him in the hand from which the weapon flew.

All hell broke loose, but my eyes were fixed on Lorenzo.

- I killed your pathetic father, and now I'm going to kill you - I promised, smiling at him with teeth still painted by his blood.

Nothing mattered, so when he pointed the gun at me, I just laughed because the bullets were flying between us like crazy. Lorenzo pulled the trigger, but nothing happened, and I didn't give him a second chance. I jumped down his throat like an animal, strangling him and squeezing him so tightly that his jaw burst. Screams, pleas and curses filled the entire space, and I watched life slowly escape from the eyes of the man who took my family. I saw that the white spots were beginning to cover the pupils and I stopped squeezing, knowing that such a death would not be enough. Instead, I hit him with all my strength on the temple,

rendering him unconscious.

The cellar was to be used once again, but this time I will not allow any trace of this pest to remain. When Porsche ran up to me, shouting something in my ear, I ignored him, pointing only into Lorenzo's direction.

- Take him to my house, I'm not done with this piece of garbage.

After these words, I pushed my cousin away and, ignoring the rest of the fight, slowly walked over to Macau's tiny, dead body. I sobbed, falling to my knees, feeling his blood soak into my pants. I wanted to touch him, hug him, give him a little bit of the warmth my body was giving off, but before I did, someone jerked me hard, throwing me away from my brother.

- Don't touch him now, we're waiting for a doctor - said a man who resembled Pete.

Furious that someone was interfering with my farewell, I threw myself at him, grabbing neck tightly. Slender hands began to hit my chest and face with all their might, and the blurred image I had had since I saw Macau being shot slowly became clearer.

- Vegas... You're... Killing... Me... - the character growled, and I blinked a few times, only after hearing the voice, realizing that it was really Pete.

I let him go at once, falling backwards, and he coughed, taking a decent breath of air before I embraced him, snuggling tightly into his warm, though tired, body. Tears were streaming from my eyes continuously, sobbing was coming from within, and I didn't know if it was relief that I hadn't lose him or pain because I couldn't save my brother. I cried loudly, and Pete embraced me, repeating words of encouragement.

- Everything is fine, Vegas - he said, stroking my back. - Macau is alive, nothing has happened to him. That was the plan, really. Believe me. Nothing happened to anyone, and Macau is alive.

I lifted my face up, looking at him in disbelief, and he grabbed it in his hands and, placing his forehead on mine, kissed me slowly.

- We're really fine - he said again. - Nothing happened, Macau is alive. See.

He pointed my face at my brother, who had already been taken care of by the major family doctor. Feeling our gaze on him, the doctor raised his thumb towards us, smiling widely.

- See? He only lost consciousness, through pain and stress, but he is fine!

- He's really fine? - I asked, wanting to hear it again.

- He's perfectly and completely fine! Macau is alive, Venice is alive, and we have caught our enemies – I breathed a sigh of relief and, unable to stop another flood of tears, I cried like a child, firmly

nestled in Pete's warm body.

MACAU:

Just after being kidnapped from home,

I woke up when the car ran over something, jumping gently on the road. I felt a burning sensation in my throat, my head was breaking in two, and whole body was stiff from the ropes stretched on it. I groaned in pain, trying to accustom my eyes to the images still flashing outside the window, but it was difficult. I didn't really know what was going on, but whatever my kidnappers planned, I was going to resist if I had the opportunity. I got up from the hurtful position, more comfortable on the seat, although it was difficult, because the truck was shaking from the uneven road, and I had my hands tied behind me.

- You woke up - said a woman's voice, which I didn't recognize. - That's good, you scared us a little bit, I have to admit. Who would have thought you will fall into the pool.

- What's going on? – I blinked several times, frowning. - Where are we? Why did you kidnap me?!

- Not all at once, Mister Macau - she quickly replied, laughing gently and calmly, perching across from me.

I narrowed my eyes, recognizing her face for some reason, but I couldn't remember where I had seen her before. She was beautiful, with dark green, bottle-shaped eyes, golden skin, and long black hair. I looked at her, trying to find an image of such in my mind, but no matter how hard I strained, I couldn't remember where exactly I could have seen her before.

- I know you - I admitted, because she hadn't spoken since she sat down in front of me.

- I doubt it, our families are not connected in any way, although there is something that unites us - she said with an interesting, familiar accent.

- What do we have in common? – I asked, trying to loosen the ropes at the back.

Maybe if I talk to her and make her focus on something else, I will be able to remove the ropes, then I'll jump out of the car and run away. I had a plan in my head that I was trying to implement, even though it sounded like a child's idea. But I didn't want to lose hope, if there was a possibility, to get out, I needed to take it.

- Alcazio Bianchi - she murmured and I narrowed my eyes, feeling a prick inside. His name sounded very intimate in her mouth. – Your lover.

- And you are exactly who to him? Former lover? - I growled, and she laughed loudly, shaking her head in disbelief. - Caz hadn't been in a serious relationship before, so he didn't really care about you.

- Ah now I understand - she admitted, looking at me with increasing curiosity. - I already understand why he's calling you a tiger. You can bite, even though you haven't hurt me. I'm not your enemy, Macau - she added, and I looked around the car in disbelief. - Let me explain and everything will become clear quickly.

- Release me first - I ordered, and she pulled a small knife from her pants pocket, with which she cut the ties.

I wasn't sure what I should do now, but when I saw her profile as she rose from her knees, I remembered where I had seen her before. This was one of the women Alcazio spoke to at the meeting. Her picture was still on my phone. I hesitated, unsure of what to do now, and she grimaced, stretching her back, and sat once again in front of me.

- Before you decide to run away, could you listen to me? If you come up with the idea of jumping out of a speeding car and something happens to you, Alcazio will never forgive me - she asked, and I relaxed a little bit, showing her with a hand gesture to continue.

- People call me Miss Chanthira, I'm one of Alcazio's old friends and no, we've never been in any romantic relationship. There was no pure sex either, we were simply connected by interests. Oh, and then there was the pity he felt for me and my situation. You see, Alcazio once saved my life, and I promised myself that if there was an opportunity to pay off the debt, I would do whatever I could to do - she said calmly, with the corners of her mouth gently raised, but I wouldn't call it a smile yet, just a germ of it.

- Continue - I asked, though I paid attention to her every, even the least visible movement, trying to sense if she was lying.

- We met recently at one of the meetings and there I heard about the death of Mikolaj, his former employer, and I also heard about you! Alcazio boasted about you and I admit, I have never seen him so happy and careless at the same time.

- Careless? – I grimaced, because although I was pleased with her words, I felt that there was a second, dark meaning in them.

- Unfortunately, Alcazio was convinced that he had killed Mikolaj.

- Because he did it - I interrupted her, and she looked at me with pity.

- It's not so easy to kill the devil - she whispered, and I turned pale, feeling my heart beat in madness. - It is true that Alcazio destroyed Mikolaj's entire empire, but it turned out that this dick, pardon my language, had prepared for his attack. A few plastic surgeries of a person who was similar to him and voila, we have a corpse.

- Are you telling me that Mikolaj made someone else look like him and that person voluntarily let himself be killed by Caz? – I couldn't believe that anyone would agree to such a thing.

- Macau, you don't quite understand who Mikolaj is. He may seem like a madman or a devil to you, but this guy convinced hundreds of people to follow him, and as proof of loyalty, he took the death of a family member. Hundreds of people killed a close to them person for his sake. That's how I lost my brother – Chanthira's voice sounded like a screech, I could feel a lot of pain in it.

- My father wanted to do the same with me - I admitted quietly, and she looked up, shocked. - Alcazio was supposed to kill me, but he saved me.

- And you saved him - she added. - That's what he told me, you saved him.

- I just fell in love with him - I whispered, feeling blushes flowing out on my cheeks.

- Only? Love has a powerful strength, especially when it is sincere. The love for you made Alcazio put everything on the line and kill the man who firstly destroyed him and then created him from those broken pieces, or so we thought. But you see, Mikolaj is like a cockroach, he can survive a lot more than others. He's clever and cruel and very, very intelligent. At least on some topics, for the rest of them he is simply an ignorant who delights in inflicting pain.

- And he has them now? - I asked, though I didn't know if I wanted to hear the answer to that question. - Wait, how do you know Mikolaj is alive? - I looked at her suspiciously.

- By accident - she admitted, sighing loudly. - Alcazio murdered all of Mikolaj's men, and he needs them now as never before. When he heard that I was currently in Bangkok, he invited me to a meeting, without the possibility of refusing, and then offered to join forces, which I agreed to – while saying this, she pulled up her shirt, pointing at her cut, still healing hands. - Let's say he had strong arguments that convinced me. At least he thinks so.

- And now you are taking me to him? - I couldn't believe how she could still help the monster after all this, but she shook her head.

- I volunteered to kidnap you because it was the only way to save your life. There was one of his men with us who attacked the nanny, but we got rid of him quickly. Everyone else has not been harmed, so you do not have to worry about the household members. Now it's all up to you – she looked at me with determination, waiting for any reaction.

- What do you mean? - I murmured, and she leaned over me, taking my hands in hers.

- You have two options, Macau. You can agree to everything I've

planned and possibly save your family, or I can take you somewhere far away and hide, making sure no one finds you. The decision is yours, but if you choose the second option, you must be aware that Mikolaj will not take it well – the woman spoke calmly, looking at me with concentration.

- What does this mean? – I asked, although inside I had already made a decision.

- Now Mikolaj is happy, his plan works perfectly, so any blemish can end in his anger, and the evil Mikolaj is crazy Mikolaj. If I don't take you there, and just hide you, then I'm sure someone will die immediately.

- I... Take me there, I'll do everything in my power to save them - I exclaimed quickly.

- You can die...

- It doesn't matter - I interrupted her. - I can't imagine my life without them anyway. I'll either die there or soon after if I lose my family.

After these words Chanthira straightened up, throwing me a wide, comforting smile.

- Alcazio was right - she said, and I frowned.

- With what?

- You are truly one of a kind – she added, giggling. - Okay, then undress and put it on - she put a thin but stiff vest on my lap that looked like it had a very tiny layer filled with liquid.

- What is it? – I looked in disbelief at the strange clothes, pulling off the sweatshirt that Caz had given me.

- That's my little invention - she proudly admitted, checking to see if I had put it on my body correctly. - You can't have a normal vest, it's too thick and it's easy to feel, but I created this one some time ago so that I could go to all kinds of balls and meetings in it. Although I did not fill mine with blood.

- Wait what? – I flinched, touching the protector covered with transparent material. – Why blood?

- Because Mikolaj must see how you die. - the woman admitted. - The vest will not protect you from a shot, but it will stop the bullet in the body, so you will not bleed out until help arrives. However, everyone will be surprised if they do not see blood stains anywhere, so when the bullet pierces the shell, what you look at with such disgust will pour out. It may be terrible, but it's effective, and we don't have much time to come up with new things.

- What if this psycho shoots me in the head or in the legs? - I asked another of the questions, feeling anxious.

- I don't think so, although there is obviously a small risk here. I've known Mikolaj for years and I can say I know how it works. He

won't want to kill you right away, It's not cruel enough for him. Mikolaj is different, he needs to see pain. He will shoot you in the stomach, because then it will force everyone to watch you bleed out when they themselves are not able to help you. This is what he did for many years when he reigned in Italy.

- Psycho - I whispered, and she looked at me sadly, nodding. - But how do you know so much about him?

- I worked for him in Italy. Or I should say that my father worked. When, at his urging, he sold me to one of the bosses in Rome, I began to spend more time with him.

- And now you're cheating on him? Why?

- Well, my husband had a rather tough hand for some things, in which Mikolaj strongly encouraged him. One day, when he beat me unconscious once again, I found out that every beating of me is recorded and sent to Mikolaj, he apparently liked it – we both grimaced at these words. – I spent years pretending that everything was fine in order to go home and end up as a punching bag. Every, Single. Day. Only Alcazio noticed the reality and saved me from this shit. And that's why I will do everything for him. You are this "everything" exactly.

- So what is your plan? – I asked, because although I had not known her for a long time, I had no choice but to trust her. I had to do everything I could to save the people I love.

- Quite simple, we go there, you die, and at this time I get rid of everyone, until only Mikolaj remains.

- And then? - I noticed her eyes darken.

- And then the judgment day begins.

Chapter 34: The Depth of My Feelings

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY THIS CHAPTER! LUV YOU ALL, PLEASE IF YOU CAN, GO TO TWITTER AND HELP US TREND HASHTAG FOR BIU!

#บะบิวไปเซ็นทรัลมิดไนท์เซล

NEXT CHAPTER THIS WEEKEND, MIX OF SEX AND TORTURE SOOOO PREPARE!

VEGAS:

Three days have passed since the events that ended with the capture of the two conspirators. They both rotted now in the basement of the minor family house as the rest healed their wounds and tried to slowly figure out what really happened that day. Sitting by the bed where Macau was lying, whose health was no longer at risk, I looked around until my eyes finally laid down on the woman who was standing by the window.

- Let's start from the beginning - Alcazio asked with a tired voice.

His words came to us from behind, where he stood leaning against the wall, pale and miserable. Ever since we got home and Macau was taken for surgery and placed in a special room in hospital, until the doctor decided that observation was not necessary, Caz hasn't left the room even once. He had been guarding my brother for three days, not sleeping by himself for even a moment, and it was reflected on his face. His sad eyes, sunken cheeks and slow movements did not add to his charm, but no one was able to convince him to lie down, not even Macau.

- Just start from the beginning, Chanthira – murmured Pete, while cutting some fruits for Macau. - So that we finally understand

what really happened.

- Two weeks ago I received a strange phone call - said the woman, whose body has been turned to the window, leaning against the glass. - One of my clients invited me to a meeting and insisted on immediate contact. I agreed, because the last few months have not been easy for my group, and he was one of the bigger contractors - she added calmly, and the five of us looked at her straight, stiff back. - I invited him to my home, where I still had most of the papers, because although we have a separate office, in such cases I was prepared to receive someone by myself. However, instead of Mr. Carnavas, Mikolaj appeared before my eyes - her voice trembled slightly as she said his name. - He was accompanied by an Italian, Francesco or Lorenzo, I do not remember. I had a little more problems on my mind at the time than listening to some insignificant son of a D category mafia boss.

- Of course Mikolaj decided to take advantage of the woman, what a scum- Alcazio growled , and although he had a weak voice from fatigue, you could feel the anger in him.

- Well, that's my luck - Chanthira laughed sadly, massaging her forearm. - He threatened me with death, then he showed me what would happen if I betrayed him, and left his employee with me to watch over everything - she said, while pulling off the cream sweater she was wearing, showing her slender, mutilated hands.

Deep cuts went along their entire length, but the mna who hurt her avoided dangerous places, such as the wrist or the bend of the elbow. It was easy to predict how much pain Mikolaj had brought upon her, which she still had to feel until this day.

- I didn't want to involve you in this - Alcazio whispered, and Macau looked at him sadly.

- It's not your fault, Caz!

- Exactly - Pete added, placing a sliced apple in front of the boy, only to turn to Alcazio immediately afterwards. - Even Vegas checked him out and fell for this fake death thing. It's not your fault, man.

- Wait a minute! How can you, Pete - I looked at him sidelong, but as he focused on me, I sighed, trying to hold back the curses from leaving my mouth. Instead, I leaned over my Pete, kissing him right on the lips. The quick peck only caused Macau to roll his eyes, pretending to suddenly feel unwell.

- Couples makes me sick! Let's get back to the subject - he murmured, picking up the fruit and nibbling on it. – Go ahead!

- You're an interesting family - Chanthira began, shaking her head with a smile. - And yes, a visit. Well, then Mikolaj wiretapped us and watched my every move, so I couldn't take any chances,

Alcazio. I'm sorry, I should have warned you, but it was enough that once I met you accidentally on the street, you were on the other side, then I got a message with recordings and simple "do it and you're done". You can guess which ones, so I stopped trying. Instead I decided to prepare for the very time of the attack, because I knew that Mikolaj would demand something from us, some help he couldn't manage by himself.

- It's not your fault - Alcazio assured her, and I nodded, squeezing Pete's hand tighter in mine.

His head leaned cautiously against my shoulder as we listened to the rest of her story.

- In the beginning, we were supposed to pull you out of the villa. The plan was simple, my group and Mikolaj's man were to walk up the floors, putting you to sleep with gas, and then take everyone to the forest. But for some reason, he changed his mind and sent us to your house, Vegas.

- Macau has already told us what happened at home, but explain to me how you managed to put all my people to sleep? - I asked, still not understanding how this whole thing ended with no one defending the rest of the family.

- Quite simply - she admitted, coming closer to us. - It was enough just to remind your housekeeper that she owed me a favor. Maybe that's why Mikolaj changed my task? He remembered I knew this woman, and he was sure that the threats would not work on her. So I used the only asset I had, the favor and her good opinion of me. She helped me because I promised not to hurt Macau or the rest of the family.

- One of the bodyguards was killed - Pete said, and Chanthira nodded sadly.

- Unfortunately, I can control my people, but not Mikolaj's man. He killed the security guard before I could react, and then he started to roam the house like his own. It was he who attacked your nanny, who, I must admit, showed incredible courage.

- It's true - I admitted, and although I didn't like women, these two made me respect their gender a little more..

- When we managed to take Macau, I killed Mikolaj's man and threw him into a ditch. I don't even know where his body is rotting. Then I was able to talk to your brother, who trusted me enough to agree to my plan.

- It was strange to wear that vest - Macau said, smiling gently. – But it worked perfectly!

I answered him with the nod, though his face was saddened when Alcazio's still furious gaze fell upon him. I wanted to go up to my friend, hit this empty head, make him finally let go of the anger he

felt after hearing that Macau volunteered for all of this, because even if it was very dangerous, boy saved our lives. I understood his fear as I had experienced the horror myself, while seeing his small, motionless body on the ground, but past is the past. We can't change it, the only thing we should do is learn from it. We were lucky enough to survive.

- When we got back, we came across Pete, who was pulled out of the house. Fortunately, only one security guard was holding him, so I got rid of the issue quickly and told him what I could because we were running out of time. Then your people came and the war broke out, you already know the rest. That's it.

- Thank you - I felt the chair move gently as Pete got up from it, walking up to Chanthra. - You didn't have to help us, you risked your life, but you did. Thank you! - Pete hugged her tightly, and she smiled gently, ruffling his hair.

- I knew, the moment Alcazio showed me the picture of Macau, that I would do anything to save him. For what Alcazio did for me.

- You don't have to think about it anymore - Caz whispered, giving her a thankful look. - You have paid off your debt with a vengeance.

- No - the woman interrupted him, approaching his stiff body. - That will never be enough. You saved me from hell on earth, believe me, I will never be able to repay you for it, you know?

Alcazio nodded his head unsteadily, and she comfortingly stroked his shoulder, turning toward us.

- I have to go now, but if you want to discuss all this again, just call.

- Thank you for your help - I muttered before Chanthira disappeared behind the door.

There was silence, interrupted only by the steady crunch of Macau, who was still eating an apple. Pete looked at me, asking me to do something with my friend, but I didn't know how to help. Alcazio kept everyone, especially my brother, at a distance, and they both suffered.

- How do you feel? - Pete sighed, focusing on the younger one. – The wound is still hurting?

- No, I feel like a newborn - Macau shouted, laughing. However, he made an unnecessarily rapid movement of his torso, which caused his face to be quickly haunted by a grimace of pain.

- Enough! - growled Caz, in an unpleasant even aggressive voice. - Can you calm down at last?! At least until everything heals! Don't be a fucking child, Macau!

I've never heard him talk like that to Macau. He scolded him harshly and even Pete opened his mouth in disbelief.

- Caz, what the f... - I began, wanting to pour some reason into his head, but was interrupted by Macau's cold, unrecognizable voice.

- Phi, take my brother somewhere. I need to have a talk with Alcazio.

A voice that resists no objection, that he had never used before to us resounded in the room, causing Pete, suddenly awakened from shock, to approach me quickly and drag me towards the exit. He winked at Macau, who clasped his hands in front of him and, with a furious look, stared at Alcazio. I grabbed the last piece of apple before we went out into the hallway, and soon after to the parking lot in front of the hospital. I was looking towards the window where my brother's room was located, and Pete stopped at the red Ducati by which I had brought us both here.

- Vegas, come on, they have to talk about it themselves - Pete asked, and I turned to him, still uncertain, quickly eating the stolen, from Macau, fruit.

- I don't like his tone, Caz can't talk to my brother like to his subordinates - I muttered, and Pete sighed, then took a closer look at me.

I couldn't gather my thoughts when I felt his gaze lazily move across my body, stopping for a brief moment on my hips. At the same time, the naughty tongue slipped gently out of his mouth, licking them and only making me feel even bigger tension at the bottom. While doing this, Pete grabbed my hand, the same one that had held a quarter of an apple before, and very slowly ran his tongue over my thumb, which was still sticking with sweet juice. I couldn't understand what is happening as we were still standing before the hospital entry and his every single move was making me groan with need. I watched, enchanted, as Pete carefully slipped whole finger into his mouth and began to suck. Everything else ceased to matter, but as I got closer, wanting to feel the lips on mine, Pete quickly put on his dark-blue helmet and lazily stroked my tight chest.

- Take me, Vegas! - He groaned softly, and I choked on my own saliva.

- Here? - I couldn't believe in his words.

- Take me home, pervert - he added, then grabbed a second helmet and put it on my face.

- Damn it, how I'm supposed to go now, do you even understand how hard I'm after your tease? - I growled, but at the same time sat down on my Ducati.

Pete laughed gently, before he got up behind me. I could feel his body snuggling into my back, slender legs surrounding my stiff

thighs, and something pushing on my ass, while he rubbed himself slightly.

- If you'll be a good boy and get us out of here - Pete began, in a low, hoarse voice. - I'm going to let you fuck me on your favourite motorcycle.

- I... - I swallowed my saliva with difficulty, just trying to imagine his pinkish, sweat body riding me as I ride my Ducati. - I don't know if it's possible...

- Believe me - Pete whispered, running his hand over my chest dangerously low. - VERY possible.

ALCAZIO:

After Pete and Vegas left, there was an embarrassing silence between us. I hadn't slept for three days, and everything was coming to me with redoubled strength, so when I heard Macau's comment, I couldn't help but get angry, which still burned me red. When I heard what the plan of these two looked like, which my tiger agreed to without a moment's hesitation, I wanted to push his over my knee and give a few decent spankings. It shouldn't look like this, Macau shouldn't risk his health or his life for someone like me. Instead, he should accept Chanthira's offer and hide in a safe place. However, he chose differently and apparently did not even hesitate!

- You wanted to talk - I growled, feeling anger rising inside again.

The last few days have been horrible, but it was the nights that drove me crazy. I couldn't close my eyes, still seeing his body lying in front of everyone, not moving. I watched as the bullet pierced the tiny chest, as the blood flowed from it to the ground, until I had the impression that the red liquid was consuming me and I was starting to choke on it. Each eyelid closure ended with the same vision.

Then came the fear that maybe Macau was not breathing, after all, he was lying down so calmly, his chest was not rising as visibly as I would have liked, and because of the lack of sleep for over seventy hours, I no longer knew whether what I was seeing was true or some illusion haunting me.

- Come up to me, then we'll talk - he asked quietly, extending his hand to me.

I wanted to run up to my tiger, snuggle up to his warm body, feel the skin under my mouth, but my legs clung to the floor and I couldn't do anything. I was terrified, fear literally eating me alive, when I imagined my touch hurting him. I couldn't be gentle now, no, when I was still so angry, to Mikolaj, to myself, to Macau.

- It's not a good idea - I muttered, and he grimaced, then I saw the pain in his beautiful, shiny eyes.

I beg you, don't look at me like that, I can't stand it. I closed my

eyes, banging my head hard against the wall I was leaning at. I stuck my nails deeply inside the skin on hands, praying that eventually everything I felt would disappear. I wanted to cry and scream, I wanted to destroy everything around me and at the same time take Macau to myself, devour him all until we became one, until no one and nothing could hurt him.

- Will you leave me now? - Macau asked quietly, seeing on my face the fight I was having inside.

- What? - I looked at him in disbelief.

- Is this the moment when you tell me you love me, and as soon as I fall asleep, you'll disappear? Will you leave the country because, as you probably think, I can afford someone better, and I was hurt because of you? – he interrupted every word with a snort, and I couldn't help but sigh deafly.

- Even if I wanted to do it, it's too late - I admitted, knowing that there was nothing that could tear me away from Macau. - I cannot live without you, and I am not noble enough to give you freedom.

- So come to me - his hand stretched out toward me again. - Come to me, for I miss you. I want to feel Caz's arms on myself, please!

I closed my eyes, weeping from his words. I closed my eyes because I was weak and wanted to approach him. I closed my eyes because I didn't deserve to touch his smooth skin. The only thing I've brought to Macau since the day we met is pain and suffering. Now that I couldn't leave him, I knew the only thing I could offer him was to be close, but not too close.

- If I approach you now - I whispered, sniffling. - I could hurt you, and I've done it too many times. I can't leave you but you can do it, tiger, you should do it. There are better men than me. Men who will never make you suffer - I added, feeling pain inside at the thought of it.

- Don't you fucking dare to day it again! – he seemed so hurt at my words.

- God, Macau! You were lying there dead, do you understand that?! I saw life escape from you and I couldn't help it!

- It was just acting! - Macau shouted, this time slowly getting out of bed.

He took a few steps towards me, and I, like a coward, began to retreat until I got to the corner. I had no escape route, and he was approaching me, sad, pale.

- I thought I lost you!

- But I was fine, I was alright all the time.

- But I thought I lost you! – my body, which was leaning against the wall, shivered, when sliding down until I squatted by hitting the

floor. – I thought that... I thought that...

I couldn't breathe, the air wasn't reaching my lungs, and I felt like I was about to faint. Macau carefully knelt down beside me, but I closed my eyes, not wanting to see his fragile figure, still not ready for any touch. The warmth of his hand came to me from behind the fog as he carefully began to massage my temples, whispering words of encouragement.

- Breathe calmly - he pleaded, and I, like an obedient child, began to listen to his words. - Yes, good, perfectly darling, deep breath and exhalation. You're doing wonderfully.

- I can't... I can't sleep... - I snorted, feeling how gently he massages my temples. - I can't... I see you there... Dead...

- Let me help - Macau begged me. - Don't move away from me, please. I need my Caz.

- But I... I... I'm just hurting you... - I couldn't gather my thoughts when he helped me calm my breathing. - So much blood, God Macau, you were lying there like this...

I cried with my whole self, still seeing as if it was happening at that very moment, his body on the damn ground, Mikolaj's laughter in my ears, and I couldn't escape it anymore, so I cried. I cried out all the pain, all the fear I felt at the time. I cried for everything, my childhood, the loss of my parents, my obedience to this demon. I cried for believing that I had defeated him and for what I could lose through my arrogance. I cried until there were no more tears left, until all I could do was tremble all over my body, tired, exhausted by what had happened.

Macau's tender hands helped me to get up, but I didn't know exactly what was going on. Reddened, swollen eyes made any vision difficult, but after a few steps I felt Macau pull me to the bed, placing my head on his chest until his heart beat loudly in my ears. It was only when I heard this sound that I began to return to reality.

- Alcazio, I love you. You know that, don't you? I love you so much that when I heard that you were in danger, I knew that I had to run to you, that I had to help you. I love you so much that the only thing I thought about at the time, lying under his feet, was that you weren't injured. I love you so much that when I felt a bullet pierce me, the only thing that made me happy was that it hurt me, not you.

- Mac...

- Don't interrupt me, I beg you - he asked with a quiet, pain-filled voice. - I can't turn back time, but even if I could, I wouldn't change my mind, precisely because I love you.

His fingers intertwined with mine, and his chin rested against my head as he took a deep breath until I could feel oxygen passing

through his entire body.

- I'm fine - he said, stroking my hair. - You can touch me to check, you can feel the pulse, you can see that I'm alive, believe it and only it! I can't force your nightmares to go away, but I can help you fall asleep in peace. Listen only to the beating of my heart. Listen to it, Caz.

I closed my eyes, clenching tightly on my lower lip. I was terrified, I waited with tremble for me to see that scene in front of my tired pupils again, but when the monotonous sound of the beating penetrated into my consciousness, I felt something strange inside that I could not describe. Macau's body heat gripped me, and his heartbeat led me through the nightmare, turning it into a peaceful, so longed for sleep.

MACAU:

It had been an almost a day since Alcazio fell asleep snuggled up in my chest, listening to my heartbeat, and although in the meantime I had managed to fall asleep several times, take medication, wash, talk to the guests visiting me, he did not wake up even for a moment.

For a short time I was terrified, fearing that something serious had happened to him, but when I came back from the bathroom, I saw him frowning and tapping my pillow, probably in search of my warmth. I slipped cautiously onto my side, helping him to put his head back in a place where he could hear my heartbeat, and feeling him clench his hands gently on my waist, sighing happily. I realized that after throwing out all his fear and anger, he must have been really exhausted.

I was stroking his head when the door to the room opened and a smiling, blushed Pete walked through it, followed by Vegas, strangely looking at me.

- Are you going to greet us like that every time? - He growled, and I showed him my tongue, hugging Caz tighter into myself.

- He sleeps for a long time - Pete said, placing on the table the fruits he had prepared just for me.

- He needed it - I kissed Alcazio on the top of his head, and he sighed, snuggling tighter.

- The guy acts like he was shot - Vegas murmured as he sat down on my side.

I raised my eyebrows, remembering how my wonderful brother behaved when Pete was injured. Apparently, something must have showed up in my face, because Vegas snorted, shaking his head.

- It's not the same!

- What is not the same? - Pete asked, walking closer and kissing my forehead.

- Phi complains about Caz, but when you were injured, he forcibly pulled your bed into the room because he refused to sleep if he couldn't see you - I admitted, causing my brother's face to blush.

Pete laughed softly, watching him curiously. Apparently he didn't know about this, which was strange, because I expected Tankhun to tell him that long time ago.

- Really? - The raised eyebrows only caused Vegas to cough up loudly, and I slammed him on the shoulder, not wanting him to wake up Caz.

- Quiet! - I growled, and my brother looked at me in disbelief.

- What is this tone, you little shit, you have zero respect for your older Phi. The three of you don't respect me anymore - he murmured inconsolably, but before adding anything, Pete sat on his lap, grabbing his hands and surrounding his waist with them.

- Don't be a child - he scolded bro, and Vegas pressed him tightly, while kissing his nape.

- You better be careful, you still own me sex on my motorcycle!

- Sorry, what? - I said, looking at them with my eyes wide open. – Sex on what?

A blushed Pete wanted to get up and probably go out to cool off, but Vegas wouldn't even let him twitch, so they were both sitting before me, red on their faces, avoiding my interested gaze.

- How do you feel? - Vegas changed the subject quickly, and I chuckled, shaking my head at the couple.

- Now? – I asked, pointing my head towards Alcazio hugging me. – Now I feel great. I don't think I ever felt better.

- Don't rejoice too fast, you're still going to be punished - Vegas growled.

- For what? - I narrowed my eyes, not understanding what I had done wrong.

- For acting like some damn hero - I heard. - I didn't like Alcazio's tone, but he was a little bit right about what he said. You could have died there.

- I could have died at home - I muttered, remembering a man leaving Venice's room with murder in his eyes. - I'm an adult, Phi. I got a choice and I made it, I don't regret anything.

- Bravo, my boy is now grown! - Pete quietly applauded - You took the risk and saved us, don't worry about the punishment, you'll get a reward from me.

- Will you finally take me on that promised vacation without Phi? – I asked perversely.

- Wait, you remember that? I thought you were unconscious back then - Pete said in shock, and Vegas frowned as he analyzed our conversation.

- What does it mean exactly, this whole "without Phi?" part?

Pete and I looked at each other, giggling under our breaths, as Vegas was trying to get an answer out of us. I laughed when I saw them hugging each other, bickering like some old marriage couple, while feeling Alcazio's calm breath on me. I knew I wouldn't give anything up for another, calmer life. Not when I could have this.

- I love you very much. You three and Venice. I love you, guys - I admitted loudly, and Pete immediately looked away from Vegas, reaching for my hand.

- Not as much as we love you - my rather hiding his emotions brother replied.

- It's nice that you love each other, but I can't sleep like that - Alcazio whispered, snuggling into my neck until I felt chills on my body as he brushed his mouth over the sensitive spot near my lower jaw.

- And the moment is gone - said Vegas, and I laughed out loud, unable to stop the outburst of joy.

- I really, really love you all!

Chapter 34.5: My Frustration Means Your Frustration, Brother

This chapter is dedicated to Vale!

First time in my life someone decided to support my writing like this, and the feeling of receiving even small tip just because someone thought my writing was worth to do it, was the best ever. Thank you for making my morning the best one this year!

If you read my writing and think "this is good, let me buy her coffee or donut" then now you can do it! It is completely voluntary and I will anyway post chapters! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

THIS IS NOT CHAPTER I WAS WRITING ABOUT WHEN I MEANT SEX AND VIOLENCE, BUT ONLY SOMETHING BETWEEN, WHICH I WANTED TO ADD BUT IT MADE THE WHOLE 35 CHAPTER TOO LONG, IN MY OPINION! I WILL POST 35 CHAPTER ON MONDAY!

ADDITIONALY, MY REVIEW FEEDBACK CAME BACK AND I GET THE JOB! I AM SO HAPPY, THIS WEEK WAS TRULY THE BEST FOR ME. NEW JOB, SOMEONE SHOWING SUPPORT TO MY WRITING, LIKE TRULY, THE BEST ONE! THANK YOU ALL, LUV YOU ALL!

MACAU:

I was slowly starting to have enough of everything.

Ever since Alcazio woke up from his long sleep, I tried in every way to seduce him, longing for his touch. I hugged his strong body, rubbed against sensitive areas, kissed whenever he was close enough, but nothing worked. At first, Caz didn't notice my attempts but when he understood what I was planning, he began to panic with my every move. I don't know if he was afraid that my wound would open, or if he wasn't ready for closer contact, with all his fears after those events, but I could see that he certainly wanted me.

As he ran out of the room into the bathroom once again, with stiff, pant-pushing proof of his desire, I sighed in frustration, hitting my hand against the pillow. I felt really good, the place after the shot was properly stitched and healed quickly, and I felt sexually

deprived. Alcazio wasn't the only one who was scared that day, as I was also terrified to know I might lose him. Now that he was so close, all I could do was long to feel him inside of me and calm the storm which was hide deeply.

Knowing that when it came to my relationship with Caz, I always got what I wanted, I only waited for the moment when the man would no longer be able to stop himself, but it was hindered by my crazy brother, who visited me several times a day, sometimes with Venice, sometimes with Pete, and sometimes alone. I was glad to see him worried about me, even though it was hard to listen to him when the only thing that came to my mind was a big list of ways to seduce his friend.

The next two days passed, and the doctor finally allowed me to return home. I was glad to know that, as it would be easier for me to carry out my plan in bedroom, but I did not expect that Alcazio's behavior would change for the worse. Every different look on my face, every grimace made the guy throw hundreds of questions at me about what was going on and whether I felt bad. At first, I loved how much he was committed to keeping me comfortable, but when we got home and he didn't even let me move around the rooms myself, I felt like kicking and biting out of frustration. I had to much energy and I needed some exercises, the best option would be with him, in bed, but this was harder to do than to say.

All attempts to seduce him ended with him running out of the bedroom and my loud curses. I needed his touch, immediately. I knew he needed it too, and the only thing that stopped him was the fear of hurting me. But who could be harmed by one or two hours filled with pure, breathtaking sex? Moreover I was sure it would help me in my treatment, eventually the body would stop being so frustrated and focus on wound healing. I couldn't show any research about this topic, but I'm sure I am right in this matter.

I was sitting in bed, while Caz was correcting the pillow I was leaning on, although I had already assured him that it is fine, but of course he knew better. Just relax and be pretty.

- Fine is not enough, it must be perfect - he murmured, looking at my disgruntled face. - Until you've completely cured yourself, you're not allowed to make any efforts.

- But... - I wanted to repeat to him what the doctor had said when I was leaving, even when I knew he heard it, as he was with me that day.

- No, Macau. The wound continues to heal, so like everything could possibly open it. We need to be careful here. I'm going to be your servant, just for you to not get tired or hurt anymore.

- And will you do anything I want to? - I asked perversely, and he

nodded, placing a glass of water right next to the bed at the same time.

I grabbed his hand and pulled him towards me until our faces were only millimeters apart. I bit my lower lip, feeling the temperature in the room rise from our closer contact, when I focused on his sexy lips.

- Kiss me - I asked, and he swallowed saliva loudly before leaning over me and carefully brushing my lips until pleasant chills passed throughout my skin.

I missed it, his body with mine, the intimacy that was between us. The wound was still sensitive to any additional violent movements, but I knew that someone like Alcazio would be able to guide our love making in such a way that nothing happened to me, so when he moved away, I grabbed his arm tighter, insisting.

- Please, Caz. I want to feel you inside - I groaned pleadingly, and he closed his eyes, as if trying to bring himself back in control, but I couldn't let it happen. - Fill me all. You don't want to feel how I surround you tightly, how I take you deeper into myself?

I outlined the curvature of his mouth with my tongue, and he groaned, holding my face with his hands.

- Damn it, we shouldn't - he growled, though at the he same time slammed into my mouth, doing it against his words, until all I could do was answer him just as strongly, letting his tongue take possession of me.

- Caz... - I whispered as the rebellious tongue slid first over my sensitive neck and then onto my larynx, kissing Adam's apple. - Love me...

- Tiger - he murmured, descending lower, across my chest.

His tongue surrounded the stiff nipple, sucking gently, and I felt myself melting inside. After few minutes these sinful lips went even lower. He was so close, only a millimeter from touching me in my most sensitive part and...

- CAZ! – a loud bang on the door brought us aggressively to the reality.

We both looked in the direction from which Vegas' voice came and, to my displeasure, Alcazio stepped away, standing by the bed. He had to take a few big breaths and adjust his pants so that his erection wouldn't be so visible, and I wanted to jump off the balcony in frustration. Another unsuccessful attempt.

- CAZ BASTARD, GET OUT OF THERE, HE'S STILL WOUNDED! – my brother shouted and I was ready to got up and strangle him with my own hands, because his words were like a bucket of cold water for my man.

- Damn it, he's right - Alcazio whispered, trying to calm his

breathing.

Quickly approaching the door and opening it wide only caused my frustration to reach dangerous areas, so when Vegas went inside, holding Venice in his hands, looking at us with his specific, arrogant gaze, I answered him with the same.

- Phi - I began, smiling broadly. - I promise I'll do everything I can to make sure you can't even touch Pete until I'm healed.

His eyes grew in disbelief, and though he snorted at once, I could sense a little bit of uncertainty in him. Vegas had to calculate in his head whether I could do it truly, because he looked at me thoughtfully.

- What did I do? – he murmured, but I did not listen to him further.

Instead, I stretched out my hands towards the child, who, laughing, did the same thing until I took him in my arms.

- We have to do something about them - Vegas muttered to Alcazio, when he saw me taking care of Venice. – I want to see them bleed. A week without food and with little portion of water was a good start for revenge, now it's time for more aggressive methods.

- Sure - replied Caz, though I could see the fear in his eyes, and I didn't like it.

Mikolaj should not have such power over him, not when he was locked in a cell and could not get out of it.

- Papa - Venice shouted suddenly, pointing his little hand toward the door, and everyone looked at him in shock.

- Wait, huh? - I murmured, incredulous. Did the boy just say his first word?

- Papa - he repeated, stretching his fingers toward, standing nearby Pete, who appeared in the room as the two talked about the prisoners.

- First word! - Pete shouted, running up to Venice and hugging him tightly to his chest. - He called me papa! Me!

- Well, I'm surprised, monster should say mommy instead - Vegas murmured, rubbing the baby's cheek gently.

Something had changed in him since that fight, and he looked at Venice with more warmth than before. He often took him in his arms and took care of the little one without asking anyone for help. Pete would come to me, to the hospital, and tell stories about their games, showing me pictures and being proud. I never thought I'd see my brother caring for the child of a woman we both hated, and yet he did. It made me happy that all the negatives started to disappear in him.

Pete quickly kissed Vegas on the lips as he saw him enjoying the

first word, and I noticed a fire in my brother's eyes that could only mean one thing. Still frustrated, I chuckled under my breath and, grabbing Pete's shirt, immediately caught his attention.

- Phiiii - I said, making the word sound longer. – Phi, Pete! – hearing my sad voice, he gave Venice to my brother and sat beside me.

- Something is going on, Macau? You are feeling bad? Somewhere hurts? - Pete asked, and I grabbed his hand, carefully resting my head against his shoulder.

- Phi, could you sleep with me today? I miss our nightly conversations so much – I made big eyes, and when I noticed the uncertainty in his gaze, I sighed and grimaced, as if something hurt me.

- Sure, we haven't done that for a long time, it's going to be fun! – he immediately replied, and when he noticed my wide smile, he laughed himself, kissing me on the top of my head. - But wait, what about Alcazio?

Pete looked away, staring at my Italian guy, who himself wasn't sure what was going on.

- Caz is busy tonight - I assured, looking at him with my thick eyebrow raised. – He's been busy every night since he's been asleep all day. Whatever I do, he finds thousands of things he has to do before he lies down with me. Today it will probably be the same.

Everyone could hear the frustration in my voice, which made Vegas laugh out loudly, but when I looked at him, snuggling up to Pete, his face went grumpy.

- I don't like to sleep alone, Phi, don't leave me.

- Don't be afraid, Macau, I don't intend to do that - Pete promised me, and I was able to enjoy my brother's furious, angry face for a short time.

***

It wasn't hard to pull Pete away from Vegas, especially when you had a gunshot wound. I learned that they shouldn't be left alone for more than a few minutes, so as soon as I saw Pete go to the kitchen or to the gym, I jogged slowly behind him, waiting only for the best moment to show my presence. I had the impression that me and Vegas were playing a game of who would be able to frustrate whom more, so when I slipped into his office, making a lot of noise, and heard loud curses and putting clothes from the bedroom, I knew I was winning.

Vegas didn't allow me to have sex with Alcazio? I wouldn't let him have sex with Pete. That was the price of trying to interfere in my life, and this time my brother had to understand that he wasn't going to win the fight. When he ran out of the room, furious, with

his mouth disheveled and his T-shirt dressed backwards, I knew how strongly he wanted to pounce on me and kick outside of the house. But instead he took a few steps, looking towards me, and sighed loudly, probably prepared to admit defeat.

- Okay, I understand - he said, frowning. - An eye for an eye. The message has arrived, could you stop now?

- And you will stop? - I asked, still remembering how he showed up in my bedroom tonight, reminding Caz of my wound.

- Yes! Yes I will stop! Do what you want, I will really never interfere in your relationship again! –he shouted, and I could not hide the smile of triumph.

- I love you, bro, but stand between me and Alcazio again, and I'll make sure you don't see Pete for a month. You know I can do it, Phi - I warned him on the way out, leaving their bedroom without waiting for his response.

I walked quickly towards the gym, believing that Caz was there, trying to get rid of all these accumulated feelings, and I could not stop the excitement pushing on me, knowing that if necessary, I would throw him there on the ground and let him take me in all possible ways. Finally.

Chapter 35: Let Me Show You, Who you Belong To

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

HONESLTY, I DON'T CARE IF THIS WHAT I WROTE IS POSSIBLE, IN MY SILLY HEAD IT IS AND IT WAS SEXY AS FCK SO GOOD LUCK, EVERYONE.

I IMAGINED THIS DIFFERENTLY, BUT AFTER WRITING IT, I DECIDED TO POSTPONE TORTURE PART AND PUT MORE ANGST PART HERE. CHAPTER ANYWAY LONGER THAN IT SHOULD BE BUT HAVE FUN WITH IT! I DID HAD WHEN I WROTE IT

I FORGOT TO ADD!!!! I JUST HIT 1K FOLLOWERS, THIS IS INSANE!!! THANK YOU ALL FOR LIKING MY WRITING!

VEGAS:

I stood in my office, staring at the door in disbelief, not fully understanding what had just happened. The passage to the bedroom opened gently and Pete's blushed face came out of it, looking at me with a question in his eyes.

- What's going on?

- I think Macau was just threatening me - I admitted, frowning heavily, and he laughed louder, correcting his quickly putted on clothes.

- I told you to leave them, but you persisted - he murmured, buttoning up.

- What are you doing? Undress, we're not done - I said, and he shook his head, looking toward the door.

- Again, do you want someone to interrupt us? – Pete asked, and

when he spoke his last words, Nop knocked on the door of the office.

- Boss, your cousin has come and wants to discuss things.

I clenched my hands in fists, frustrated by the whole situation. I needed a one-on-one moment with Pete, without hindrance or constant questions from others. The last time we got home safely by motorcycle, we were so close to something more until it turned out that one of bodyguards was sitting in the garage checking the oil in one of the cars. *Wait a minute, a motorcycle!*

A wide smile appeared on my face as I looked at Pete's still reddened cheeks. Without thinking, I threw him over my shoulder, patting him slightly on the round butt, and headed for the door, then turned to the garage.

- Wait, Vegas, Kinn is waiting for you - Pete said, trying to break out, but I slammed him harder, and he stuck his fingernails down my back with a hiss.

- I don't give a shit, next time he should call before appearing, this is a lesson for his arrogant ass - I only muttered and we were already in a cool room.

I put Pete right next to my Ducati, reaching for my helmet and handing him his own. I had a plan, and he had a promise to fulfill.

- Choose a place - I ordered, pulling the keys from a small shelf hanging by the wall.

- Maybe a park? Now it should be nice there.

- Do you want me to take you in the park, among the people? I'm not going to be gentle but okey – I threw him a wide, naughty smile and he took a quick breath.

- And you keep talking about it? I just wanted us to leave them alone then - Pete whispered under his breath, looking at the motorcycle. – It would probably be possible to do it somehow, but I don't know if we have the strength for this.

- We have - I assured, helping him put on his helmet. - So where? Choose.

- Vegas, I don't know if...

- You promised – I reminded him - and you always say that promises need to be done. Do you want to teach Venice to break his own word? The boy will sink to the bottom, and you wanted to raise him well.

- Wait, what, he does not even fully understand what we are talking about and how would he supposedly find out about that conversation, it's not like he was there with us? – he looked at me with a rebuke in his eyes, but I was digging into the subject.

- And does it matter? You will break the promise and that's it, you will not withdraw from it. One broke promise will bring another

one. I can't just let you do this to yourself.

I couldn't see his face, which his helmet was already covering, but I knew Pete was rolling his eyes at my words.

- Bastard! You've fallen low, since you're using Venice to make us have sex - he said harshly, and I shrugged.

- I don't care how I do it, as long as I get there - I blinked before I put helmet on my own head.

I sat on my red beast, and Pete, though reluctantly, lay down behind me, wrapping his legs around my thighs. The hands tightened on my waist, when his head automatically rested on the shoulder.

- Let's go somewhere where there won't be people, even if we're loud - he asked, sighing, and I felt myself tense from his words.

- Everything for you, honey - I started the engine and quickly drove out of the garage, heading towards the abandoned buildings on the border of the city and the forest next to it.

The place wasn't the most romantic one, but it was perfect for what I was planning. An hour passed before I finally managed to get to a small clearing in the middle of the forest. Once, when I was little, I accidentally found this place and sometimes I came back here, when I could not stand what was happening at home anymore and needed solitude. The bumpy road was not the most comfortable to drive, but the view that appeared to our eyes had its advantages.

The already hiding sun gently fell on the tall trees covering most of the sky, piercing through small gaps rays that bounced off the dew-covered wild flowers that grew around. The monotonous screeching of birds flying around, the buzzing of insects and the evening sounds of nature made man feel that he was alone in this world, only he and what he saw in front of him existing.

Pete sighed softly, slowly getting off the motorcycle and taking off his helmet. Look with his lips wide open at the sight that was painted in front of his face, and when he turned towards me, I knew I had made the right choice.

- This place is... - he began, but couldn't finish, unable to find the right word.

- Like a paradise? – I added for him, and he nodded his head gently, this time focusing his eyes on my figure still sitting on the motorcycle.

I got rid of my helmet, letting it fall to the ground when Pete ran his hand over his chest, stopping it on the top button. I bit my lower lip as I saw him carefully unfasten the first of them, and then another, until I could see his bright, scarred skin, which was now covered with new, small bruises. Although it wouldn't be the most pleasant sight for most people, I found Pete the most beautiful man.

His body, telling the story of his life, was covered with traces of the struggle he fought for me, for us, for his family. Every bruise, every scar, every little scratch was living proof of how much he loved us. Pete was a warrior and he had a body of a warrior, which I adored.

- You're beautiful - I admitted quietly, and he blushed, trying to hide his confusion with laughter.

- Fool, look at me, I look like a wreck!

- You are beautiful - I merely repeated, looking at him with eyes filled with love. - Sometimes I wonder what I've done in a past life that I deserve you.

- Maybe it's a punishment? – he asked perversely, but I only shook my head, not allowing him to lower his self-esteem even a little.

- Rather a reward, I probably saved the whole country, otherwise I would not have been so lucky.

- Vegas, bastard, you embarrass me! And I wanted to do a striptease - Pete muttered, quickly pulling off the rest of his clothes, along with his underwear.

I wanted to get up from the vehicle, approach him and embrace this perfect body, but when he noticed my movements, he quickly stopped me, not allowing to do anything else than just stay where I was.

- Don't you even dare - he growled, forcing me to sit down again. - I promised sex on a motorcycle, so I'm going to do it.

I raised my eyebrows, waiting for him to move, and he covered my eyes with his hands before flipping his leg until I could feel the pressure on my hips.

- Don't look, it doesn't look aesthetically pleasing - he muttered, and I wanted to deny it, pushing his fingers away, but he wouldn't let me, quickly snuggling into my chest until I felt I had to rest my legs harder on the ground so we wouldn't fall. – Dammit, not comfortable but we are going to manage!

He moved his hands away from my face and I looked down, staring at his crotch hugged to my covered by shirt, belly, under which the stiff, still hidden in my pants, member was now pushing. I loudly drew air into my lungs, for his earlier movements had only caused me to sit now, uncomfortable, thirsty only to enter him deeply.

- We don't have anything to help you loosen fast - I recalled, and Pete bit his lower lip, looking at me in embarrassment.

- It's not a problem for you.

I couldn't stop the huge smile that blossomed on my lips after his words.

- You're right - I admitted arrogantly, then grabbed his buttocks,

helping him rub harder against my rough jeans.

We both groaned at the same time as the material, from both sides, pushed on swollen dicks. I could feel short nails digging firmly into my arms as Pete tried to lift himself slightly so he could rub more against me, but it was difficult when he couldn't use his legs to help himself. I stuck on the ground, remembering that one false move could make us both fall, as I lifted his slender body, helping him with what he planned to do. It wasn't long before he came hardly, soiling my shirt and panting heavily, with his head resting against my chest.

- And we have lubricant now - I said cheerfully, even though I was so tough below that I felt like I was about to break through the material.

I quickly unfastened my zipper, rejoicing in my spirit that I hadn't cut my sensitive skin by accident and freed myself from the creeping material, feeling masculinity rub against the sensitive skin between Pete's thighs.

- You're so hot - the man whispered as I gathered some sperm from his still trembling limb and, lifting body slightly, pushed my finger inside, trying to prepare it to receive me.

Pete hissed, clenching his hands tighter on my body, but I didn't stop knowing how much he liked it when pain was mixed with pleasure. Instead, I would slide my finger in and out, make circles, and stretch it until I was able to slide another one in. At the same time, Pete reached for my manhood, waiting for his turn, playing with my sensitive head, rubbing the tip and pumping the entire length until I felt like pushing on his, fastly moving, hands myself. However, I could not get up from the seat without endangering our health. So I sat there, feeling sweat running down my body, soaking into my shirt and making chills pass through me, with every slightest breeze.

- Damn! – I growled, feeling that I was already close to coming. - I don't want this like that, Pete. I have to come within you, not like I do now.

Saying this, I lifted his body, hugging it to me until I was able to push my tip into the still tight hole. We both gasped for the air, feeling the temperature between us rise to unbelievable degrees, but I couldn't wait long, so I began to help him sink until I filled it completely, deeper than ever before.

- Holy fuck - Pete hoarsely, trying to control his crazily beating heart as he felt me press on his prostate.

He himself was not able to move much, so he twitched all over, not knowing exactly what to do. I wanted to lift him up and lower him again, but as I watched Pete struggle with pleasure, as he tried

to pull me out of himself even a millimeter so that I wouldn't push so hardly on his sensitive point, instead of helping him, I clenched my hands on his hips and not only did I not let him get up, but I also squeezed even deeper into him, holding the body on top of me.

- Vegas... Vegas I do not know... Vegas what's going on... - he mumbled, trying to break out, unsuccessfully. – How do I have... It's too intense... Immediately... I guess... Damn... I'm going crazy, I...

With each word, he twitched more, hitting me gently on the body, bending towards me, showing a sex neck until I felt like eating and biting it here and now. I wanted to reach his lips, but that would unfortunately stop those sweet, incoherent words that he repeated, unable to cope with the intensity of our position. I watched his member twitch, thirsty for touch, but I knew I could easily bring Pete to orgasm without touching his leaking dick. I myself struggled to endure, feeling his clamping down on me with all his strength, as if he was trying to milk out of me everything I had inside, but only when he himself fell with his back on the motorcycle, with his hand grasping the handlebars and, trembling all over his body, screaming without repentance, only then did I begin to push like a madman with all my strength, controlling his body, when the legs, firmly resting on the ground, focused on keeping us safe on the vehicle.

- YES, FUCKING YES, YES PETE - I repeated, brushing his prostate, watching the tight, stiff nipples he lifted toward me as he sexily bent his back.

- Veg... Vegas - Pete shouted as he came, and I dug into his clenching hole the last few times, only to cum deeply into its warm, cozy interior.

We couldn't catch our breath, shocked by what had just happened. I knew I would never look at that bike the same way again. I wasn't even sure if I would be able to ride it without an immediate erection, because what we did was the strangest and sexiest thing at the same time and I was sure, it will be difficult for me to get back to the normal life.

- God, Pete - I growled, struggling to take the air into my lungs. – Where were you all my life? I should find you sooner.

- Mmmm - he replied, so I slipped my hands under his back, lifting him once again to the sitting position.

- Surround me with your legs and don't let go - I asked, kissing his neck gently, and he lazily complied with my request without questioning anything.

I was still deeply inside of him, stiff, not satisfied with just one round. I struggled to get off the Ducati, holding my man in tired hands, who groaned with each step. I leaned him quickly against

one of the trees and, without warning, began to move, but this time focusing strongly on his sweet, slightly bitten lips. I licked them, sucked them, stealing those quietly repeated moans every time they ran away from his pretty mouth, as I rubbed against his tender spot.

- Vegas, please - Pete murmured, waiting for me to stop playing with his thirsty lips. - Kiss me properly, you bastard! I want to come by feeling your tongue in me.

I growled, digging deeper into him and squeezing out a strong, lustful kiss. I slipped my tongue inside, letting our flavors blend together until all we could do was pant when I filled his hole to the brim again with my semen. This orgasm was calmer, lazy, but still more heart-catching.

- I love you - I said quietly as the last chills made me push myself in. - I love you so much, Pete. You are mine, only mine.

- Vegas... - Restless hands clenched on the sensitive hair on my neck as Pete opened his eyes wider to my words . – I'm only yours. I've always been.

I kissed his blushed cheek, then covered in sweat shoulder, until I helped him slowly and carefully stay on the ground, and although his legs trembled, he managed to hold on without falling. I leaned my forehead against his, inhaling the smell of sex around us, and I couldn't hide my admiration for Pete's beauty. His body was slender and seemed so fragile, but it endured the worst tortures for years. With shaky finger I moved over the scars, brushing and worshipping them until a gentle sigh came out of his mouth.

- You're so beautiful - I repeated, and he laughed, shaking his head in disbelief.

- I'm scarred, you have a strange definition of beauty.

I kissed him lazily, sucking gently on the tip of his tongue until all he could do was moan, hugging me tighter.

- Beauty without blemish is banal - I muttered, carefully massaging his still trembling hips. – Your beauty is marked by the story of your life. Each scar symbolizes a part of it, and the whole creates something unique, you. I think there is nothing more beautiful in this world than this.

With the last words, I lazily helped Pete turn and rest his hands on the rough bark of the tree. My dick moved steadily between his buttocks as I hugged his back to myself, kissing his seductively bent neck.

- So beautiful - I assured, lowering my voice. The skin I was massaging trembled as I leaned over Pete's ear, whispering my thoughts to him. – So strong, after all that happened. So sensitive, responsive to my every touch. My Pete – I kissed the tender skin behind the ear, and he groaned, his eyes closed, focused only on my

fingers wandering on his body. - Only mine - I slipped back into its interior stretched over the previous times. - Until I die and even after, mine.

- Yours - he whispered, sticking his hands into the bark of the trees. - I'm all yours, Vegas. Please, show me how much I belong to you!

I smiled, hearing a wild desire in his voice, and without thinking for a long time, I showed him again and again and again how much he belonged to me and how much I belonged to him. Completely, utterly, with all my existence.

ALCAZIO:

I felt pain in my tense muscles as I lifted another barbell, lying with my back on a bench. Sweat ran down my body, pinching my eyes, but I couldn't stop, still feeling a fire inside that even my frequent cold showers couldn't extinguish. For several days I had already tried to refrain from throwing at Macau, because although I wanted to be able to touch him more intimately, the vision of his wound, opening up, bleeding, through my animal drives, made me run away as much as I could.

Coming home didn't make it any easier, especially since I couldn't imagine sleeping in another room, and although the tiger assured me that he was feeling better and the doctor said before we left that everything was under control, the wound was still unhealed and could have opened with more violent movement.

I sighed, frustrated, placing the weights in a special place and sitting down, staring blankly at the opposite wall. I had millions of ways in my head in which we could do this without too much effort on his part, but I was afraid that I would not be able to hold on. I wanted to go into his gentle body as deeply as possible, to wrap myself in the warmth of its interior, until all doubts disappeared from my head. There was a devil in that house, waiting for us to take care of him, and I postponed our meeting again for as long as possible.

Maybe I should have been braver, especially since he was the one sitting in the cell and I was completely free, being able to do whatever I wanted. There was still a lot of fear in me. I knew it was because he suddenly came to life, or rather he tricked me with ease, which created a vision of him in my head as someone supernatural, but I couldn't help it. Like a small child, I was afraid of our meeting, because if he could escape and kill my Macau, what would I do then? How can I exist in this world without him? I'd rather take my own life than try to accept the loss of my tiger.

- Caz... CAZ! – a raised voice came to me from the entrance.

I turned around, staring at a slightly nervous Macau who, leaning

against the door frame, waited for me to finally react to his words.

- Yes? - I stood up, wiping my hands against my pants, and he squinted his eyes even more.

- Caz, what's going on? You haven't been yourself since those events, and I know that what happened may have shaken you, but I feel like you're turning into a terrified animal that someone threw into a cage – his voice was filled with sadness and I felt my heart break when he pulled his nose and his beautiful eyes glazed with tears.

- It's just stress - I assured, but he shook his head, incredulous.

- We both know it's not that - he said, wiping his tearful cheeks with shaky hands. – It's about something else, something you don't want to share with me. It scares me, Caz. I don't want to lose you, I can't live without you, you know?

- Tiger...

- Is it about Mikolaj?- the name of this bastard in Macau's mouth almost drove me crazy. - He is imprisoned, he will soon die. You have nothing to worry about.

- Really? – this time I couldn't help but snort. - I thought the same thing last time and see how it ended!

- You made a mistake, that's all - Macau whispered. - Everyone knew how dangerous Mikolaj was, but no one expected him to brainwash someone and convince them to pretend to be him just so you could kill the imitation!

- I should have anticipated it - I interrupted him, still believing in my guilt. - He hurt you and I'm the only one responsible for it, no one else. What if he deceives us again? What if this time he finishes what he started?

- We won't allow it – the boy moved towards me, but I run away, again, knowing that the smaller the distance between us, the worse I was able to think soberly.

- He's indestructible - I said, and Macau stopped, looking at me thoughtfully.

- We'll see - he murmured, and by the time I could stop him, he was already out the door.

Unsure of what he was planning, I ran after him, seeing his small figure turn up to the stairs that led to cells. Terrified, I ran in the same direction, not wanting his innocence to meet Mikolaj's ugliness. Someone as good as Macau should not be in the presence of a monster.

I stood panting on the stairs, staring at the boy who was standing in front of the bars, holding a pistol in his this time stable hand, pointed at a standing, laughing guy. It was hard for me to see in this skinny, smelly man the powerful Mikolaj who once ran the

Italian mafia. I climbed the last steps more calmly, focusing only on my tiger than on the trapped devil.

- Put it down, Macau, it's not your fight - I asked, but he just looked at me with irritation.

- How is it not mine? That good for nothing imitation of a man hurt me, he hurt you. Of course, I have the right to give him the same he gave us.

I shook my head as I took the next step.

- Don't stain your hands with his blood, he's not worth it - I assured, ignoring the mumbling man next to me.

- You know what, Alcazio, we have so much in common, and you talk so ugly about me – his slimy voice was causing shivers on my skin, but I had to focus on Macau.

- Please - I stretched out my hand toward him, wanting to take the gun. Macau softened, looking at my stressed face.

- I'd like you to look at him at last, at what he really is. He's an ordinary man, Caz. A worthless loser who thought he had you, but it never true - he assured me, looking at me warmly.

- I don't like to be ignored - Mikolaj said, and even though I didn't look at him, I felt everything tense inside. – The last time you ignored me, how exactly it ended, CAZ? Your little boy ended with hole in his stomach. When you finally learn...

I swallowed my saliva, not wanting to let his words come to me. I focused only on Macau, who looked at me with hope.

- Mikolaj is a coward, Caz. An ordinary coward who took away the child's parents and then wanted to make him an inhuman machine - he said, walking up to me and gently brushing my pale cheek with his hand. – You are stronger than him, you opposed him and you did not allow him to kill the real essence of you. Don't let him take over you now. By fear you exaggerate him, and yet he is only a man.

- Wait, are you still afraid of me? – a chuckle spread around the cell, but for me all that mattered was Macau's warm, loving look. – I always knew that you were weak, but that you were this pathetic?

- At that time, when you decided to save me, against his orders, I know you finally felt alive, first time in years - Macau said in a calm voice, standing on tiptoes in front of me until I wrapped my hand around his waist to help him reach my mouth.

I was like hypnotized, completely infatuated with my tiger. Listening to him like a small child listening to stories told by others, filled with adventures.

- Don't you feel it now? – he asked, brushing my lips with his. – This desire to live. To free yourself.

I sighed surrounded by his sensual, possessive scent. I rubbed my

nose against him and looked at Mikolaj staring at us, this time noticing sunken cheeks, damaged complexion and gray hair appearing. I had the impression that he had looked more powerful before, when I knelt at his feet he seemed to be still young and alive, as if immortal. Now he was just reminding me of a crazy old man who had lost touch with reality.

- Do you think you're going to win with me, Alcazio? – his eyes, filled with hatred and a thirst for revenge, did not impress me, because I also saw in them fear and a sense of the approaching end.

Was that really what I was so afraid of? That huddled, shaking old man? How could I allow this to fill me with fear with such ease.

- You've aged - I said calmly, clenching my hand tighter on Macau's waist.

I felt his fingers gently massage my stiff back and relaxed, allowing him to comfort me in this moment.

- I'm young enough to get rid of you - Mikolaj assured me, spitting at us, but I shook my head.

- You are not - I replied, only taking a deep breath and letting the air out slowly. – You can't control me anymore. I'm no longer a child.

- Seriously? So why I think that I managed to do it quite easily? - He snorted, but I smiled gently, this time kissing Macau's forehead.

- I got lost for a short while, but I'm back.

- Enjoy it while you can, soon you will find him dead in your bed - the threats only made Mikolaj seem more pathetic.

I had the feeling that the fog had fallen from my eyes, as if what was blocking the real world had suddenly disappeared. His words no longer had any causative power, they could only entertain me.

- I used to think you were indestructible - I admitted, adding after a moment - but now that I'm looking at you... You seem so damn small. How could I not have seen it before.

I shook my head at my own stupidity, and before he threw a steak of nonsense at us again, I took Macau in my arms, carefully, being cautious not to hurt his still healing side, and took him out of the room, still speaking loudly enough for Mikolaj to hear me.

- I love you, tiger.

- Me too - he replied to me, kissing me gently on the cheek.

- YOU ALL GONNA DIE! -his screams not lasted long, as I closed loudly the entrance to cells.

I didn't know how it happened, but our conversation in the basement calmed me down, made everything clear again. When I looked at the man who had terrorized me all my life, when I saw how pathetic, how miserable he looked, I understood how much I had allowed my fear to take over me. Macau was right, I made a

mistake and that's it. I was smart, but at that moment Mikolaj was smarter and that's it.

- Thank you - I kissed him in the sensitive spot around his neck, deeply snorting his sweet scent.

I headed for the bedroom because, although I still didn't want to open his wound, I had a sudden need to be with him, and I already knew how we would solve the problem of my possible loss of mind when we will make love.

- Everything for you - he said, snuggling tighter into me, and I smiled as I heard those words.

I sat him carefully on the bed, and when he stretched out his hands to me, wanting to attract me to himself, I moved away for a while, opening the closet.

- Caz... - Macau groaned, not happy.

- A second, wait, let me just... I've got it - I pulled out a long rope from inside that I had previously used to practice untangling ties. - I was afraid I lost it.

- Hmmm, kinky - he winked at me, but when I put the rope in his hands, he looked at me questioningly.

- It's for me, not for you - I assured, and his eyes lit up more brightly. - I know it's not very romantic, but I have to be in you now, and I don't want to pounce on you. Tie me up and we'll see how it goes.

I saw his tongue stick out of his mouth, carefully passing over those shiny, tempting lips. I quickly pulled off my shirt as I climbed onto the bed and waited, staring at the back of his head.

- Unless you don't want to? - He jumped at my words and, blushed like a tomato, quickly leaned over me, tying my hands to the back of the bed frame.

- Of course I want to. Are you comfortable? – he asked, correcting the knot, and I nodded, looking at him with love.

- You can start whenever you want - I assured, and he sighed gently touching my face.

Fingers wandered from eyebrows to cheeks, then reaching mouth where they outlined gently lips until I felt tingling in the places Macau had just affected. I closed my eyes, letting myself be overwhelmed by the magic of his tender touch, before I felt a gentle crunch on my lips .

A small voice filled my interior as Macau carefully opened my mouth, sliding his naughty, lively tongue in.

I groaned, happy to finally get a taste of him, as before, and tensed up when one of his naughty hands went lazily down the chest, brushing sensitive nipple, then going down until it hit the belt buckle. The tongue would slide out and slide in, while the teeth

bite on my lower lip, pulling it in, sucking the sensitive skin and then I felt a cooler breeze around the perineum. Smooth hands pulling my stiff dick out of my boxer shorts made me growl loudly.

The kisses went from my mouth to my chin, then to neck, until they ran quickly over my tense muscles down. I felt a warm breath on sensitive skin on the tip which couldn't stop twitching. I tensed up, ready for those sweet, tiny lips to engulf me deep within, but instead my tiger showered me with butterflies-light kisses, only making me pant heavily, praying for more.

- You're so hard - he whispered, looking at me with a sparkling gaze, and from this very moment I could come as strong as never before.

- God, how sexy you are - I whispered with shaky voice, and he stuck out his dark pink tongue just to ran it over my little head where he knew I was most vulnerable.

I hissed, trying to control my clouded with desire mind, when his fingers reached to the table next to us, from which he pulled out a small lubricant bottle. With the container in hand, the tiger sat at the end of the bed, right next to my legs, and, completely red, poured a small amount, which he smeared between his fingers. I swallowed my saliva, not knowing if I was ready to watch Macau prepare for me, but when his hand disappeared behind the back and the blush came off his face to the chest as well, I had the impression that I would explode.

- Ca... Caz.. - He groaned, in a broken voice, pushing gently on the fingers, and I cursed, knowing that the precum was flowing from me endlessly.

I moved my hips, wanting to finally be with him, but the minutes passed and he continued to finger himself in front of me without even touching my thirsty body. His moans became louder, legs trembled, struggling to keep his body in the position, and I began to push on the knots, wanting to tear them off and free myself. I had to be in him, I had to feel again how he surround me with his warmth.

- Macau... I beg you - I barely choked out, and he looked at me ajar.

- But... - he groaned. - You said we shouldn't!

He screamed, grabbing my ankle as a wave of pleasure swept through his body, and I knew he was teasing me, probably still dissatisfied with my escapes from the last couple of days.

- I was stupid, I'm going to be better, I promise, tiger! - I assured, and he moved closer until his butt was just above my stiff dick.

- Won't there be any more of this whole "I don't want to hurt you" nonsense? – he asked, carefully grabbing my penis and brushing his

entrance with it.

- It won't be - I shook my head until I thought that it would fall out of my spine.

- Won't you run away from me and hide your feelings? - He said again, and I shook my head, agreeing to whatever he wanted. - Please, Caz - he sobbed suddenly, and I saw traces of tears on his face. - Don't emotionally run away from me anymore. I was so afraid I would lose you.

- I'm not going to do it tiger, never again - I swore and he kissed me before he fell on my masculinity, slipping it carefully inside.

I stretched him, making him hiss and curse at the same time, but when I filled his hole to the end, he breathed deeply, kissing every scrap of my face.

- I love you - he whispered, and I lifted my hips gently, helping him move.

- God, how I love you, tiger - I kissed the marks of tears from his blush cheeks, whispering more and more naughty things with each move, until the only thing I could think of was the impending fulfillment.

It didn't take long for us to get to the edge, we were both so hungry that after a few minutes I dug into him, filling his inside with myself, and he, nestled in me, plowing my sensitive back with his nails, shouted my name, spilling sperm on our bellies. His tired head fell on my shoulder as I felt the ropes loosen. I freed myself from them completely, carefully placing the still barely breathing Macau so that I could check his wound, but it was completely secured and our little session did not hurt anything. I breathed a sigh of relief, pulling him closer to me, staring lovingly at his contented, sleepy face.

- It was wonderful - he murmured, and I, knowing that we would soon have to get up to wash, let him close his eyes for a moment and take a nap.

- I love you - I repeated, though he couldn't hear me anymore. - Every day I thank God, if there is one, for putting you on my path. I knew when I saw you for the first time, I knew it would be you. It's always been you. I hate your father but I am also thankful, as he created you. You belong to me, Macau. Only mine.

***

When I woke up in the morning, snuggled up in Macau's warm body, the phone which was laying out on the table, rang, and my tiger, still sleepy, reached for it, answering without checking who was calling.

- Yes? - He said in a sleepy voice, and I kissed him gently on the neck, pressing my nose harder into his soft skin. - Hey, Chay. What's

going on? Wait, huh? – there was silence and after a while Macau rose to a sitting position, with furrowed eyebrows listening to the words of his friend. - If you think so, but maybe let's talk about it face to face. Okay, let it be, sure. Bye, see you soon!

I looked at his strangely anxious face, and when he focused on me, I noticed sadness deep in those pupils.

- What happened? - I asked, rubbing my thumb against the delicate skin on his cheek.

- Chay and Kim are leaving. They decided to start a new life in another country, away from the mafia and of that.

- Damn - I also sat down, hugging strongly Macau to my bare chest.

- He will come here today and tell me everything, will you not be angry when we leave you alone?

I looked into his warm, chocolate eyes, kissing his sweet, pouty lips.

- Of course no, if you will need something just write. I'll prepare something delicious for both of you – with this in my head I got up carefully, stretching my still sleepy muscles and, throwing only sweatpants on myself – but firstly breakfast. You need to have strength for talk.

And with that I went to the kitchen, ready to prepare a meal for us.

Short Stories of Venice: Sleepless Night

This story is dedicated to Lilyvette and BibleBuild! Thank you for support, this means a world to me. Luv you!

🫰 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

Hi guys! I am soooo busy this week but I thought that there are too little Pete, Vegas and Venice scenes so from time to time I will add short stories about their little adventures. Hope you will like it, it's really short but I think it's cute. Sorry if this will disappoint you, guys, but remember, you can skip!

There are gonna be also Macau, Alcazio, Venice scenes and all possible combinations! ❤

Month After Pete and Vegas Adopted Venice

It was four o'clock in the morning when the sounds of loud crying began to come from the electric nanny left next to the table in the main bedroom. For a brief moment, the sound spread through the place with no reaction from the sleeping people, but when the whimper intensified, Pete quickly rose to a sitting position, grabbing a helpful gadget.

- You or me? - murmured Vegas, who threw one of his hands over the man's hips, pulling his warm, naked body to himself. - Please say you, I'm dead tired.

- I'll go, no worries. He anyway prefers me, you're scaring him most of the times - Pete whispered in a hoarse voice, and stood up, putting on Vegas shirt from the couch.

- Good, I'm scary guy, he should be scared to.

- Scary guy but when I slept in Venice room, you came and tried to bribe him to let me go by giving tons of toys - Pete laughed, looking as spread on bed, man.

- He took you away for almost a week! - Vegas complained. - I have my needs too. Your warmth is not only for little monster, I can't sleep without it too.

- Can't believe you're being jealous over a freaking child - Pete laughed, kissing Vegas's temple and, without waiting for answer, leaving the place.

The corridor he went out into was completely dark, as there were no windows on their floor, but Pete knew the road perfectly, having walked it many times since last month, when they took Venice with them from the hospital. During the first days the child could not get used to the new place, so it often happened that he or Vegas spent their nights rocking and calming the boy, but from the last days everything began to calm down. Until today.

- Sir, you didn't have to come - Jenna looked towards, entering the baby room, Pete. She was holding Venice in her hands, trying to make kid go back to sleep. His reddened, tearful cheeks puffed up when he took a good breath into his lungs to cry again.

- It's fine, I can take care of it - Pete assured, and the child looked at him and immediately stretched out his tiny hands toward his favorite person, silently asking to hug him. - You can go to sleep. Tomorrow will be very busy day.

Completely enchanted by Venice's charm, Pete took him away from the tired nanny, assuring her that she could lie down, and after she left, he began to walk slowly around the room, humming quietly under his breath. For the first few minutes Venice cried, then slowly it turned into a quiet sobbing until he hiccupped twice and, cuddling his head into Pete's chest, closed his tired eyes while calming down, letting his dad's strong arms to make him fall asleep.

It took a long time before Pete decided to put the boy in the crib, who, as soon as the touch of his loved one's hands disappeared, woke up and, looking at his dad with grudge, screamed. Before his sadness turned into loud crying, Pete quickly took him back in his arms, and, kissing his forehead carefully, began to walk again, this time distracting the baby with his chatter.

- We are in a fussy mood today, hm sweetie? - warm voice said, and Venice looked at him with eyes filled by love. - Don't want to be alone? Do not be afraid, honey, you will never be. You already have a family that will never leave you. You have me and Papa Vegas and Brother Macau, and we all love you with all our hearts, though maybe some people don't show it that way.

Saying this, Pete smiled, and showed his beautiful dimples. Little hollows appeared on his blushed face, which always made Venice stretch out his small hand and press chubby finger where he could see them. Then boy giggled loudly, and Pete, touched by his cute behavior, also laughed, kissing the baby's tummy, just to immediately tickle it. This time it was no different and soon the room was filled with laughter and loud sounds of kissing.

- What's going on here? - asked a sleepy voice from behind the door.

Vegas, dressed only in pajama pants, looked at the two of them

with his sleepy, tired eyes. The gaze softened as it fell on the joyful face of his lover, but when he turned to the child, his voice was slightly displeased.

- I was waiting for you - he murmured, directing the next words to the child, - go to sleep little monster, we also need it.

- Don't call him that - Pete asked quietly, but fell silent quickly when the man approached him, squeezing a loud kiss on his lips.

Then Vegas took the baby from his hands and, awkwardly, began to rock Venice, wanting him to fall asleep as soon as possible. For a time, Venice, confused by the sudden change of face in front of him, allowed himself to be rocked by someone other than Pete, but when he realized what had really happened, his eyes filled with tears and his mouth began to tremble, ready to scream.

- Give Venice to me - Pete quickly reacted, and Vegas, sighing, gave back the baby , just to sit down in an armchair opposite the cradle.

- You're pampering him, and that's why he is so fussy all the time - Vegas muttered, rubbing tired face with his hand.

Pete shook his head, not agreeing, and without thinking for a long time, he sat on Vegas' lap, resting his back against the edge of the piece of furniture. For a few seconds Pete corrected himself, making sure he would not fall to the ground with the child in his arms, and when he was sure that he would be comfortable sitting like this, Pete put his face in his lover's neck and sighed, tired but happy.

Venice, already calmed by the warmth of Pete's body, closed his tired eyes, putting small fist-folded hand to his mouth, and soon after there was silence in the room, interrupted only by the monotonous, calm breaths of the sleeping family.

Update Time!

Hi guys!

I just added prologue for my story Lingering Scent of Yours.

This is the first story ever I wrote about VegasPete but I never published it. I've talked with few people on twitter and they asked me to add it, so I thought why not!

I hope you will show it a little bit of love, just remember, I decided not to check it, so it may not be good!

All Pete has always wanted in his life is love.

Without family or friends, the man hopes to have Omega's blood flowing in his veins, which will allow him to find destined mate quickly, but when he learns that he is Beta, all those beautiful dreams fall apart like a house made out of cards.

However, Vegas stands in Pete's way, making him lose his mind and heart rather quickly. Alpha cannot hide interest in the brunet and after few dates he asks Pete to be his boyfriend. Pete, even though he knows how badly it can end, is following his lonely heart and agrees quickly. Feelings bloom between the couple, until Porsche arrives, the Omega, whose scent drives Vegas crazy.

What will Vegas choose? Heart or destiny? And whether Pete would be able to come to terms with that decision?

Book 1 contains Prologue, 12 Chapters, Epilogue

Prologue: Done

Chapters: 0/12

Epilogue: 0/1

Book 2 is possible, if my readers will want it.

Edit: GUYS, HOW YOU CAN BE SURE YOU WANT BOOK 2 IF YOU DIDN'T READ WHOLE BOOK 1???? □□□ LUV YOU ALL SOOOO MUCH!

Chapter 36: Loving Family

This story is dedicated to Lilyvette! Thank you for support, you are truly the best! I hope you will enjoy this chapter a lot!

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

This chapter is about Macau because I felt a sudden urge to show that everyone love our little tiger! I know you all are waiting for some tortures and believe me they coming! But when I write, the things I want to add are just making it all too long and I am ending up moving some parts to another chapter. But it is coming! Grrrr!

MACAU:

We sat at the table in the kitchen, eating slowly breakfast prepared by Alcazio. Chay was about to arrive soon, promising to explain everything from our conversation, so I wasn't getting dressed up, I only wore sweatpants and one of Caz's sweatshirts that I had stolen from him. He wore it yesterday so I could smell his manly, fresh scent on myself.

- How is it that you look better in my clothes than me? – he asked, winking at me across the table.

I blushed, as usual, not knowing how to react to his flirting, but when I saw a wide smile on his face, I replied with the same thing, unable to resist hiding my joy.

- You are imagining things - I murmured, and he grabbed my hand, softly stroking the middle of it.

I trembled, feeling the waves of heat gently melt from the place he was touching to my entire body. Last night something changed in Alcazio, as if a huge weight had suddenly fallen from his shoulders. I didn't know if I had completely eradicated thoughts of Mikolaj from his head, I only whished to show him what a

meaningless man he was. I intertwined our fingers, but when my eyes dropped lower, I was saddened by the sweatshirt Caz was wearing.

- What's going on, tiger? - I heard, and as I lifted my head, my man's anxious gaze appeared before my eyes.

- My gift - I whispered, pointing at his clothes. – it is now destroyed. I know it's just material, nothing more, but...

I squeezed his fingers, biting my lower lip. I really regretted wearing our sweatshirt that night. I only did it because it soaked up our scents and encouraged me as I waited for them to return. Now all I had left was a shred, instead of gift, which was immediately thrown into the trash in the hospital.

- I'll buy you something new - Alcazio assured me, and although he wanted to improve my mood, it wasn't what bothered my head.

- I... I could have died easily back then - I admitted, and he frowned, walking around the table and hugging my back. - I don't want to ever feel so helpless again.

- What do you mean?

- Could you - my voice trembled, so I coughed few times, gathering courage. - Wouldn't you mind teaching me a few punches? The standard training I was undergoing was of no avail in the face of a heavier and taller opponent, but if you teach me, I am sure that I will defeat everyone!

- Me and you? - Alcazio murmured, as if in a deep thought. - On the mat? Sweaty and panting? Of course I agree!

I lightly punched him on the shoulder when he laughed, and I was about to kiss him gently on the forehead when the kitchen door opened and Vegas stood in it, giving an upset Pete a piggyback.

- If I say that I can't do it anymore, I can't do it anymore! What a shame to call so that they would come for us by car! - Pete said loudly, shaking his hands, tighter wrapping them around Vegas' neck.

- You yourself said "harder", what was I supposed to do? – my brother asked and only then did he see us.

I sat there, my mouth open, staring at the two, while Alcazio was standing next to me, laughing until he couldn't breath properly. Both of them were soiled from the ground, leaves protruding from their hair, like they both just came back from wallowing in the grass. Someone put a small white and yellow flower behind Pete's ear, and I knew it was Phi's idea, he always compared Pete to sun and this cute flower looked just like it.

Seeing us, Pete blushed to the top of his ears and quickly hid his face in Vegas' neck, who with his famous smirk winked at us, walked to the counter, grabbing the water and was about to leave,

when he suddenly turned to Alcazio, who was now almost lying on the ground.

- Caz, move your ass and go get Jenna, they let her out of the hospital, and she has no one other, we can't just leave her alone, she is still scared - Phi ordered, and immediately he was gone.

- Wait, huh? - Alcazio looked at me, dissatisfied, but I immediately nodded to him, remembering how she endangered her own life for us.

- Go, I'm waiting for Chay anyway - I pouted, and he kissed me carefully and was about to leave when he suddenly came back just to smooch me a few more times until I started pushing him out.

- Go! Don't make her wait, she's probably nervous after all this – I asked, and Alcazio sighed in displeasure and then he was gone.

Without haste, I put the dishes in the sink and, pulling out some leftovers from the refrigerator which stayed there the last couple of days, I walked lazily towards the stairs. Going down to the basement was not a problem for me, I just looked at the security guard standing in front of the entry, while he raised his eyebrows in surprise. But I ignored him, going deeper until I stood in front of the cell where he was lying. I looked for a moment at the huddled, eating dirt from the ground, prisoner and snorted, not believing how such a substitute for a man could cause so many problems. I threw him a plate, watching the food fall out of it, and although everything was dirty, it did not prevent Mikolaj from throwing himself at what I had brought. He was starving like never before.

- I don't believe who visited me - he hardly said, swallowing with difficulty. - The tiger itself! Or maybe it's just a kitten? Did you miss me?

- Eat - I ordered. - You can't starve to death. You won't get such an easy way out of this world.

- Does your dear brother know that you are feeding me? - His sleazy voice roared around the room, only making me want to vomit.

- My brother doesn't give a shit about you - I assured, and seeing the anger in his eyes, I laughed quietly. - I wouldn't be surprised if he thought we've already buried you, but don't worry. There will come a time when he will take care of you, and then, well, you will pray to die of hunger.

- Do you think so? - Mikolaj shook his head, snorting until his eyes fell on my chest, in the place where he shot. - You were bleeding so beautifully back then, wouldn't you want it again?

My mouth trembled, tears appeared in watery eyes, and whole body began to shake uncontrollably. I hid my pale face in wobbly hands, and Mikolaj laughed loudly, with triumph, but when I burst

out laughing, until I needed to held on to the stairs so as not to fall to the ground, his face turned into a devil's mask.

- You little bitch - he growled, and I couldn't stop giggling as I watched him stretch out his dirty, covered in wounds hands from behind bars, knowing that he couldn't reach me. - I'm going to kill you, you see! – my laughter increased. - I'll beat you like a dog! I'll gut you and throw to animals to feed them with your meat, and then make Alcazio look at it! I'll peel your skin off!

Slowly, I began to head up the stairs, still crying from laughter. I knew I should calm down, to not interfere with my wound but this little man was so hilarious, when he thought, he could still win. I couldn't help but see this crazy old man as a joke. Him trying to intimidate me as if he still had any advantage over us? The funniest story I've recently heard.

- One meeting with me and your Alcazio will turn into a scared kid! I'm in control of his pathetic mind, you hear! - Mikolaj shouted nervously, and I fell silent, slowly turning and looking at him.

- No, you don't - I calmly said, wiping tears from my cheeks. - I have all control, that's why Caz is happy and healthy, and you're sitting in a cell.

- Do you think you mean something to him? – he croaked in response. = You? An ordinary kid? You may occupy his head during the day, but I can promise you dreams belong to me. Does he wake up crying? He trembles like a mongrel when he sees me in all these nightmares?

- I think I mean everything to him - I assured, smiling as widely as possible. - That's why every night Caz spends, he spends with me and me only. Every second of it he gives to me and believe me, you are not there with us, I would never let such thing happen. I don't like threesomes, especially with half-dead imitations of a man. Same it goes when it comes to dreams. Every dream Alcazio has is about me and these dreams, believe me, Mikolaj, you are not in them for sure, otherwise he would not wake up every morning with big smile on his sexy face and urge, the need to be inside of me.

- It's just sex, kid - the old man snorted. - That's your argument, sex?

- Apparently it's the best sex under the sun, since it made Alcazio decide to turn his back on you and choose me – I chuckled again, and he looked at me in disgust. - Look, you didn't notice some chips, they're lying next to your foot. I hope you will enjoy it.

I waved at him one last time before I went outside. Maybe what I did wasn't the smartest, but watching the monster that took away Caz's past roll lower and lower somehow gave me satisfaction. I stood by the stairs when the front door opened and Porschay

showed up in it. He was paler than usual, big, round eyes seemed unhappy, but when he noticed me, he immediately hid his sadness under a gentle smile.

- I am here - he murmured, and I walked up quickly, taking him in a neat embrace.

For the first few seconds, the boy stiffened, as if not ready for my touch, but soon after he melted in my arms, and after a while I heard a snort.

- Let's go from here - he asked, so I wiped his tearful cheeks and we quickly walked up the stairs to my bedroom.

***

We sat on the bed, Chay leaned against the frame and sighed, as I reached for the water on the table and handed him a full glass, seeing that he was still jittery.

- Are you okay? - I asked, and he looked at me, shaking his head slightly.

- Could we go and do something? Maybe swim? – his face was filled with a silent request, and although I did not want to approach the water yet, I nodded in agreement.

We changed quickly, I lent my friend swimming trunks and after a few minutes we stood in front of the entrance to the pool. I asked one of the employees to make sure that no one came in, and when I went inside myself, Chay was already in the water, doing the whole length as fast as he could. I rolled up my pants to my knees and sat down, waving my legs in the water, waiting for him to come back. I wasn't surprised by his behavior, often when Chay didn't want to talk about something, especially something difficult, he asked me to do some sport-related things. As if the boy had to lose a little bit of energy to finally start talking. Today it was the same. After the third length, he stopped by me and rested his hands on the floor.

- They took advantage of Kim - he said, and I frowned, focusing on his wet face.

- How come? - I couldn't believe what I heard.

- Remember that picture I showed you? - I nodded, silently confirming. - They stuffed him with drugs there, I wondered why he looked so strange when he came back, but I thought it was fatigue after the concert. God, how stupid I was!

- It's not your fault, Chay! - I assured, but he looked so sad.

- Kim said he didn't know what happened at night, he didn't remember anything, but there are pictures he got. Photos with him unconscious in various... situations - his voice broke down at the last words. - I've seen them, Mac, I've seen them all and God, I don't want to see Kim so vulnerable again.

- Chay - without thinking any longer, I jumped into the water in

clothes, hugging a tearful Porschay.

- I left him, I was angry, and I cursed him in my mind, and they took advantage of him - He whimpered on my shoulder - They raped him, Mac, do you understand that? And I left him!

- You had no idea! - I said with determination. - You can't punish yourself for something you didn't know about. Now you know and behave differently, that's all that matters.

- But I could have asked...

- You thought your partner was cheating on you. Yes, maybe you should talk to him, but let's be honest, it hurt, so you needed time. Don't punish yourself for normal, human reactions! – I pulled him closer to me, and he rested his chin on my shoulder.

- When he got home on the next day, he told me he felt so dirty. He almost tore the skin off himself when he washed, he was already thinking about using pumice stone - Chay whispered, quietly sobbing. – I remember that night, he hugged me all the time, then even took my sweater, said that it fit him, but I think he just wanted to feel me with himself.

- I'm so sorry - I admitted, and he clenched his hands on my wet clothes. – I will visit him soon...

- You better not to - Chay interrupted me. - Kim doesn't want to see anyone for now. The only thing he thinks about is this trip. I don't know if he's afraid of the consequences, after this whole thing with cameras, or if he just doesn't want to listen to how sorry others are.

- Oh yes, cameras - I muttered, recalling what Caz had told me. I felt pain knowing that Kim had betrayed us, but I also knew how proud he was. This situation must have cost him a lot.

- I'm sorry - Chay broke away from me, looking me straight in the eyes with a tearful gaze. - I know it doesn't mean much, but he was really put against the wall. If these photos came out of the light of day, the internet would never forget about it. Kim would then lose everything and I know! I know these are excuses, but please...

- Enough! – I said, trying to calm Chay down. - We're all fine right now, so let's forget about it. Now tell me more about the whole trip, because I can't imagine being here without you!

Chay sighed, hugging me tighter again.

- Kim would like to leave this place, he wants to be somewhere far away. I don't know for how long, but if that's what he needs right now, I'll go with him. I don't want to leave him alone anymore - Chay murmured, and I closed my eyelids, feeling the pain rising in me. I was scared they will not return.

- I understand, this will probably be the best way out.

- After he saw you there, dead, it came to him, the truth of what

he did, you know. He saw real consequences of his own actions and it terrified Kim. I don't want him to do something to himself, but this place doesn't work well for both of us. We need to spend some time together, far, far away from mafia world and constant cruelty. Sorry, Macau.

- No, you're right! I know how much family means to Kim, what happened must have shaken him quite a bit, since he did what he did. I will be waiting for you.

- Thank you. Can I do one more length? I need to get rid off some anger and in major family house everyone is watching me like some freaking experiment. We can talk in your room after it, please? - Chay stepped back, wiping his face red with his crying hand. – God, you're still in your clothes!

- Ah yes - I admitted, suddenly feeling the weight of the wet material. - Don't worry, it's fine. Let's end our conversation later, I know how tiring this is for you too.

I struggled to get out of the pool, immediately dropping everything form myself and staying only in black swimming trunks. The sealed bandage, slightly reddened, was dripping with water, so I cursed loudly, and Chay jumped out quickly behind me, dragging me straight towards the door.

- Are you crazy! You're bleeding! The wound can't be this wet! – he shouted, and as we walked into the corridor, I heard Alcazio's quick footsteps and joyful voice.

- Here you are! – he said, but his eyes slid down quickly until he got to the place where I was shot. – What the fuck, tiger!

- It's nothing serious, believe me, just a little bit of redness - I assured, but at the same time I was interrupted by two voices suddenly agreeing with each other.

- Nothing like that? Are you kidding, tiger?!

- You're wound is bleeding, Mac!

I shook my head, fed up with listening to them, and headed into the bedroom, hearing the stomping of heir loud feet behind me. I rolled my eyes, turning down the hallway, when I ran into Vegas who was walking to his wing with Venice in his arms.

- Can you walk properly? You don't see that I'm carrying a baby - he growled, but when he saw that it was me, his gaze softened. - Oh, Macau. Did you swim? Wait, you still have a wound!

His darkened gaze turned downwards, and I knew I was going to get another lecture on gunshots and what shouldn't be done after getting them. I felt a grip on my hand as Vegas dragged me into his office, followed by the voices of Alcazio and Chay.

- Phi, I'll take care of... - I wanted to assure him that I didn't need help, but he hissed at me, silencing me right away.

Only Venice looked pleased, giggling and laughing, fascinated by the toy he was holding in his small hands. We were already at the door to Vegas' rooms, when the kid suddenly looked at me, then at the object that occupied him, then again at me, and after a while I felt something hit my forehead and bounce off it. I shook my head and Venice stretched out his fingers to me, trying to escape Vegas' hands.

- Carefully - he gently murmured, grabbing him tighter, and we were already in his office. - Sit down.

He pointed me to one of the chairs, but I didn't want to soak his furniture.

- Phi, I'm wet, I...

- Sit down - Vegas re-ordered, so I sighed and sat down, as he opened the bedroom door wider until I could see Pete sitting on the bed, to whom Venice immediately stretched out his hand, babbling loudly.

- My sweetheart - Pete said, but he must have seen me out of the corner of his eye because he smiled broadly in my direction and then frowned when he noticed a first aid kit in my brother's hands. – Macau?! Is everything alright with you? Something happened?

- Nothing serious, Phi - I assured, going deeper inside and squatting on the bed. - Everyone is suddenly panicking because of a little bit of blood.

As I was saying this, Alcazio and Chay burst into the room, looking at me with pale, long faces. I didn't understand why the light bleeding put everyone on alert, so I shrugged my shoulders and Phi opened the medicine kit, slowly began to pull the bandages off me. I could feel everyone's eyes on my wound, even Venice fell silent and watched his dad's actions. I didn't say anything, and I tried not to hiss in pain, though I felt a slight discomfort when Vegas smeared my wound with something that was probably meant to clean it. I preferred not to show them the stings I felt, because it could end up with a lifetime ban from entering the pool. *This family was truly the craziest one.*

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Small **Lingering Scent of Yours** tease:

Every step gave me a physical pain. The closer I got to the front door, the more my soul faded away, as if suddenly there was no air for the fire that burned inside me. I grabbed the door handle when my body shuderred, probably shocked by the sudden determination, and then it was over.

The wood cracked, automatically closing the place I used to call home. For the last time I've looked at small building, but there was nothing more I could do. *Vegas made his decision.*

Chapter 37: Monster Hidden Inside

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🖒 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

NO IDEA WHY THIS HAPPENED BUT WHEN I STARTED TO WRITE THOSE SCENES, ALL I COULD SEE WAS HIM PUNISHING? LIKE, HE DESERVED TO DO THIS. SORRY FOR BEGINNING, STAY TO THE END AND HAVE FUN! OR DON'T AND I WILL STILL LUV YOU!

KINDA NOT HAPPY WITH TORTURE, BUT YOU KNOW, NOT EVERYONE LIKES TO READ ABOUT SOME DETAILS HORRYFYING THINGS. ANYWAY, LUV YOU GUYS!!!

GUYS, CAN YOU SEE MY TEXT? SOMETHING IS GOING ON WITH WATTPAD TODAY AND IT'S SHOWING IT AS DRAFT ALL THE TIME, AHHHHHH, I'M SO FRUSTRATED! WTH!

~*~

Since the break-in of the house, we had the electric nanny running again, because although Jenna was sleeping in Venice's room, I preferred to hear possible cries for help myself. That night, just before bedtime, I started the thing, and then surrounded by the warmth of Vegas, I fell asleep, letting my tired body rest. I was not afraid to not wake up on time, as a trained bodyguard, I was able to hear even the slightest sound in my sleeping hours. It worked also this time.

A sudden scream came to me around three o'clock in the morning. I jumped up, hearing a moan next to me, and I gently stroked Vegas' hair before quickly running toward the little ones room. I felt my hand wet as I just seconds ago entangled my fingers in Vegas's hair and I sighed, unhappy because the man hadn't dried them before bedtime.

As usual, without turning on the lights so as not to wake anyone

up, I ran through the corridor and, surprised to see the door to Venice's bedroom ajar, slipped inside. Right at the entrance I stepped on something sharp, cursing so I loudly turned on the lamp, and then quickly blinked a few times, trying to accustom my eyes to the sudden brightness. For a moment I had white and dark spots in front of my pupils, and then everything stuck together in a picture like from a nightmare.

Smashed furniture, blood soaking into the carpet and the lying dead body of Jenna pushed on the ground with head twisted in weird, uncomfortable position. I rushed towards the cot, but the sight I saw there froze my insides. I couldn't breath properly anymore, feeling my lungs burning from pain. I couldn't believe it was true, *who would attack a child?* I stretched out my trembling hand towards his small, fragile body, and then I saw it.

My fingers were stained with blood, but how was that possible if I didn't touch anything that could cause it? Feeling tears flood my cheeks, I sobbed, and then an epiphany came to me. Before coming, I stroked Vegas' head. Vegas', who didn't get up with me when he heard the noise. Vegas', who didn't ask who among us would go to see what happened but instead moaned, as in pain. *Why I did not light the lamp that time?*

I turned quickly on my heel, feeling myself dying inside, and then someone hit me in the face with a bat. The pain spread down my cheek as I fell to the ground, right next to Jenna. I could hardly stay awake, and only my stubborn character kept me from drifting away, even though my body begged for it. Face pulsated from torment, making me hear only the sound of throbbing, from place which someone hit. *Who dared to attack us?*

Firstly, I saw bare feet, dirty, as if they had spent a long time surrounded by sand and dust. Then, looking up, I could see the tattered clothes, until I finally reached the face. The face I knew all along. I didn't understand how he managed to escape, I couldn't comprehend it. Where were the bodyguards? What happened to the lock, which was specially established so that *it would not be possible to escape from the lower floors? How could a satisfied Mikolaj stand before my eyes, looking at me with pure madness in his crazy pupils?*

- Don't be afraid, you're the last one - he said, giggling. - Alcazio and his bitch are lying dead in bed. Vegas is just bleeding out, and those here, well, you can see what happened to them.

- It's impossible - I whispered, feeling blood begin to drip into my mouth from the wound on my forehead.

- Nothing is impossible when you really want something - Mikolaj replied, smiling widely, and then darkness took me over.

PETE:

I woke up sweaty, unable to move under Vegas' heavy arm. I struggled to turn toward him, moving my face closer until I could feel his calm breathing on my skin. Assured that he was alive and asleep peacefully, I slipped out of his arms, standing up and straightening my bones. I still had before my eyes terrible visions of the nightmare I was dreaming of.

Without waiting for the man to wake up, I headed for the corridor, going towards the Venice room. I just had to see him, make sure that everything was fine with the child. There was a small light in the room, so I walked calmly and staring at the floating and falling chest of the child, I finally felt the stress begin to disappear from my head. It was just a bad dream.

A terrifying nightmare that could really happen, but at this point only a nightmare. I placed my fingers on a cute tummy, just wanting to feel the movements of his body on my hand, and Venice twitched, only to sigh loudly at once.

- Papa, love - he whispered in his sleep, pushing small fists to his mouth.

I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath, and left, but did not return to the bedroom, but instead headed toward Macau's room, having the need to check on him too. I just opened the door slightly and heard calm breathing in the room. I didn't want to wake them up or upset them with my presence, but I needed to make sure. It was only when I knew that my dream was only a product of my sick imagination that I returned to our bed, but I did not lie down in it. Something was still bothering me, still not allowing me to relax.

I looked for a moment at the place where Vegas was lying and, although it came with difficulty, I decided to go to the kitchen, feeling the need to drink cold water. Muffled footsteps led me to the ground floor, but before I reached the place I was thinking of, I noticed out of the corner of my eye the movement at the entrance to the basement. I stopped, feeling my heart pounding in my chest with all its might, but it was just a security guard who was sitting with his phone outstretched and looking through something. I couldn't take my eyes off the passage down and, in spite of myself, I moved in that direction, just wanting to make sure Mikolaj was still there.

- Nicki, go to sleep, I will take care of the rest of the night - I said, commandingly, and the man jumped up looking at me, then at his phone.

- Boss, I don't...

- Go lie down - I repeated, and we both knew I wouldn't do it a third time.

The man disappeared and I went inside, angry at myself for not

being able to get those images out of my head. Everything seemed too likely, too possible to fulfill. What would I do if they disappeared from my life? I could not cope with this loss, so I had to see with my own eyes. I walked down the stairs slowly, feeling my heart pounding like crazy, but when I went downstairs the only thing I could see, after some of the lights were on, was the old man sitting next to the wall, snoring under his breath.

- You see, it was just a bad dream - I whispered to myself, but when I turned around, someone's voice came to me from behind.

- You're Pete, aren't you? - I looked in the direction from which these words came to me, and I was surprised to see Mikolaj right next to the bars. For someone his age, he was fast and quiet. He moved like a predator. - We never had a chance to get to know each other.

I raised my eyebrows, shocked by the calmness with which he spoke, as if we were at least at a social gathering, and not in the cell where we were starving him.

- You should be happy with that - I said, standing in front of him. - If we had met earlier, you would have been dead a long time ago.

The man chuckled, rolling his eyes, only to suddenly focus them back on my character.

- How many times have I heard such things, and look at me, I'm still alive - he spread his arms, as if to show that he was okay.

- For now - I assured, but I didn't want to waste time on him.

I climbed the stairs, wanting to get back to Vegas' warm arms when his voice cut through the silence again.

- Did you have a dream about me? – he asked, and I, with my hand at the door, stopped when the images from the nightmare hit my head again. - It must have been a pretty fucked up dream since you came down here. Or maybe it wasn't a dream? Maybe it was just a close vision of the future? What did I do? Tell! – he said confidently, with mockery in his voice, as if adding sarcasm to every word gave him new strength. - I killed you all, right? How did I do it? I need to know! Maybe I'll use it in reality, who knows.

He laughed to the hilt, and I tried to calm my frayed nerves. I knew Vegas was planning something painful for him and his friend, but the last few days, despite the calm, were hard. I wanted us to get rid of them already, but Caz thought it was necessary to break them first, so the two were starved, the only problem was that no matter how much time passed, Mikolaj was still as arrogant as he was at the beginning. Enough!

I looked at the electronic lock and entered the reset code into it, immediately after loading new numbers, so that no one would interfere with me. I closed the entrance and knew that without the

correct combination, no one would come here. Then, still staring at the steel in front of me, I moved my back, relaxing stiffed muscles.

- You know - I began - whenever I can remember, everybody called Vegas a monster. He is cruel and likes to punish others, well, I felt it on my own body – I turned around, slowly going downstairs. -When we became a couple, everyone told me how sorry they were for me, because you know who would want to be with the devil? The only problem was that I wasn't any better, but unlike my man, I was able to hide my tastes.

- Interesting - Mikolaj murmured, though he sounded more bored than engrossed.

- You don't even know how much - I laughed as I walked up to the wall opposite the cell where the locker with the items Vegas was using was hidden. – Because although I must admit, Vegas' methods have their good sides, I do not think that everyone should be punished so much. Some people simply deserve a quick death, why waste time on small obstacles?

- Are you talking about me now?

- Oh no, you're not an obstacle. You're a splinter in my foot, and I'm tired of the constant limping - I muttered, more to myself than to him. - I'm going to show you what's going on with those who attack my family. I'm going to show you something that many people will never see. I'll show you the truth about who is the crazy one in our relationship - I assured, smiling broadly, only to grab the keys and throw them under the Russian's feet. - Look, I'll even give you some help. - This time a knife hit the ground before him, and I, with my hands clasped in front of me, waited.

MACAU:

I was just leaving the kitchen when I noticed that no one was standing in front of the entrance to the basement. For a moment I wondered what was going on, but then, mindlessly, I slipped into the hallway and quietly walked down the stairs until I stood in front of Mikolaj's cell. The guy was lying against the wall, snoring, but a good few minutes needed to pass when I finally decided to go back. I wanted to run upstairs when the entrance opened and Pete walked in.

He was pale, I could see that something was bothering him, so I didn't want to cause him more problems and I hid in the corner, knowing that no one would be able to notice me there. For a while I listened to the conversation the two had with each other, but when Pete threw the keys and the knife at Mikolaj's feet , I trembled with fear. I wanted to rush after him, to snatch from this monster objects that could allow him to escape, but before I did, the cell was opened and a cheerful, looking with crazy eyes Russian came out of

it. I swallowed my saliva, pushing harder into the corner, but the calmness with which Pete was waiting for him also affected me to some extent. I breathed a breather again and again as I watched them clash, curious and terrified of the consequences that could happen if Pete lost.

Mikolaj, without waiting for the other to move, pushed, pointing the knife in place of his abdomen, the same place he shot me back then, but Pete quickly grabbed his wrist, kicking him into the chest with such force that he rolled back into the cell. Something very dark appeared in Phi eyes until I felt sorry for his opponent, even if it was Mikolaj. The man at that time got up, looking furiously at the calm Phi and pushed again, but this time delivering a few quick blows towards his head. Pete, immediately reading out the enemy's intentions, dodged, hitting him on the solar plexus until he fell to the ground, as he could not catch his breath.

- I have to admit, I am disappointed - Phi said, and Mikolaj spat blood.

- I would destroy you if I wasn't so hungry all the time - he growled, but before he got up, Pere's foot fell on his face with strength enough to knock him over on his back.

- You had your chance, now it's my turn - Pete said, this time hitting him with such force that he lost consciousness.

I stood, my mouth wide open, unable to believe how easily Pete had took down a man who had aroused such fear among everyone, for although he looked like an old man and hunger had made him lose weight, there were still those who preferred not to enter the basement, terrified.

I wondered whether to show up to Pete, but when he picked up the man, sitting him in a chair and tying his body with ropes, I held back, curious about what he would do. I heard noises coming from the side, and then Pete walked over to the unconscious Mikolaj, pouring something into his mouth until he opened his eyes, choking.

- What the hell - he tried to break out of his bonds, but he couldn't.

- You shouldn't came back - Pete said, this time approaching with a sharp, surgical-like scalpel. - You shouldn't touch people close to me, but you did. I will show you what happens to those who attack us.

The blade passed through the skin of abdomen with ease, and blood dripped everywhere, soiling not only Mikolaj, but also Pete, dressed in an ordinary T-shirt and boxers. I didn't know how russian was still conscious, but maybe there was something in the liquid that Pete had poured down his throat. I watched with fascination

and disgust as Pete efficiently cut the right joints until he managed to pull one of the kidneys out of Mikolaj's belly.

- Don't worry, I'm not going to let you die so easily - Pete promised, and then the next minutes passed, filled with screams and begging for death.

Most of the times my eyes were closed, not ready to see all those organs just being pulled out of Mikolaj, until I knew I couldn't take it anymore.

- Phi - I whispered after a while, no longer able to bear the sight in front of me.

My voice brought Pete back to reality and made him move his hand more violently, driving the blade into Mikolai's throat, who began to choke when blood was dripping, until he fell motionless.

- Damn - Pete muttered, releasing the object from his hand and looking at me in fear.

I came out of the shadows, looking at his blood-covered body, no longer wanting to look at the dismembered Mikolaj.

- Macau, I don't...

- Phi - I ran up, wanting to hug him, but the whole front was dripping with blood. Instead, I snuggled into his back, and he, stiff, waited for my words. - You're awesome.

That's all I could say, because even though this Pete kind of scared me, I knew that everything he did was for his family. For us. For me. He had to love us very much to lose himself so much.

- I never wanted you to see it - he admitted, then added. - You'd better go from here, I'm not done yet.

I nodded, not wanting to fight it, but when I tried to enter the code, the door was still closed.

- Phi, something is wrong - I said, and he looked at me, worried.

- Ah, yes, the code is birthday days, write it as Venice, you and Vegas.

I patted in the right numbers and felt the cooler air from the ajar door. I was about to cross the threshold when my heart told me to turn around, and I could see the sadness in Pete's eyes.

- I love you, Phi, you're the best - I smiled at him before I ran outside.

I walked into the bedroom, still having a vision of torture in front of my eyes but that didn't make me uncomfortable. Instead, it helped me breathe a sigh of relief, knowing that the danger was gone. We were free, free and secure. Finally.

VEGAS:

I was awakened by the loud sounds coming from the bathroom. I put my hand on the side where Pete should sleep, but the sheets were cool, so he had to get up some time ago. I looked around the

room for a while, but there was a metallic smell that was familiar to me, and I felt panic inside. I got up quickly and without knocking I ran into the next room, looking at Pete standing in the shower. He was naked, next to him lying some t-shirt and boxer shorts, all covered in blood. I screamed in horror, grabbing his arm and watching from all sides, but he jumped up, surprised by my sudden appearance, and then sighed.

- What happened? Where does it hurt you?! WHO DID THAT TO YOU?! – I asked, still looking for a place where so much blood could come out from.

- Nothing happened - Pete repeated, but I couldn't believe his words when he was literally covered in red liquid.

I picked up a frantic look at his beautiful, doey eyes, but he quickly looked away, like when he accidentally added too much spice to my food and watched as I took a large spoonful and, while sitting with the client, began to eat. Pete messed up.

- What did you do? - I asked, and he twitched, knowing he would have to answer me sooner or later.

- Nothing wrong, really - he sighed again, and I, naked, came closer, pushing him into the wall.

- What did you do, Pete? Whose blood is this? – I had the impression that I knew, but I wanted to hear it from his mouth.

- Mmhgj - he murmured vaguely, and I put my finger under his chin, lifting it until our mouths were only millimeters apart.

- Clearer, honey - I asked, though there were firm notes in my voice.

- Mikolaj, I killed Mikolaj - Pete growled, rolling his eyes.

- Well - I frowned. - I wanted to do it myself, but you probably had a reason, so why the hiding?

- Because I... - he wrapped his arms around me, snuggling tightly into my chest. - Macau saw me.

- Oh shit - I couldn't stop myself from cursing, because after the amount of blood I saw, what Pete did must have been horrifying. - Did he say something?

- That I'm awesome - Pete admitted, and I laughed, unable to help myself.

- I don't know what's going on here, but maybe let's start from the beginning, okay?

We were standing in the shower, Pete motionless, me washing his body as I listened to everything that happened that night.

- I'm sorry, I know you had plans for Mikolaj - he said at the end, though I didn't feel any remorse in his voice.

- Honey, the only thing I regret is that I didn't see you in action. You must have been so damn sexy - I whispered, kissing his

shoulder, and Pete trembled under my touch.

- I didn't want Macau to see this side of me - he admitted, but I shrugged, not truly seeing the issue.

- He already saw worse. He's an adult, Pete, and he understands what's going on. Plus, I'm not sure, but I think Macau poisoned Mikolaj. I saw him carrying food secretly and believe me, he had such a face as he did it, that I just waited for information about Mikolaj dying suddenly.

- That's what worries me - I massaged Pete's stiff shoulders, trying to help him relax.

- He loves us, baby, and he's going to do for his family what you or I would do - I added. – He is Theerapanyakul for a reason, but I need to say, I adore seeing you worry so much. As if he were our son.

Pete turned around, looking at me with flames in his eyes, then bent over, kissing me gently on the lips.

- From the day I hugged him in the hospital, I knew that Macau was now mine. You are mine too and Venice is. Even Caz belongs to me, although he probably sees it differently.

- As I understand it, we have nothing to say here? - I looked at him playfully, and he pinched me, snuggling into my chest tighter.

- Do you have any objections?

I shook my head, lowering hands onto his soft, round buttocks until Pete groaned as I squeezed them.

- None, baby. None.

Chapter 38: A Morning Like No Other

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

GUYS I KNOW YOU'VE RECEIVED NOTIFICATION ABOUT THIS CHAPTER AND I WANT TO SAY - SORRY, I MISCLICKED BEFORE ADDING ALL PARTS SO I QUICKLY UNPUBLISHED IT! FORGIVE ME, LUV YOU!

PETE:

Water ran down our bodies as Vegas massaged my buttocks. I didn't think it would be so easy for me to get away with killing Mikolaj, after all, I knew Vegas well enough to understand how strong his desire for revenge was. But he accepted it without any quarrel, and now he kissed my arm until I bent my neck, silently asking him to touched these hidden places as well. I trembled as his tongue ran over my jaw line, but it wasn't enough. I wanted more, far more than this, I needed to feel him in myself in the most animalistic, rough way.

- Vegas - I whispered, groaning. - Vegas, na, you have to...

- Whatever you want, honey - he muttered, teasing my hole with one of the fingers.

- Vegas - I repeated, feeling the body demand something different, something much darker. - Fuck me.

He lifted his face, looking at me with his eyebrow raised, still not ceasing to massage.

- I'm doing it - he said with a gentle smile, but when he noticed a twinkle in my eyes, he smiled more arrogantly. - Not enough? Want more?

- Much more - I admitted, sticking my nails into his shoulders.

- How much? - one of the hands went through the chest, up to my blushed face. - How much do you need?

- Everything - I muttered, then grunted back and looked determined at him. - Fuck me like I mean nothing to you.

The next second my face was against the wall, firmly pressed by his fingers jammed on it. I felt a pain in my cheek that pushed against the cool tiles and then pressure on my buttocks as Vegas' entire body stuck to me. His hot breath caused chills on my bend neck as he leaned his forehead against the side of my immobilized face.

- Be careful what you wish for, Pete - he growled, then bit hard into my neck until I screamed, not out of pain, but out of delight.

- Vegas... - I began, but felt a sudden smack on the ass. - K-khun Vegas! - I corrected myself and heard a snort.

- That's better.

- Khun Vegas, please, na - I added - make me your pet today. I need it like never before! - I whimpered, in a begging voice repeating what I wanted.

It wasn't that I needed to feel humiliated, but there was still so much aggression in me. So much fear after a nightmare. I needed to feel that I belonged only to Vegas, that I was all his. Like he owned me.

- Do you want me to fuck you hard? - I nodded immediately. - Hmmm, I don't know if that's a good idea, Pete. Maybe instead I should be gentle - saying this, he stroked my reddened buttock, gently spinning the wheels on it with his fingers, getting closer and closer to my hole. - You are such a good boy, let me reward you.

Although he held my face firmly, probably leaving marks on it, what was happening downstairs was delicate, filled completely with love. But that's not what I needed. I wanted him to take me as harshly as he could.

- I'm not a good boy, Khun Vegas - I cried. - I'm very bad! Punish me!

His fingers moved from my jaw to neck until they tightened on it, taking away my air for a moment. I choked, feeling how my penis reacts to it almost euphorically, then I felt a strong pull down until I fell to my knees. The water began to blur my sight and I had to close my eyelids, but I felt Vegas push his swollen penis into my needy mouth.

- Prove it, maybe I will fulfill your request - I heard pure joy and lust in his voice, so without waiting long I rushed forward, licking and sucking his dick, as if it were the last thing in the world I could try and I was starving for days.

However, I did not manage to enjoy his firm, veiny skin for long, as he pressed the whole length firmly into my mouth until I felt that I was choking. I tried to soothe my suddenly attacked throat

without biting him, and Vegas, as if nothing had happened, moved inside with its aggressive rhythm. I could hardly breathe through my nose, but the feeling of him filling my mouth, even taking possession of it, made me unable to help but put my hand on my growing masculinity, trying to reach out for orgasm. Before I could make any movement, I felt a slight smack on my face.

- Don't even try it, baby. We're not playing like this - Vegas growled, quickly returning to pleasing himself with my swollen, hungry lips.

I tried to help him with every movement, running my tongue over the pulsating dick, drooling it more, until everything began to drip from the corners of my mouth, as he protruded more, just before going back in. I thought I would lose consciousness by not being able to take a deep breath when he filled me with his sperm, holding my face upwards.

- Swallow the whole thing - he ordered, and I, like a good pet, did what he asked for.

I took a few deep breaths, trying to calm my beating crazily heart, when he finally slipped out of my swollen, touch-sensitive lips. I licked them, still feeling the taste of him inside, and he grabbed me violently by the hair, lifting me up until I felt pain on sensitive skin from my nape. A greedy tongue took over my mouth, showing me once again who was really the master here. I groaned, completely surrendering to him, as usual. This, however, I hoped was not everything. I needed more.

- More - I asked, looking at him pleadingly. - So much more.

I was immediately put on my feet, my body thrown against the wall, until I felt a chill on my chest hugging to it. I hissed when his hard hand fell again on my buttock, and one of his fingers wandered into the area of my, waiting for Vegas, hole.

-No! - I shouted desperately. - No preparation, Vegas! Bastard, no preparation!

- It's going to hurt, Pete, you're not stretched - the man murmured, and I growled, clenching my hands into fists.

- It has to hurt, it must hurt - I cried. - I beg you, Vegas, na, make it hurt as much as possible!

I've never felt such a need to feel him inside me. I never wanted him to hurt me so badly, to break me, to show me where I belonged. Maybe it's because I've avoided this part of myself for so long? Maybe killing Mikolaj awakened what had been dormant in me from the beginning? I didn't know it, I didn't understand my behavior, but I was sure of one thing. I needed to feel pain and pleasure at the same time. I needed Vegas to give it to me. Right away.

- Fuck! - he whispered and, giving up any preparations, squeezed into me, and I felt as if something was tearing me apart from the inside.

I hissed in pain as he pushed harder and knew I was probably bleeding downstairs, but I greeted it with joy.

- Harder - I asked, and Vegas crashed all the way in.

I couldn't catch my breath for a moment, I couldn't stop feeling that constant burning inside, but knowing how completely, how perfectly Vegas fills me, made me move my buttocks myself, forcing him to push and he did. He pushed against my prostate immediately, making my skin burn from his violence with each twitch.

- Yes, YES! That's right, I beg you, Khun Vegas, I beg you! - I screamed as he pressed me until I couldn't stay on my feet any longer.

I fell to my knees, dragging him with me. The water was pouring over our hot, sweaty bodies, and Vegas pushed on, grabbing my hair and pulling it until I was leaning back enough to be able to kiss his thirsty lips. I felt him press his tongue into my mouth, run it over my teeth and grab my lower lip with it, biting it hard. Nothing mattered, however, only the approaching, all-encompassing, completely overwhelming orgasm.

Our moans and screams echoed across the bathroom until I tensed up, squeezing Vegas tighter inside, and came twitching, hugging the wall, trying not to lose consciousness. I heard Vegas coming too, digging into me the last few times before finally dropping all the sperm he had left into me, and quickly but carefully exiting my body.

- Damn - he whispered, seeing blood start to drip from my hole after he pulled out his penis, but it didn't bother me.

This burning inside only brought me to the real world, made me breathe again, without that strange feeling in my heart. I was satisfied and content, like a little kitty. I slid down the wall, smiling goofy as Vegas turned off the water and reached for the medicine in cabinet. I did not even move when he began to wash me, removing from the inside all traces of sperm that he left there, and after a while he began to lubricate the sore spot with a special cream.

- I've got you, honey - he said only, picking me up cautiously until I could snuggle into his neck.

- I want to cuddle - I asked, showing a pouty mouth to him.

- We're about to lie down - he promised, taking me to the bedroom.

I lay on my stomach for a while, and he gently checked the condition of my buttocks and everything there, worrying about my

condition but I heard that he breathed a sigh of relief, so it could not look so bad. Then he snuggled down next to me, helping me to lie on top of him until my legs were between his and my head cuddled into his neck. I smelled his masculine scent and felt relaxed, eventually getting rid of the weight from my tired shoulders.

- Thank you - I kissed him on the sensitive skin under the ear. - I really needed this.

- Always at your service - Vegas replied, kissing me on the forehead.

- Aren't you really mad? That I killed Mikolaj? Without your knowledge or consent? - I wanted to make sure that there would be no disagreements between us.

- I wanted to drive him crazy until he started asking me for death - Vegas admitted. - But I know you did what you had to do. If killing Mikolaj makes you have no more nightmares, it was worth it.

I sighed, pleased, and soon after I fell asleep, feeling a gentle, calming hands massaging my tired but pleased body.

ALCAZIO:

I woke up in the morning, but Macau wasn't lying snuggled up to me. I frowned, running my fingers over the messy hair, sighing when I sensed that the side he use was cool. The tiger must have gotten up some time ago and for some reason did not wake me, even when he knew how much I like to snuggle in bed in the morning. I did stand up stretching and felt my muscles work from more sudden movements. I took a quick shower and went downstairs, but there was silence around. It was only when I reached the entrance to the kitchen that I heard a rather loud noise, probably caused by a pot falling to the ground.

I stepped inside and froze to see the flour-smeared Macau in front of me. He was standing by the counter, surrounded from all sides by dirty dishes, while something was burning in the pan that was probably supposed to resemble pancakes. I shook my head, hiding smile creeping on my lips, and quickly walked closer, pulling the damaged object off the burner and quickly flooding it with water.

- What the... - Macau began, but when he turned around and saw me, he pout his mouth out, dissatisfied. - You ruined my surprise!

Unable to restrain myself, I kissed his nose, feeling the bland taste of flour in my mouth. I sighed, brushing my thumb over his whitened cheeks until the blushes finally came out.

- Did you want to poison me? – I asked with my eyebrow raised, but he snorted.

- First of all, my pancakes may not have looked their best, but

they tasted amazing. And secondly, it's not for you, but for Phi!

I carefully pushed him towards the chairs, insisting that he sit down and set about preparing breakfast myself. I was hammering eggs into a bowl when a loud groan of dissatisfaction came from behind me.

- I should be doing this, Caz, not you. This is my surprise.

- Maybe let's make this surprise from both of us - I asked, warming up the pan gently.

I turned around for a moment and couldn't help but giggle quietly, seeing the disappointed expression on his face. I loved Macau with all my heart, but even I had to admit that he wasn't the best cook in this family. Or in any other family. It didn't bother me at all, he could relax and watch me work in the kitchen, there were so many things he was best at, he didn't have to do everything.

- Why do we suddenly want to give Pete a surprise? - I asked, wanting him to focus on something other than the desire to cook.

I put one pancake on a plate and quickly started frying another, taking out chocolate cream, jam, fruits that I cut and anything that could taste good mixed together.

- He... He's amazing - Macau said, walking up to me and taking what I've already prepared. – I never thought how amazing he truly is. Yesterday I saw him from a completely new side.

- I'm getting jealous, tiger - I said jokingly, kissing his forehead as he walked by.

- You're amazing too - the boy whispered, blushing more. - Though not like Pete. Pete is unique.

I rolled my eyes, not fully understanding what was so amazing about him to get this excited now. Pete was quiet and well organized. Sometimes painfully polite, sometimes terrifying, making me feel all the time that after these few months, I still didn't know anything about him. Like a chameleon, he changed under different circumstances, leaving the impression that you could be his best friend, until you realize, you truly never really get any information from him. I was not surprised, he worked as main bodyguard before, truly an interesting individual.

- I'm unique too - I muttered, knocking over another pancake, and Macau giggling out loud.

- Of course, Caz, you're the most unique of them all - I heard laughter in his voice, but still I felt warmth inside. Even as a joke, it was nice to hear such words. - But Pete is different.

I sighed, giving up, then I turned everything off and put prepared food on the table in front of him, sitting next to tiger.

- Okay, so what now? Are we waking them up? – I asked, tucking an unruly curl behind his ear.

- I didn't think about it - he said, looking thoughtfully at everything. - I'd rather not wake them up, bro would scream if they're doing something lewd, and honestly, I'd rather not see it.

- Maybe I'll go - I suggested politely, and my tiger's eyes shone with gratitude.

- And that's why I love you - I felt a quick kiss on my lips and wanted more.

Without any hesitation I held his head as I watched him hold his breath and slowly bent over, brushing his lower lip with my tongue.

- Caz... - he whispered, staring at me with his blurred by desire eyes.

I wanted to kiss him harder, put thirsty tongue deeper, take over his slightly swollen, parted lips, but I was disturbed by the noise coming from behind the door.

- Remember, it's not my fault, Pete, you wanted it yourself - Vegas said as he walked inside.

He was dressed only in silk boxer shorts in the color of blood. I raised my eyebrow, looking at Pete, who was holding him like a koala, snuggled into his chest. Macau got up, immediately running up to the two and even jumping around them until Vegas helped Pete sit down. I noticed a grimace on his face when he touched the seat and I wanted to laugh, knowing what must have led him to it, but I preferred not to irritate them in the morning. I still had time for that.

- Phi, I made you breakfast! - Macau said, putting a plate in front of him and moving the toppings closer. I coughed, pinching him gently under the ribs, and he rolled his eyes at me. – Well, okey, we did it. Caz helped me a little bit.

- In a sense, he did everything? Because you in the kitchen is a disaster every time – Vegas grinned his teeth at us, and Pete looked at him with a reprimand, but Macau did not react, waiting for his Phi to take the first bite to his mouth. Seeing the anticipation in the boy's eyes, Pete quickly set about eating, nodding his head gratefully.

- Delicious - he admitted, which only made Macau puffed out his chest proudly. – But kid, we need to talk about yesterday...

- What happened yesterday? - I interrupted Pete immediately, looking at him, then at my tiger.

- Well, you know, the whole case with Mikolaj - Pete began, but this time Macau interrupted him.

- Pete killed Mikolaj yesterday - he said, stuffing his mouth with pancakes right away.

I froze, looking at them with my mouth open. For a moment I felt like I didn't understand what they were talking about, and then I

got up quickly heading for the basement. Inside it was relatively quiet, from the side cell I could hear quiet crying, but the place that Mikolaj had previously occupied was empty, there were only three bags next to it. A strange stench was in the air, a mixed smell of a decaying body and cleaning products. I grimaced and went back upstairs, looking at their calm faces.

- Mikolaj is not in his cell - I said, and Pete looked at me sadly.

- He's there.

- No, he isn't there - I repeated. - There are only three bags... Ah...

I understood immediately where exactly Mikolaj was.

- I said he is there.

Macau came up to me, grabbing my hand, until I finally looked into his caring eyes.

- How do you feel? Are you mad? – he asked, worried.

I took a deep breath, then laughed out loud. I couldn't help but feel relieved immediately, as if all the weight I burdened myself with before had vanished. I felt light, like prisoner who took back his freedom. The shackles that held me to the ground had finally fallen off my tied hands, and I wanted to jump for joy.

- I am... - I began, interrupting to kiss him on the lips. - I'm so damn happy.

- Truly? - Pete asked, waiting for my reaction.

I hugged Macau tightly to me, absorbing his body heat, and chuckled.

- You don't even know how much. Maybe it's cowardly, but I didn't want to kill him anymore. I was afraid, and now? I'm finally free – I kissed my tiger again, and Vegas snorted, looking at me reluctantly.

- Did you make breakfast to spoil my view afterwards?

- Don't be jealous, right now I can kiss you too - I winked at him, and Pete suppressed the laughter.

- You're not worthy to kiss me - Vegas murmured, raising his eyebrow. - And now you two sit down, preferably a meter apart. We can't eat in your presence.

- Phi, from your mouth this sounds like hypocrisy. Remind you what you were doing on that table when I went on a trip with my friends and came back early? - Pete choked when he heard Macau's words.

- We didn't do it just here that day - Vegas said boastfully, suddenly quieting as Pete slammed his head slightly. – We need to tell him one day about the incident in his bedroom.

- WHAT?! – Macau screamed and I felt a sudden urge to take another shower.

Short Stories of Venice: Great and Dangerous Vegas Theerapanyakul

🖇 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

THIS SHORT STORY HAS ONLY A LITTLE VENICE BUT IT SHOWS VEGAS THOUGHTS A LOT BETTER SO I HOPE YOU ALL WILL ENJOY IT. STILL NEW CHAPTER WILL COME THIS WEEK BUT THIS ONE IS JUST A SMALL GIFT. LUV YOU ALL!

Month After Pete and Vegas Adopted Venice

That morning wasn't the easiest, as Vegas Theerapanyakul noted, waking up to a loud cry coming from his office. The combination of the bedroom and the workplace had many advantages, unfortunately they all disappeared when a child appeared in the house. Sighing and rolling over in bed, the man reached his hand into the empty, already cool place next to him, knowing that once again Pete had spent at least half of the night with the baby. Most of the time, the brunet felt jealous when he watched his partner fall in love with a little monster, but on the other hand, a strange feeling arose inside him. Something he couldn't define, and it terrified his whole existence when he began to feel it. This often happened when the three of them were spending time and Vegas accidentally saw their reflection together in the mirror. If he also managed to add his brother to this picture, the heart squeezed tighter, and something deep inside was burning, a feeling that he thought he had killed in himself long time ago.

Vegas Theerapanyakul was not a good man. A lot could be said about him, but good was not one of those words, because Vegas was tough and untamed. Crazy when there is a need and gentle to confuse the opponent. Man was like a chameleon, adapting to the surroundings in a perfect way, at least that was the case until the kidnapping. Ever since Pete came into his life, everything Vegas thought of himself has been shattered. The day when the great and powerful Vegas Theerapanyakul fell to his knees, crying out his eyes through the loss of the love of his life, his heart woke up suddenly,

painfully, in the worst possible way, but woke up.

Since then, the hope of his lover's return, longing for him, and the fear of losing him completely mingled inside until Vegas noticed the light at the end of the tunnel. A month after the accident, he woke up and saw an angel in front of him. The angel who reached out to his pathetic self, allowed him to taste those addictive lips and gave him a reason to live. Love was never a goal in Vegas' life until he met Pete, after this, love was all he wanted, all he cared about.

Now, another month after his return from the hospital, surrounded by diapers and baby clothes, awakened every morning by screams and tears, Vegas wondered when he went from a dangerous mafioso to a dad. The man knew that Venice was his brother, but at Pete's request, they adopted the boy together and in legal documents both were listed as parents. And just like that Vegas Theerapanyakul became a father.

Hiding the smile that had crept onto his face after last thoughts, the brunet stood up, stretching and. throwing on a wine-colored silk bathrobe, walked to the office, making a grumpy face. Yes, Vegas knew he was the father. Yes, Vegas felt he was one, but he promised himself never to say it out loud. Not him, the great and mighty Vegas Theerapanyakul, the vanquisher of most of the Thai mafia enemies, the man who was quietly called the Devil. He will never admit he become a dad, not, with the history od fucked up father figures in his family.

"Did we wake you up?" asked Pete, raising his head quickly.

Slender man held in his arms still crying Venice, who, for some reason unknown to them, was very dissatisfied today. Vegas came closer, first kissing his lover on the forehead, then on the cheek, until he finally managed to get to his plump lips for a short while. The slightly spicy taste of curry, still lingering in Pete's mouth, only made Vegas feel the warmth inside.

"I was about to get up anyway. You've already eaten," he said last words with a slight grudge, hoping that they would be able to have breakfast together.

"Just now," Pete admitted, blushing. "Venice couldn't be calmed down and I had to comfort him for hours, I was hungry,"

Vegas nodded, this time paying attention to the baby boy hugging Pete. The child had a reddened face, huge drops flowing from his wide-open eyes, this time staring at his dad. The man grimaced, not understanding why he was being looked at, but his expression must have frightened the boy, who raised a louder scream, clenching small fists on Pete's hands which were holding him.

"You know, a smile costs nothing," Pete muttered, returning to rocking, and although the warmth spilled in the middle of Vegas'

tummy, seeing the affection with which the lover was taking care of the child, he still considered such feelings a weakness.

His late father's words, which had poisoned him for years, were not easy to eradicate.

"Are you sure you want me to smile?" here Vegas stretched his mouth wide, sticking his eyes into Pete, who laughed, giving him a gentle thumb in the nose.

"We both know you can smile normally,"

"I don't recall such moments,"

Vegas walked to his desk, taking a watch from it, which he began to put on one of his hands. Late gift from his mother, still treasured by man.

"You smile blissfully when you are in me," Pete whispered, blushing to the top of his head, and before the mafioso answered him, both him and child disappeared from the room, chased by loud and pearly laughter.

Vegas was in love. Completely infatuated with his cute bodyguard boy, and although they were still trying to get to know each other, and a child at their young age and still fragile situation was a foolish idea, Venice brought a lot of warmth into their lives. They had to give up sleepless nights, brand new clothes, now dirtied by the little one, dealing with smelly diapers, but in the total reckoning the positives outweighed the negative sides. And although Vegas will never say it out loud, although he will always call Venice as the little monster, inside he will know the truth.

Thinking this, the man frowned gently when an unpleasant fetor came to his nose. A moment of looking around the room and man easily managed to find the reason for the grimace on his face. Venice's diaper, probably filled with boy's breakfast, lay in the trash, next to a note asking to be carried away, and just like that the great and terrible Vegas Theerapanyakul, a snake in human form, the devil incarnate, quickly grabbed a garbage-filled bag, carrying it to the chute.

"I'm losing my claws," he muttered before leaving the office, closing the door quietly.

Chapter 39: Let Me Be Romantic, Darling

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

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GUYS! SORRY IT TOOK WE SOOOO LONG! I KNOW BEFORE I HAVE POSTED A LOT MORE OFTEN WHEN IT COMES TO ME AFTER YOU BUT, NO MATTER HOW MUCH I WISH FOR IT, IT'S HARD TO WRITE, WORK, AND BE SOCIAL, EVEN IF I'M KINDA INTROVERT MYSELF. I WROTE ABOUT IT BEFORE BUT ONCE AGAIN I PROMISE, I WILL POST CHAPTER EVERY WEEK. I ALSO HAVE SO MANY IDEAS AND I WISH TO WRITE THEM TOO AND SHOW YOU SO I WANT TO FOCUS OF IT ALL! HOPE YOU WILL UNDERSTAND IT, BECAUSE I JUST LOVE VEGASPETE AND HONESTLY, EVERY SINGLE DAY THERE IS ANOTHER SCENARIO SHOWING IN MY HEAD!

I AM SO HAPPY LINGERING SCENT OF YOURS MADE YOU ALL SOO HAPPY, EVEN IF ANGST MADE YOU TEARY, THE SECOND BOOK I WILL START FROM MONDAY AND WE WILL SEE WHERE THIS STORY WILL GO! LUV YOU ALL!

MACAU:

I carefully packed the books into boxes that Alcazio had prepared for me. After the recent events and news related to Phi's crazy sex life, I decided to move to another room. I took advantage of the fact that my bed and supposedly bathroom had been desecrated by Vegas' inability to keep the dick in his pants, and moved into the second-floor rooms where my father once lived. For a long time, no one wanted to touch that place, as if it were still contaminated by his presence, and even I, when I entered there after many months, I had the impression that the past had returned, but I did not want to let him overcome me. Not when he was already dead and I was alive.

I threw everything out of the place, designing the whole interior from scratch and with the help of Alcazio in a short time we created a place for us. Our relationship was no secret, but we still had separate rooms to this day. It was at this moment that I walked with the last box, closing the door to my old room, to a place where so many happy and sad moments had happened and I was moving into the future.

- You don't have to carry, give it - Caz took heavy books from my hands, quickly carrying them to second floor.

I smiled shyly, after all, since we decided to live together, Caz did not let me overwork.

- Someone would think you're pregnant - Vegas muttered as he approached us with little Venice in his arms.

- Bro... - I shook my head in disbelief, ignoring his sarcasm, while he laughed under his breath until the child put a small hand on his lips, even pushing fingers inside. – See, even Venice want's to shut you up.

Vegas frowned, looking at kid in disbelief, and suddenly opened his mouth wider, pretending to bite little fingers. Venice chuckled, trying to break out, and I just rolled my eyes, still not believing how much my brother had changed.

- You don't have to move to another room - Pete came up to us, kissing the little one on the forehead and then Vegas on the cheek. - We really didn't do any naughty things there. We only had a little fun, nothing dirty – he spoke his last words with more and more redness on his cheeks.

I felt his hand encircle my arms before he quickly kissed my temple. Looking at them, so happy, calmed my soul. For many years I had been worried about my brother, watching him slide into the abyss of darkness, and it broke my heart, but now that he was looking warmly at Pete, hugging Venice, I knew everything would be fine.

- It's not the only reason why we're moving. I want to live with Alcazio, but I don't want to leave home. I know it may not be an incredibly huge step, but for me it's a big change - I admitted quietly as we headed for the second floor.

- It's cute that you think I'd let you leave the house - Pete's laughter made Venice chuckle, reaching out to him.

The man immediately took boy from my brother, who snuggled into his neck, nibbling on it gently.

- Papa - he repeated, leaving behind traces of small teeth, but Pete did not react, probably used to it.

- Sometimes I feel like Venice is really your son, Phi - I muttered, looking at Vegas' disgruntled gaze, following the movements of the

two.

- He sucking it like a leech, a little monster stealing my spot.

We went inside and I was happy to look around the room. It was twice the size of my old bedroom. Under the wall, on the left side of the door, there was a large four-poster bed, on each side there were small tables with drawers. Right in front of the entrance, the entire wall was covered with glass, with a passage to a large terrace, which, although I had no intention of saying it out loud, I was going to use for naughty plays with Alcazio. In front of the bed we put a large table, and the passage to the bathroom was hidden. I was happy with everything we were able to create in such a short time.

- Do you like it, Phi? - I asked Pete, who was looking around, trying to check every corner.

- You did it very, very well, although our bedroom is still number one for me.

- Do you like our place so much? - Vegas came closer, snuggling into Pete's back, who turned cautiously until their lips met for a brief moment.

I shook my head, unhappy with the looks they were throwing at each other. I had to learn how to lock our rooms with keys because I felt that I would soon find out about their trysts even here.

- Knock it out of your heads - Alcazio growled, looking at them with a silent threat. - It's better that you don't find yourself doing something here, because I promise, I'll burn down this house.

- Please, you're first to talk, as if we do not know what you were doing in the pool.

If I could burn from the magnitude of my embarrassment, I would be standing surrounded by flames. I was sure I had gotten rid of all the evidence of our little adventure, but apparently I did it too late.

- Do you watch your brother in such moments? Vegas, you bastard – Pete hit him lightly on the shoulder, and Venice, seeing it, did the same.

- You should thank me, if I didn't realize what your little meeting was aiming for, all the security guards would be watching you and believe me, they are as fucked up as me - he murmured, rubbing his arm. - Next time be careful, Pete and I were never caught, and we did things like... - Pete covered brother's mouth with his hand, pulling him to the exit.

- Can you stop with these stupidities, I have to remind you how Nop saw us in the bedroom?

- Because he entered without knocking! As if not...

The door closed behind them, and I, laughing, sat on the bed. I gazed with a joyful look at Alcazio approaching me, who replied

with the same. He stood between my legs, and I hugged his hips, breathing calmly. I could feel him stroking my head gently, entangling his fingers in my hair and massaging stiffed neck. It felt so good.

-Comfortably? – he asked in a slightly hoarse voice, which made me squeeze my thighs tighter.

- Very much - I admitted, pushing my face a little further away so I could look at him. – Don't stop.

- Finally alone - I heard the excitement in his voice. - Don't you rather have your own room? It doesn't bother me as long as I can sleep with you every night.

I shook my head, wrinkling my nose at his words. I wish Alcazio was sometimes more greedy when it comes to us. He always took everything I gave, but I needed a little selfishness from him. He could have taken more, but he never asked for anything, he didn't require anything, just this was enough.

- I have been thinking about living together for a long time. I know it's not a perfect solution, after all, we didn't leave the house, but I wouldn't want to leave them – I whispered and he leaned over, kissing me gently on the forehead.

- It doesn't bother me, you know. As long as...

- We are together, I know. - I pulled him until he fell on top of me, crushing my body to the mattress. - You know you can demand more from me, don't you? Refuse when you don't like anything and push when you really want something?

- Well - he rolled over on his back, dragging me behind. - The only thing I want is you, I'm also completely satisfied. Well, maybe not fully, there is still a wedding, but we will get to this day together.

- Do you want to marry me? - I opened my eyes wider, hovering on my hands so that I could look at him better.

- Tiger, I want to take away any escape opportunities from you, and getting married is a good step for this - he admitted, while wandering his hands on my butt.

- I didn't think the cold and murderous Alcazio believed in such a thing as marriage – snickering, I whispered, placing my hands on his head.

- I did not believe, then I met you and a lot has changed.

I bent over, gently brushing his lips. Nibbling on them, licking his lower lip until he opened his mouth wider, letting my tongue in.

- Mmmm - he groaned, wrapping his fingers around my face, caressing blushed cheeks. – I won't let you get away, tiger. Never.

I moved my leg, sitting on him more comfortably, and, feeling hunger rising inside, I brushed against his body until Caz sucked in

the air, carrying one of his hands lower, back to my buttocks.

- I fucking hope so - I murmured, tearing myself away from his lips and pulling off my sweatshirt. - Give me the ring and I'll be yours. I'm a simple man.

I bent over again, choking his laughter, until it turned into moans and growls as I pressed stronger on his semi-hard masculinity. Soon Caz helped me lay down, snuggling into my neck, sniffing it and leaving hickeys whenever he could reach. I was mewling, shivering, asking him for more and my sexy man decided to make my every request come true, until I couldn't stop whimpering and scream.

VEGAS:

We were just going to the bedroom, Pete gave Venice to Jenna, who took him outside, and of course Nop followed. Next week we were going to meet with the rest of the family to discuss everything that had happened, but I knew Kim left the country and of course Porschay followed him. A few days ago, Arm came out of the hospital. Tankhun diligently hidden him since then, apparently the cousin was terrified that he would lose his friend and decided to keep him closer. I shook my head in disbelief, but I couldn't say anything when I had a closer friendship with Nop myself. Apparently, in our family, mixing work with private life is the norm.

Pete grabbed my hand, tangling our fingers together. For some time after the events in the abandoned mansion he walked with tired expression, and I knew that he slept worse, but killing Mikolaj completely changed his attitude. If I had known, I would have finished this trash off on my own, but I wanted to torment him, not knowing that I was tormenting Pete as well. In the basement there was still the other one, Lorenzo or Fernando, I didn't care much about his name, especially his reasons for attacking us. All I knew was that he is a family of Italian boss that I had killed. Apparently, man had a hidden son who was trying to take revenge in an inept way, and it was only when Mikolaj appeared, taking advantage of him, that problems arose.

- Should I kill our second prisoner? - I asked, making sure his presence here didn't tire Pete.

- Do what you want, I was not afraid of him - I felt a kiss on my cheek. – I will go to check how the new protection systems work.

I watched him walk away, focusing on those round, perfectly fitting into my hands, buttocks, and I felt a dryness in my throat. There has always been a lot of sex in our relationship, but lately I had the impression that we lacked romanticism. I wasn't the best at those things, but I wanted to be for Pete. So I went back to the room and after a few phone calls I managed to organize a table in

the best restaurant in the city. I threw in some money and was promised a secluded place, filled with flowers and candles. I didn't know much but it sounded romantic, I hoped.

I pulled out our outfits from the closet, including the suit Pete had purchased, in wine color, and my own, completely black, matte, with a silky equally dark shirt, then I took a shower. Just as I was leaving the bathroom, Pete came back, looking at me, and then at the clothes on the bed.

- Are we going somewhere? – he asked curiously, and I nodded, kissing him gently on the lips.

That taste, one of a kind that made me lose ground and want more, filled my mouth and it took me a lot of willpower to move away, but I had to do it to make my plan a success.

- I thought we could spend the evening outside. Recent events have meant that we have not gone out, and you deserve some luxury. Let me pamper you a little - I whispered, pushing him slightly toward the bathroom.

He stopped at the entrance, gazing at my body, covered only by a towel, and moaned, lazily licking his lips. Then he disappeared into the room, and I sighed, looking at the stiff evidence of my horniness. It took me a while before I finally calmed down enough to put on my clothes in peace. I looked in the mirror, correcting my dried, outgoing hair, when behind my back I saw Pete, naked leaning over the bed.

I swallowed my saliva, counting to a hundred in head, because throwing myself at him now would be so easy. Especially when he bent over, as if he was asking me to get a quick... I shook my head, throwing out the naughty thoughts that I was about to fulfill. Soon, but not yet.

I watched with satisfaction how he dressed, as every movement showed how sexy, how perfect he was. At first, Pete was ashamed to show me his body in its entirety, especially when it wasn't about us fucking, but over time, walking around the room without clothes became our habit, one of the many I loved.

I grabbed a hidden box from the cabinet, which I had bought some time ago, and, approaching the already dressed man, I kissed his fragrant, long neck, in the same time dressing a choker on it. The diamonds lit up, reflecting a gentle light, and as we looked at each other, Pete standing in front of me, nestled in my chest, our hands intertwined on his belly, I knew that this was what paradise looked like. Still holding his beautiful, slender fingers, I led him to the exit, then to the car and, without waiting any longer, headed for the restaurant.

We were led to a small patio, completely filled by flowers and

muffled lights surrounding them. I helped Pete sit down, kissing him at the top on his head, drawing the smell of his body into my lungs and, pleased, sat across from him.

- When did you manage to plan it? - He looked around with his eyes shining, and I knew I had made the right decision.

- You know you're talking to Vegas Theerapanyakul, right? For me, nothing is impossible – saying this, I pulled out a special menu towards him, which I asked for, because although the restaurant was known for its insane dishes, none of them were among Pete's favorite ones, and the point was to charm him.

- They have curry here?! – he asked excitedly, and I only winked at him, knowing that the chef who specialized in them had been brought here at the last moment. - I already know what I'm going to take, ah, but I'd also like to try this one, great, I don't know what to choose...

I shook my head, hand calling the waiter, who, with wine in his fingers, came to us and, after a short presentation of the drink, left the bottle open and waited for our order.

- For me a steak, rare - I looked at Pete, who was still wondering what to choose, and, grabbing his hand, I drew his attention. - You can order anything you wish for, the rest we will take home.

Another good decision, his eyes shone like the diamonds he had around his neck when he began to list everything he wanted to try. Soon, we were left alone, so I pulled out a glass filled by wine, clicking it gently with Pete's.

- In this light, you look more beautiful than usual. I didn't think it was possible, and yet you beat yourself, honey.

I watched as he blushed from my words and quickly tilted the alcohol, trying to hide it.

- What is happening to you today? You know I'm already yours, you don't have to seduce me - he laughed, hiding his face in slender hands.

- Honey, seducing you will never end - I admitted, again tangling our fingers and carefully kissing them, stopping my mouth for a moment on the raging pulse I felt on his wrist. - If you thought this stage was over, it just means I didn't give you enough attention. I will not make this mistake again.

I couldn't take my eyes off his slightly parted mouth. They were so perfectly plump, so soft to the touch. Each of our kisses was like a dose of a drug to me. I was addicted and it didn't bother me, no, I wanted even more.

- Romantic Vegas is dangerous - he remarked, raising his eyebrows and making me take my eyes off his lips stretched in a smile.

- You don't even know how much - I lowered my voice and he trembled.

Meals were brought to us, so we focused on the food, although I couldn't stop looking at the blissful look that came to Pete's face when he tried his curry.

- God Vegas, it's even better than sex - he murmured, and I hardened, imagining him beneath me, with an equally sensual expression.

- I'll prove to you tonight that it's not true - I winked at him, and he, rolling his eyes, kept eating.

As we were talking, a slightly drunk Keto came up to the table, one of the people I used to spend time with when I didn't care about anything or anyone. I hadn't seen him in a long time and was surprised when he managed to get into our patio. He could barely stay on his feet, but he looked at me with a disgusting smile, turning his gaze to Pete from time to time.

- Vegas, that's really you! Well, I don't believe it – he mumbled, and I looked menacingly at the waiter passing by. - And who is this beauty? Where is Tawan?

I froze, looking at him with murder in my pupils, but out of the corner of my eye I noticed the surprise on Pete's face.

- Why would he be here with Tawan? - he asked, looking at me with question, and Keto, pleased with the attention he had focused on himself, proudly puffed out his chest.

- Well, they are engaged, I saw the ring, Vegas. Congratulations and all. Where is Tawan? – the waiter, along with the security guard, ran inside, but I did not look at them, focusing only on Pete's shocked face.

I never told him that, using Tawan, I gave him a ring and pretended to want to marry. Now, after such a long time, I did not think that this incident would come to light. Especially this night, when everything was going so perfectly.

- Tawan is dead - Pete muttered, also staring at me as security dealt with kicking Keto out of here. - I didn't know you had such a tragedy in your life, Vegas. It must have been hard to lose your fiancé.

- You know that wasn't the point, Pete. I used him, I don't hide it. The ring was just another element to take control of him – I turned pale and before he started talking, I added. - He didn't mean anything to me, you know that.

I watched as Pete covered face with hands while his arms shook gently, and it terrified me. But I heard a sigh and then a laugh.

- Pete? - I was insecure and afraid of losing him through the past. I didn't know how he would react, but I didn't expect this.

- Porsche told me about this when I decided to live in a minor family house - he admitted, letting me breathe a sigh of relief. - I was surprised and believe me, I gave you an hour-long lecture, but you were in a coma, you may not remember it.

- I thought I was going to have a heart attack - I grabbed my heart, and Pete snorted, raising one of his eyebrows.

- You're lucky that I knew this beforehand, otherwise I would have killed you tonight - I moved the chair, next to him, wanting to be closer to him warmth, and then, seeing the dimple appearing on my cheek, I kissed it sweetly.

- Sorry, I should mention this to you, but the only thing I could think about since the coma was you.

- Cheesy - Pete muttered, and this time he kissed me.

Chapter 39.5: Revenge is Dish Best Served in Handcuffs

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

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PETE:

Tonight was truly remarkable, well except for one element.

We were sitting in the car, Vegas holding our intertwined fingers next to his cheek, turning his head and kissing them every now and then, and I sighed as I felt like melting inside. The touch of his lips on my fingers made the heat spread in waves from the skin he caressed until I had to gently join my knees to hide the erection. He always had this effect on me, making me red-hot, and all it took was for him to smile and I wanted to get on my knees in front of him. Vegas knew how to awaken the desire in other person's head.

I frowned slightly because that one thought led me to Tawan again. I admit, I was shocked when Porsche told me about their engagement. I remember running into his room in the hospital demanding answers, and even though I knew he was unconscious, I couldn't help myself from a bunch of curses and a few blows before I was finally able to think again. It hurt to know that Vegas once had someone so close, and while I knew he had asked for his hand only to be able to manipulate him more easily later, it didn't change the fact that the request happened. Yet we were still only a couple. Jealousy is a thirsty bitch, that's for sure.

Focusing on my thoughts, I didn't notice when we got home, or even when I followed Vegas into our bedroom, and it wasn't until I felt his mouth on my own, body by body, harshly pushed at the door that had just closed, that I realized we were back. A fire burned throughout my body as his lips descended down to the neck

they had so adeptly kissed and bit.

- The little monster took away my favorite place - I heard before those teeth dug into my sensitive skin, and I groaned, pushing against Vegas with my already stiff crotch.

He managed to confuse my mind so easily, so I understood how simply others gave in to him. *Like Tawan...* The thought of him cooled my enthusiasm and I knew that I would not throw him out of my head just like that, but Vegas wandered around my body without embarrassment, pinching tense nipples, only to immediately take them one by one in his mouth. *Damn bastard!*

- K-khun Vegas - I groaned, grabbing his hair carefully and lifting hungry face to mine. - Could you do something for me?

I tried to put on the most innocent expression, and when he nodded in agreement, I smiled broadly, showing the dimples. I knew how much he loved them, especially when we were naughty. He would often tickle me just to see and kiss them.

- Everything for you, honey - a low voice, almost like a growl, weakened my desire for revenge, but it was enough for me to imagine Vegas putting a ring on Tawan's ugly finger to make immediately sober up.

- You were so kind to me today, Khun Vegas - I whispered, kissing him in a sensitive place behind his ear. - I don't want to take advantage of your kindness...

I rested my head against his stiff chest, and he, smoothing my cheek, took me in his arms, carrying us to the bedroom. He carefully laid me on the bed, leaving sweet kisses on my closed for a while eyelids, massaging my neck in the process.

- Whatever you wish for - he repeated, looking at me with fire in his eyes.

I bit my mouth, focusing his eyes on them, then ran my tongue carefully over lower lip and, pulling him towards me, reddened with embarrassment, I whispered my fantasy to his ear.

- Seriously? - I saw a familiar, arrogant smile that blossomed on his face before he kissed me on the lips and stood up, pulling two pairs of handcuffs and ropes out of the cupboard.

- You're so naughty, honey - Vegas murmured, and I stepped back a little, helping him sit down.

- Doesn't it really bother you? - I saw him shake his head and with a smile handing me everything he had taken, just to, in few next seconds, help me pin himself into the bed frame.

I stared uncertainly at his body stretched out on the sheets.The shirt was lying somewhere by the door, the pants were gone by the couch, and only the boxer shorts were left, which I hoped to take off alone. The hands, slightly raised by the fact that they were

pinned to the frame, tightened, revealing beautifully sculpted muscles.

- Are you comfortable? - I asked, not wanting him to suffer anyway.

- Ideally, angel.

I leaned over his chest, licking and sucking on the dark pink nipple and, to check if he will stay where he is, I bit him. Vegas cursed, hovering, but failed to free his hands. Well, the first part of the plan was successful, now it's time for the main course. I quickly threw off my clothes, ignoring his requests for slow and sexy striptease, and I sat on a warm hips, looking at him with head slightly bowed. He was so beautiful, so perfectly built. How he was even real? I couldn't stop myself from running thirsty fingers around this sexy belly, gasping quietly with every muscle contraction.

- Do you like what you see? - he asked in a hoarse voice, and I nodded, unable to stop looking at the thumb moving on his body until it reached the end of the boxer shorts.

- You're so perfect - I whispered. - No wonder he said yes - I added more quietly, but I could see the uncertainty on Vegas' face.

Without waiting any longer, I grabbed him tightly by the face, kissing him like a hungry man. I was licking thirsty lips, biting them and sucking until our flavors merged into one. This is how it should be, I was panting, unable to restrain myself from rubbing against his bulge, still covered by boxer shorts, and Vegas lifted his hips gently, pushing harder. I was thirsty for closeness, but I had to have a sober head, after all, it was so easy to indulge in the great Vegas. *Bastard!*

I broke away from his addictive mouth and, struggling to breathe, pulled off his boxer shorts, looking at the proudly protruding evidence of his burning. Swallowing my saliva, I looked at the light, tight skin, fine veins and slightly twitching head, and unknowingly I began to lean towards it, just wanting to feel the taste, only for a moment. I kissed the sensitive tip and Vegas gasped.

- Yes, honey, that's right - his whisper put my thoughts back on track.

I almost abandoned my plan, and it was only because I saw his huge dick, what was happening to me! I got up , tying his strong legs to the back of the bed and, completely naked, stood in front of stretched on the bedding Vegas, feeling dry in my throat and the tension at the bottom. God, how beautiful he is.

- What now darling? - he asked, looking at me playfully, and I pulled out the lubricant from the table, carefully sitting astride him. - Is this what you wanted?

- Yes - I bit my lower lip, squeezing a large amount of gel on my fingers and, without taking my eyes off Vegas' hot gaze, I began to prepare for his reception.

The naughty hand danced at the entrance before I slipped two fingers inside and, moaning with delight, began to move them, stretch myself, and try to reach my prostate, just as Vegas had taught me. I could see his hungry eyesight, I could feel the tension of his muscles, I knew how much he wanted to open me by himself for his penis, but he had to sit politely and only look while I was playing with myself.

As if in anger, I decided to sit with my back to him and, allowing him to see up close how I penetrated myself with my fingers, I licked his masculinity, sucking on his favorite places.

- Damn it, PETE! - His screams only increased the speed with which I pressed my fingers into myself, and although it was difficult for me to moan, with his penis deeply buried in my mouth, I couldn't help but gasp and twitch when I finally reached my prostate. I trembled, whole body stiffened for a short while and, with difficulty pulling him out of my mouth, I fell on a sweaty chest, soiling the lower abdomen with my sperm. I've rarely been able to get to the orgasm like that, but it was a special night today, and I wanted to prove something to myself and to Vegas.

For a few minutes I lay motionless, cuddling to the still stiff dick in front of me, until I could finally get up, turning my face to the man trying to break out of his handcuffs.

- Khun Vegas - I murmured and, again changing position, hugged my chest to his, kissing him lazily. -I was thinking about you when I was coming. About how you would fill me completely, if instead of my fingers there were your...

- Pete - I could hear the warning notes in his voice, but I felt such power within me that I shrugged at it. After all, it wasn't the end.

Still sucking on his lower lip, I reached back with my hand and, without waiting for anything, slipped his stiff, leaking with precum dick carefully into myself, millimeter by millimeter, without stopping until all I felt was fullness and burning. How good it was to have Vegas in me, I had the impression that after all this fucking, my interior adapted to his manhood, stretching for him perfectly, like a glove.

- You fill me so well - I threw my head back, showing him a neck he couldn't touch, and began riding him like a wild animal.

I made circles with my hips, pressed him firmly into myself and pulling it out almost completely, only to fall on his hips again, playing, teasing, while he gasped and hissed, trying to get to the orgasm. I knew that before it will happen, I would reach mine at

least once, as it has always been with us, and with this awareness I changed the angle of my hips, ordering him to touch my sweet spot. How pleasant it was, that feeling of control, power over someone as strong as Vegas. I jumped on his hips, screaming his name like a crazy man, and felt an orgasm approaching. A few more thrusts and I clamped on him, twitching and, with difficulty taking air into my mouth. My sperm soiled his chest again, but he didn't care, pushing even harder his stiff cock. I was so sensitive, every part of the body reacted to his roughness, but I had to stop it. Gathering the remnants of my willpower, I pulled him out of myself and, before the thirsty body took over, I got out of bed, panting with difficulty.

- Pete?! Damn, not now! - Vegas shouted and I knew he was close, but I started to put on my clothes slowly. - Pete? What are you doing? Pete?

- You know Vegas, I was wondering, how did you propose to him, huh? Did you kneel? Did you tell him you loved him? What was it like? - I tried to calm my needy heart, because although I forgot about Tawan, I felt sadness when I heard again about the engagement.

- What? What are you talking about! Pete, come back, I'm so close - I could see him trying to get out of the handcuffs, but it was hard to do so when the body demanded fulfillment.

- About Tawan, your fiancé. You know, the love of your life? The dude with who you were supposed to spend your future with? I guess that's why people want to get married, isn't it? - I put on my sweatshirt, watching out for my still sensitive nipples, and Vegas threw in the air a bunch of curses. All in English, so fucking sexy of him.

- You didn't want to know what it feels like to ride me with total control! - he said accusingly, and I could not hide my smile.

- I wanted to, but it just so happened that I remembered your little adventure with Tawan and decided to have fun - I admitted, still looking with desire at his sexy body and manhood standing, wanting just some attention from me.

- Why does he matter, honey? He's dead!

- Well he doesn't matter at all, but you know, somehow this can not get out of my head. I have to think about everything, I'll meet with Porsche just to talk about this matter. I might be back tomorrow, or maybe today if you will come for me - saying that, I bent over his stiff, twitching dick, kissing it on the very tip, still feeling taste of our two on it. - Good luck with your release. - With those words I walked toward the door, unable to hide my satisfaction.

- Do you want to leave me here like that?! Naked?! At least let me

cum!

- Ask your fiancé to let you, bastard Vegas - I muttered and, showing him tongue, I closed the door behind.

Honestly, I knew that I would be punished for it, I could even feel the burning on my buttocks already, but I didn't care. I couldn't fully get rid of my frustration when I found out about their relationship because Vegas was in a coma, at least now I wanted to give him a little bit of attitude. I wasn't angry, I forgave him a long time ago, but the disgust remained.

Whistling and laughing, I reached to the garage and, with smirk on my face, I decided to steal black Ducati, Vegas's second favorite, because as much as I wanted to make him angry, the red one hold too many precious memories and I was not the best driver ever. Revenge can be truly the sweetest thing.

Chapter 40: Let Me Woo You, Macau

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

🥺 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

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POSSIBLE SPOILER OF ORIGINAL NOVEL IN MY QUCIK NOTE, PLEASE DO NOT READ IF YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW!

WELL, BECAUSE OF SPOILERS FOR VEGASPETE BOOK AND HMMM, THE AWFUL THINGS WHICH WILL HAPPEN THERE TO MY SWEET BABY, I DECIDED TO WRITE TWO CHAPTERS JUST ABOUT MACAU AND ALCAZIO, CAUSE THEY BOTH DESERVES HAPPINESS ONLY! SORRY IF YOU ARE WAITING FOR VEGAS REVENGE, IT WILL HAPPEN BUT FIRSTLY MACAU AND ALCAZIO! LUV YOU!

I WANTED TO POST IT YESTERDAY BUT MY BRO WITH HIS CUTE SON CAME AND I HAD NO TIME TO FINISH THE CHAPTER AND ADD IT HERE. SORRY! HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY A LITTLE BIT OF MACAU'ALCAZIO TIME.

MACAU:

I was lying with my head resting on Alcazio's arm stretched out in front of me. My back snuggled perfectly into his bare chest, I could feel his crotch on my buttocks, and with every small movement, the man hissed, trying to stop me.

- I didn't tire you enough? – he asked in a low voice and I could not stop the giggle.

Last night we celebrated our living together and only recently we managed to fall asleep. I woke up exhausted but happy, surrounded by Caz's strong hand and the sensation of his warm breath on my neck. I carefully intertwined his fingers, lying in front of my face, and he tightened muscles a little bit, making me have to move more comfortably on his shoulder.

- Caz... - for some time I had something on my mind that I

wanted to share with, but still alive Mikolaj, and then moving, prevented me from this conversation. Now that we could breathe a sigh of relief, those thoughts were back again. - I was wondering...

-Yes? – delicate like butterfly wings, kisses fell on my neck, passing higher, until I trembled when Caz's mouth brushed the sensitive place behind my ear.

- Mmmm - I couldn't help but moan and snuggle into his bare hips. It was so pleasant to feel him next to me, on me, everywhere, but those sweet kisses did not allow me to think logically, and I wanted to ask him for something. – I-aghh-I... Mmmm! Caz-az, please let mmmm, let me... Aghhhhh – the other hand naughtily slipped under the covers, stroking me on the inside of my thighs.

I was exhausted, completely satisfied and sleepy, but one touch, one quick kiss and the disobedient body demanded more. I was utterly under his control and it gave me unspeakable pleasure, so great that nothing else mattered. Just me and him, together, like on the last night.

- Macau - his whisper woke me up to life, and when those long fingers grabbed my masculinity, stroking it gently, I turned my face, silently begging him for a kiss.

Excited, I groaned with his lips on my own, feeling him slowly slide into my twitching hole, taking advantage of the fact that I was still stretched after our night. I couldn't stop myself from hissing in pain, which was quickly replaced by delight, when Alcazio began to move smoothly, pressing on my prostate.

- Mmmmm, a-ahh, Caz! - a suffocated scream escaped from my mouth, which I bit to the point of bleeding.

It was so good, so wonderfully perfect. To hear the love of my life whispering lewd, sweet words into my ear as he lazily brought us to the top. There was no rush in his movements, every push was careful, as if he did not want to hurt me more than necessary, and thus he managed to go deeper, filling me to the very end.

- So beautiful, you're so beautiful, Macau - he repeated endlessly. - I love you, every part of you, I love everything, so much!

The temperature had risen considerably in the bedroom, our breaths mixed with each other, but we did not kiss, although the mouth was separated by only a millimeter in length. Still, we just breathed into each other, allowing the air between us to mix and our moans to form a common melody. I felt complete when Alcazio was in me, as if I had once lost a part of myself, and suddenly it was in front of me, hugging tightly into me, again forming a whole from my existence. That's what Caz made me feel, he put me all together, molded me in the kind of Macau I should be.

- I love you, Caz - I whispered, cuddling my hand to his cheek,

and he, kissing the phalanges of my fingers, moved his hips a few more times, until, tense to the limit, he came, filling me with himself.

When I felt him spill into me, how his heat warms my insides, I reached orgasm myself, gently pushing out my hips and tightening muscles. I kept moaning as he tried to slip out of me, but I stopped him, wanting to feel the warmth for a longer time.

- Please don't leave, not yet - I struggled to catch my breath, our bodies were sticky with sweat, but this moment was so wonderful.

All scents, mixed with the smell of sex, mingled, going deep into the bedding, and although I knew we would have to change it, I wanted to be surrounded by all this for a while.

- What did you want to tell me, tiger? – we looked at each other, satisfied, again lazy with what had happened, and I remembered what I wanted to ask for.

- Ye-Yes - I looked at him with my eyes wide open, using cute face, because even though I knew Alcazio would agree to anything, I wanted to show him how much I cared about what I wanted to ask for. - I've been thinking recently, after all that has happened and you know, this house has a lot of memories too, maybe we could, if you have time of course, because I completely understand that you work a lot, you may not have time, but if you had a few days, it doesn't have to be even a week, but maybe a weekend only? - I began to get lost in what I was saying, and Caz, with his eyebrow raised, watched it all. I could see a faint smile on his lips, he must have laughed at me inside. Bastard! – A weekend is enough, that's for sure, in total it can be one day, because in the end you...

- Breathe - he interrupted suddenly as he saw that I was running out of breath. - And start from the beginning, but this time just tell me what you want. - I felt his lips on me, a quick, sweet kiss, but it let me calm down.

- Let's go somewhere for a few days - I simply asked, and Alcazio, smiling broadly, snuggled up to me, pressing his nose into the space between my shoulder and neck.

- With pleasure - he said, kissing my still hot skin. - I'll prepare everything tomorrow, you just pack us both.

- Thank you - I hugged him tightly until I felt him go deeper into me through the movement which made me hiss in pain.

- Damn, I forgot! – the man slipped out of me carefully, checking if nothing had happened to my body, and immediately afterwards he took me in his arms. - We need to clean you, tiger, and then you need to sleep. I will plan our trip during this time. What do you think of Italy? I'll take you to my family home, you'll finally see where I lived it, before...

- Take me there - I quickly added, not wanting him to say Mikolaj's name. His spirit was not needed among us. - But do you have time? I know you're working with Vegas, I don't want to disturb you...

- You're cute when you worry, but don't you dare say it ever again. You don't bother me, tiger. It's your brother who prevents me from spending time with you, but it's nothing. I can handle it.

Alcazio carried me into the bathroom, placing me carefully by the huge bathtub I had chosen for us. The possibility of massages, which it provided, was an addition that I could not refuse. I hoped that we would both spend a lot of time in this place, and the satisfaction on Caz's face, it told me that he also counted on it.

- Stay here - he asked, helping me get into the bathtub. - And I'll make a quick phone call.

I relaxed, letting the bubbling water loosen my tense, tired muscles when Alcazio returned to the room, naked, beautiful as a Greek god, making it dry in my throat.

- I couldn't reach your brother, but I talked to Pete and he doesn't mind. He just asked us not to go into their bedroom. I don't want to think about what they had planned this time. I also managed to book a place in the hotel, so tomorrow morning we will pack up and we can go. I can't wait to show you Italy - Caz said happily, lying behind my back.

I rested my hands on his bent knees, purring as he began to caress my chest, spreading body gel on it and massaging gently. I felt so good that, before I could stop myself, I closed my eyes and drifted off into a wonderful dream filled with us.

***

It's amazing how much and how quickly you can achieve what you want if you have money and influence. Less than a day had passed and we were already flying to Italy, on a private plane that Alcazio had borrowed from his friend. I watched, delighted, at the dark sky and the sparkling city at the bottom as we flew through other countries. We were supposed to stay in Florence, where a rented apartment was waiting for us, as we were to spend a few days before going to another place.

I was excited, and although I didn't sleep long at night, I couldn't rest now, staring at the beautiful lights reflecting off the darkness. Alcazio was sitting right next to me, doing something on his laptop, but it didn't stop him from holding my hand firmly and stroking the soft skin with thumb. I felt the warmth beaming from him and I couldn't wait to spend those few days together, filled with sightseeing, swimming, making love and just being together like any normal couple.

- Don't you want to sleep? We have a long flight ahead of us - Caz whispered, kissing my hand right in the middle. He broke away from the screen for a moment, looking at me with a question filling his beautiful honey eyes. - Maybe you're hungry? Would you like to eat something? Want to have a drink? You didn't have anything in your mouth today, you can be dehydrated. Let's order!

I thought for a moment, but when he mentioned food, I felt a sudden squeeze in my stomach. I was in such a hurry to pack and so nervous about whether I took everything that I forgot about breakfast or even dinner. Only now, when we were calmly flying over Europe, and Alcazio asked if I was hungry, did I feel the rumbling inside.

- Hmm, I'd have a bite - I admitted, and he immediately put down his laptop, picking up the menu and handing it to me.

I could see out of the corner of my eye that he was asking a flight attendant to join us, so I quickly ran my eyes through what was being offered and, seeing the carbonara proposal, with a smile I pointed to the pasta, rejoicing at the upcoming meal.

- And I would ask for some water too - I added, and the woman bowed her head slightly and looked at Caz.

- Sir, do you wish for anything? – asked the melodious voice and I could see a slight blush on her cheeks. She posed more sexily, trying to show curves better.

Alcazio was an incredibly handsome man. I knew this from the day we met and, although I didn't like the feeling, I was jealous when other people looked at him. I wanted to cover him with a sheet and smuggle his pretty ass whenever we went outside, so that no one else could look at his face. I patiently waited for Caz to choose what he wanted to eat, and when he finally looked up at the woman, I slowly intertwined our fingers, putting them on his thigh and, still smiling, watched her reaction. She blushed, probably understanding that I had noticed her behavior, and stepped back a little bit, taking a more professional stance. Exactly, girl, back off.

- For me, the same thing, but instead of water, wine, white, semi-dry - Alcazio said, and when the flight attendant left, he looked at me, raising an eyebrow. – My tiger is showing his claws?

- She looked as if she wanted to eat you - I just muttered, and he, laughing, bent down, kissing me, first gently and then harder, until all I could do was give up, pushing into his mouth and open mine slightly, letting his tongue in.

- You know we have a bed here, don't you? You're going to have to burn the calories after the meal somehow - he mentioned, in a hoarse, low voice, only making me have to clench my knees to refrain from throwing myself at him here and now.

- I've always wanted to make love in the air - I whispered, and at that moment the same woman came up to us with drinks.

She must have heard my words because, red as a tomato, she quickly spread out the napkins and drinks, then bowed and went to the staff section. I was embarrassed, but deep down I felt weirdly happy, because, although I didn't plan for her to find out, I was enjoying the fact that she really understood what our relationship was like. Yes, Me and Alcazio are a couple and we will have sex here. Loud, passionate sex.

- She's unlikely to look us in the eye anymore - laughed Caz, taking a small sip. – You need to do it more often, tiger. Show them all who I belong to.

- Doesn't that embarrass you? - I asked as I knew how important the image was to people like Alcazio. I would never want to harm him.

- Embarrass? Are you crazy? I love it. I would like to literally shout to everyone that I belong to you. I should make a change in my business card, a short addition "belongs to Macau" and the matter would be clear.

I hit him lightly on the shoulder, before I enjoyed the cool, refreshing water with ice, mint and lime.

- Don't even joke like that, your contractors wouldn't take you seriously, but I'm glad my jealousy doesn't bother you. I wanted to get on your lap to show her was is going on here, but grabbing your hand was enough.

I watched as another beautiful smile blossomed on his lips when his face leaned into my ear.

- Do it next time, tiger. Cuddle into me - Alcazio asked quietly, kissing my neck.

I trembled, not ready for such a reaction, but happy at how wonderfully we understand each other. We were both jealous types and, strange as it was, we somehow managed to tame these feelings until we went to bed, and what was buzzing inside us found an outlet in the hot, groaning and pleading-filled nights. And days, of course. I hoped it would never change in our relationship.

- The dinner is ready - this time an elderly woman came to us, looking warmly at our blushed faces and pointing to the table, now filled with food that had been prepared for the meal.

I felt a stronger grip on my hand when Alcazio got up and helped me rise from the chair, and then we moved on to more comfortable place from which I could still admire the view, although I preferred to look at the person in front of me now. The food smelled amazing and only made my belly growl embarrassingly, which aroused loud laughter from Alcazio.

- Eat, tiger, you look hungry - I showed him my tongue, but I couldn't pretend that I didn't want to devour not only my own pasta but his also, so I wasn't surprised when my plate quickly emptied.

The portion was large, but I did not feel satisfied enough and, with a fork in my hand, I looked longingly towards Caz's still half-full plate.

- Can I try yours? - I asked, and he raised his eyebrow, hiding smile.

- We chose the same thing, tiger - he said, teasing me.

- I am not sure it's true, I think they gave you something else. If I try, I'll tell you if it's really the same thing - I muttered, pulling a fork towards him, and he, shaking his head in disbelief, swapped our plates and, with wine in his hand, watched me eat.

- You didn't have to give me everything - I barely swallowed a big bite, unable to hide the smile that came out on my face. - But who am I to refuse such gifts?

- Eat slower, we're not in a hurry - Alcazio asked, wiping the corner of my mouth with his thumb and, looking at me with eyes filled with desire, he licked the sauce out of it.

I swallowed my saliva, feeling the heat flowing out on my cheeks, as then quickly grabbed the glass of water.

- You're such a tease! Aren't you hungry? I took your food... - I tried to change the subject, but he just shook his head and, gently extending face towards me, opened his mouth, as if waiting for me to feed him.

I rolled the pasta with a fork, trying to put all the ingredients on it, and slowly brought it close to Caz's mouth, irritating him slightly, not allowing him to completely reach for the food. We didn't take our eyes off each other, something began to smoulder between us and, gobbling up loudly, I felt that I could no longer stand the atmosphere that had formed between us. I fed Alcazio, and he deftly swallowed the whole thing, licking his lower lip in the process. I knew he was doing it to mess with my head, and if the carbonara wasn't that good, I'd have jumped on him this instant. But first I decided to finish the meal, because I didn't know how long we would make love afterwards.

- Your eyes are dangerous - I admitted, slowly chewing through everything. - My knees always soften when you look like that.

- I have to do it more often in that case - I heard, and before I could put down the fork, his thirsty lips fell on mine, completely taking away my senses.

Short Stories of Venice: Happy Birthday, Daddy

🖇 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

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IT'S MY BRITHDAY TODAY. HONESTLY I HATE THIS DATE SO MUCH, MY CELEBRATION ALWAYS IS PUT ASIDE, BECAUSE OF ALL SAINT'S DAY SO I'M GONNA BE FORGOTTEN ONCE AGAIN. IT REALLY BREAKS YOUR HEART, WHEN NO ONE REMEMBERS YOUR DAY, YOU KNOW? I DON'T EVEN NEED PRESENTS, JUST REMEMBER IT...

LET ME GO TO SLEEP AND CRY A LITTLE, LIKE EVERY YEAR. ANYWAY, I WANTED FOR AT LEAST THEM, TO HAVE A NICE BIRTHDAY. SORRY GUYS, I PROMISE MYSELF TO NOT CARE EVERY SINGLE YEAR BUT IT'S ALL THE SAME.

SORRY, I KNOW THIS STORY IS SHORT AND MID, JUST HAD FEELINGS OF WRITING SOMETHING BIRTHDAY LIKE.

Two Months After Pete and Vegas Adopted Venice

Today was not an ordinary day, and even more so, it was quite special. From the very morning, Pete cautiously got out of bed, without waking Vegas, took the electric nanny with him so that Venice's cry would not bother sleeping man, and quietly, on tiptoes, went downstairs, slowly closing the doors to empty kitchen. The purchases that the brunet secretly asked for were left for him in one of the cabinets, and so, after a few minutes, Pete began to bake.

He himself was not one of the best pastry chefs in the world, but he asked his grandmother, whose cooking was loved by many, for a recipe and, remembering the person for whom he was doing it, he very carefully began to prepare the dough, feeling how the heat gushing from two large ovens, created sweat on his back and forehead, which flowed lazily to lower parts of the body.

- Half a cube of butter, dissolve, be careful not to burn - Pete read quietly the instructions dictated to him few days ago and soon he had prepared the bottom of the cake. Well, this seems simple!

Looking unsteadily into the oven's lighted glass, Pete heard a

strange crunch in the electric nanny. Uncertain, glancing once at the growing cake, then once at the gadget, the man cursed under his breath and, quickly like lightning, ran towards the nursery, wanting only to check if nothing had happened to the little one. It was still quite early, but Jenna, hugging Venice, looked awake. The baby must have cried loudly.

-What is going on? Pete asked, quickly closing the door behind him so as not to spread screams and howls in the hallway.

- Khun Pete, I'm sorry, Venice is pretty unruly today and he can't sleep suddenly - the girl said, looking curiously at Pete's flour-stained silk bathrobe. Vegas bathrobe.

- What's going on, honey? - this time the question was addressed to the child, who was crying and sobbing loudly. - Come on, what happened to the cutie pie? Why are we so bad?

His outstretched hands grabbed Venice and held him tightly together, just as Pete knew he liked the most. For a brief moment, his screams continued to bounce off the walls until a familiar, pleasant smell came to the baby, as the little one sniffed several times, looking with reddened eyes into a friendly face, until he completely calm down.

- How is it that you, sir, can always calm him down by simply holding him in your hands? - Jenna murmured in admiration, but when she wanted to pick up Venice, he grimaced, frowned, and began to cry again.

- Damn, let's leave him with me - Pete said, even though he knew his plan to create the cake was slowly fading. Damn, cake! I almost forgot!

The man looked hesitantly towards the babysitter, but his gaze caught on the scarf lying on the chair, which they sometimes used to be able to hold the baby and keep their hands free.

- Help me put it on - Pete asked, and Jenna quickly took the cloth, wrapping it professionally around the brunet. - Lie down, I'll take care of the rest - he added, and not waited for response, being already outside the door, walking carefully to the kitchen, with a sweet weight on his body.

- Fortunately, nothing burned, am I right or am I right? - he muttered to himself, pulling out the baked dough from the inside. - Now we will play with decorating?

The next minutes Pete filled with funny stories that were supposed to put Venice to sleep when he prepared and decorated the cake. The task was not difficult, but the issue appeared in relation to Pete's perfectionist personality, which he used often in his work. Now, he couldn't stop himself from looking for flaws in the cake he created. The cream wasn't smooth enough, the fruits

weren't placed symmetrical, and the "Happy Birthday Vegas!" sign has been far from perfect, but it was the first baking Pete had created in his life.

- It won't be better - he admitted more to himself than to Venice, and, seeing that the child had fallen asleep safely in his arms, he quickly washed the dishes, prepared a simple, favorite breakfast for Vegas, and headed upstairs, calmly walking into the bedroom, his hands filled with food.

A useful elbow opened the door wide for him when he used it instead of his completely occupied hands. Then everything he had prepared was put on the desk, while he went to the nursery to put the little one to sleep again. Venice fidgeted for a while, but soon calmed down, and Jenna, lying by his crib, promised to look after the baby for the rest of the morning.

Satisfied, Pete returned to the bedroom, carrying a tray of breakfast to bed, and when he put it down on a small table, he decided to bend over and gently kiss Vegas' slightly ajar lips. The man breathed softly, snuggled into the pillow Pete always used for sleeping, but as soon as he felt the brunet's mouth on him, Vegas frowned and muttered something under his breath, unhappy that their contact had broken off so quickly.

- More - he whispered in a hoarse voice, blinking unsteadily, staring at the figure in front of him, still soiled with flour. - Pete? What is going on? Why do you look like this?

- Damn, I forgot to change my clothes - the brunet murmured, suddenly noticing his sloppy appearance. - Maybe I'd better take it off. - this time Vegas groaned appreciatively, looking at the white mid-thigh shirt he had underneath.

- Much better - Vegas admitted, looking with fire in his pupils at the slim, slender legs that appeared before his eyes.

- Don't even think about it - Pete shook his head, blushing strongly, while helping Vegas to sit down and, right away, putting breakfast in front of him. - Firstly eat.

- Did you prepare this for me? Thank you.

Another, but this time a longer kiss made a mess in both of their heads, but Pete moved away slightly, still ready for his next surprise. Continuing kisses, especially those, would only make the cake eating not after breakfast but in a few long hours, if not just tomorrow. The man could not allow it.

- I hope you will like it - he quietly replied, and although Pete remembered that Vegas didn't like eating in bed, he didn't want to take his meal away now as his man was already eating it. - I know we should sit on the sofa, but today is a crazy day for me. Everything falls out of my head.

- It's delicious - Vegas assured, smiling broadly at Pete, who was sitting next to him entertained they both during the meal, with the last conversation he had with Porsche.

- And imagine that Kinn decided to do it in the car, completely forgetting that I was sitting there too! - brunet said, and Vegas looked at him with a twinkle in his eyes, taking the last bites of food. - Luckily I started to snore as loud as possible and they came to their senses, but it was close.

- If you want, I can tie Kinn up and throw him in the car before we will make love there - Vegas joked, trying to hug me, but I quickly took the dirty dishes and, blushing on my face, headed to the office.

- Don't promise, or I'll truly ask you to do one day - he muttered, quickly lighting the two small candles he had bought and walking toward Vegas.

- Happy birthday, Khun Vegas! - Pete said, carrying the cake cautiously, and the man on the bed looked at him in shock.

- Is this for me? - He asked hesitantly, but seeing the joy on Pete's face and nodding of his head, Vegas felt something squeeze his heart tightly for the first time in many years.

No one ever cared about his birthday. Macau only tried to give him some gift and wished him happiness, but in this house Vegas's day was a taboo subject. Even Vegas' friends only saw him, wishing to be taken to a party, but seeing Pete, the excitement with which he carried a cake towards the man, the pride with which he cut a piece and served him a plate, it was worth more than all the other birthdays he had.

- I baked it myself, it may not be good, as Venice grimaced a little bit and I also took care of him... - Pete began, looking at Vegas uncertainly, but when his lover tasted the cake and felt the delicious flavour melting on his tongue, the guy could not stop smiling widely.

- Heaven in mouth," Vegas muttered, kissing Pete hard again. - I love you so freaking much! Thank you for remembering me.

- It's nothing, wait for the gift. I have two, to be more precise, one ordinary and the other more naughty - at the last words Pete blushed until the red came to his ears.

- Honey... - Vegas, although he really liked the cake, put down the plate, cuddling the brunet to himself. - I love you above all else, Pete. I will never be able to say how much I feel. I hoped I could be better with words, sorry, but I adore you with all my heart.

- Me too - the brunet admitted, but when they were just about to kiss, the electric nanny noisily sounded and the room filled with tears.

- Venice is very angry today, you will not be mad, If I will give you a gift in the evening? - Pete asked hesitantly, but seeing full acceptance in his man's eyes, he kissed those tempting lips and quickly left for the nursery.

- I don't deserve you - Vegas admitted, again taking a big slice of the cake and stuffing his mouth with it - but you chose me so now I'm not going to let you leave. You're mine, Pete.

The silence sounded in the room after his words, shortly interrupted by happy tone.

- Today's is your Daddy's birthday, baby, you can't be this unhappy - Pete's voice filled the room, when electric nanny, still working, captured the sound. - Let's make this the best day ever for him, hmm? Oh you're agreeing? That's why I love you, Venice!

And the rest od the day was filled with laughter and happiness.

Chapter 41: To The Man Who Fell In Love With Me

READ ME: this is a fanfic only, my all imagination after battle between Major and Minor Family. English is not my first language so please, spare me everyone. I am trying my best. <3 THANK YOU FOR ALL COMMENTS, THEY ARE HELPING ME WRITE THIS, YOU ALL ARE THE BEST! :)

If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! Here is link for additional support:

ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

Hi guys! Sorry it took me so long to came back here but a lot happened in my life, sadly not only good things but bad also. I promised to explain why I have disappeared so this is the reason: some time ago I've received some very awful private messages on twitter, from some just made up account. I do not want to write what they told me but they cursed me, my writing, my family and like everything I love. Normally I am able to handle such situations but recent weeks were difficult for me mentally and well, this person broke me for some time. I needed to step back from internet and, which is hurting even more, I've noticed I am not able to write, like not even one line showed up before me after it. Of course I've reported and get rid off the account but days passed and I just needed to heal. After few days I've returned to twitter but I just couldn't write and just recently I was able to create something, so please, don't judge if it's not good!

So this happened. :/

EDIT! Guys I healed myself already, it's all fine, I was just a little bit scared of writing again but it's fine now, even more than fine! ❤

Sorry for leaving for such a long time and to those who stayed, thank you. You all are the reason why I'm here, thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Okey, enough tears, let's go back to our story!

PETE:

It didn't take too long to get to the major family's house. That evening, like never before, the streets were deserted, as if the city had decided to lie down early that night. While driving, I had a brief conversation with Alcazio about his and Macau sudden vacation plans which I happily agreed to, at the same time asking him not to disturb Vegas by lying about the extra work he was doing right now. I didn't like lying to my family, but this time I needed to teach my man a lesson. Maybe it wasn't very nice of me, but it stabbed me inside that Tawan got a ring. From the moment I remembered this little fact, I could not remove this truth from my head. *That little fucked up excuse of a man got it, but I still didn't? Fuck this!* The desire for revenge has enormous power, especially in someone like Vegas, and while I didn't doubt his feelings for me, I wanted to rub this stupid idea he had in his nose. The consequences of my actions will probably bring me to a state in which I will not be able to sit still for a long time, but what would I not do for a bit of entertainment? Either way, at the end of the day, we'll both be winners. That was my deep hope.

I nodded to the security guard standing at the entrance, who smiled gently at me, quickly folding his hands in front of him.

- Khun Pete! - cried out in a cheerful voice, and though at first I couldn't help to remember who the boy was, his wide smile and small dimple that appeared on left cheek reminded me of one of Chan's new boys, who had been brought here just before his death. *Pork? Park? Something like this, for sure sounding similarly.*

- Poki? - I muttered hesitantly, and he laughed, embracing me closer to his wide chest.

I stood stiff, dissatisfied with the touch, but he stepped back almost immediately, with a strange, almost incomprehensible twinkle in his eye.

- Phi visited us? Mister Tankhun will dance with happiness, he misses Khun very much. I'm his temporary bodyguard now, maybe I'll take you there? - Before I replied, a strong arm grabbed my wrist, pulling it after the man.

Poki has been like that since he appeared in this mansion few months ago. I didn't train him for long, but I was one of the first to take care of the boy. Maybe that made him greet me with such strange happiness, because even though I hadn't seen him in a long time, as he was in Japan, I knew he couldn't just change his strange habits of touching others. I just wished he will fix it before Vegas visits.

- But I know where to go, you remember I lived here, right? - I only whispered, but I knew that instead of arguing, smarter was to

just let him do what he wanted. *Not only smarter but easier and faster, that's for sure.*

We went up to the first floor when Pol's face flashed deeper into the room and I realized that I hadn't had a moment to talk to him about what had happened on our mission. Without a second thought, I walked towards him, and only after a while, hearing moans and dissatisfaction, I looked back at the man still holding me, who was trying to stop my moves.

- Let go - I said, and he shot to me big, round, begging eyes.

- Khun Pete should follow me! - Poki asked, desperately, but I grabbed his hand that he was holding me with and squeezed it as hard as I could.

I could feel tense muscles and bone agitation under my fingers, and we both knew that if he didn't leave, it would end up for him in the hospital. Sighing, the man jumped away, massaging the place I had just had in my iron grip. *Smart decision, kid.* Finally freed, I turned around and went to the place where Pol was a moment ago. Just behind the wall I noticed a small passage leading to the kitchen, and I already knew that my friend had probably hidden in one of the pantrys.

A few minutes passed when out of the corner of my eye I noticed movement in the darkened room. The place was not large, filled inside with only shelves, where we could find new, still unpacked cleaning products, but when I went inside, lighting the lamp, Pol appeared to my eyes standing in the corner, with his pupils closed and hands folded as if for prayer, whispering something incomprehensible. I closed the door behind me, turning the key inside, just to sigh immediately, not believing that he wanted to hide from me like this.

-Seriously? - I just asked, and Pol slowly began to turn his face to the corner, causing me only to laugh. - Dude, I think we need to talk. I can see you, so just let it go.

A few curses fell from his mouth before he finally looked at me, blushing gently.

- Oh Pete, I didn't notice you, - I raised my eyebrows, and he leaned against the wall, nodding to me. - What are you doing here? Were you not supposed to be at a romantic dinner or something?

- I was, but it turned out to be not as romantic as I would have liked, so I tied Vegas to the bed and left him to his fate, - I admitted honestly, which only deepened the blush.

- Why would you do such a thing? - curiosity appeared in the man's voice and before I realized, we were both sitting next to each other, with our backs against the wall.

- Because he got engaged to bitchy Tawan and I realized he had

no standards before me - I shrugged, and Pol choked on his own saliva.

- He did what?!

I spread my hands with "I don't know what to say to you" gesture, and Pol patted me on the back, in an awkward attempt to show support.

- Well, if we have this topic behind us, maybe you can tell me why are you avoiding me? I thought this whole thing is cleared already, so what's going on? - I asked, foolishly hoping that these were just inventions of my stupid imagination, but when the man sighed, rubbing his hand over his face, I realized that this was the truth. Pol avoided me. - And why are you using Poki to stop me from meeting you?

- Cause ifllsily, - he mumbled, casting an uncertain glance at me.

I frowned, and he took in more air, slowly letting it out, trying to calm his frayed nerves.

- Cause I feel silly! - he repeated, louder this time. - Silly about all this what happened. About creepy photos on this damn wall and about Arm. I feel so fucking stupid, Pete!

- It's not your fault! - I assured, but he , intertwined arms in front of him, while at the same time resting the back of his head against the cool wall.

- And yet can't stop feeling stupid, - Pol whispered, and soon enough there was a strange silence between us. I watched as Pol awkwardly nibbled his black jacket, unable to help but sigh and mumble. - You know... - he began, just to stop once again for a few seconds. - I really thought he l... You know, that he lo...

- That he loves you? - a vague smile disappeared from Pol's face, replaced by pure sadness.

- I'm stupid, huh? - I shook my head, wanting to assure him that he should not think like that, but he kept talking. - Because you know me... To be honest, I never told this to anyone, but I did, you know, I've been in it for a long time... In lo... I mean I liked him for so long! When you left a lot of people were sad and so was he, I just thought it was because you wouldn't be with us, as a friend. Then we got drunk and there was that damn kiss and I don't know why, but I just stopped thinking after it.

He spoke softly, slowly, weighing his words and trying to convey everything as best he could, even though I knew how much it hurt him to share what he was saying. He didn't look in my direction, still nibbling on the wrinkled fabric that covered him. I knew from Tankhun that the two of them didn't talk much to each other, and Pol now spends more time with Kinn than he does with them. I couldn't remember last time when Pol and Arm not spoken to each

other.

- He doesn't love me, - I said as gently as possible, - maybe he used to feel something for me, but now it's different.

- How do you know? - I looked into his tearful eyes, into those trembling, whitened lips, and without waiting any longer, I stretched out arms to my friend, embracing him close to my body, cuddling, just so he could share my warmth.

- Because for the last few days I've been receiving tearful messages about you from him and, I swear, when I read again that you look like a dream in an swimsuit, I'll come here and vomit on the floor.

Saying this, I pulled my phone out of my pocket and, ignoring a series of phone calls from Nop, opened my last conversations with Arm. I didn't like privacy violations, but the two of them were too stupid to fix this situation by themselves. *People in love make me sick!*

- Well, Arm is not as big gentleman as I expected, I didn't thought I'd ever know that he wanted to cover you with hickeys so that no one would try to hitting on you. Which brings me to one, very important question, who exactly did hit on you before his eyes, so he flooded me with curses and promises to break their bones?

- Ah, this one, older customer, - Pol shyly admitted, and I couldn't help but laugh.

- Well, that explains a lot. And what do you think? Is this how a person who doesn't care behaves?

- I... I don't know, I truly don't know. Maybe being with me is just convenient for him? - I saw how hard he was looking for an excuse and it brought me back to the days when I tried to find other reasons for Vegas feelings towards me. *Gosh, how stupid I was.*

I shook my head, not believing these constant doubts. I understood them, especially after everything that happened with Porsche, but when I looked at him from the side, I was able to realize my incomprehensible fears.

- Arm loves you - I assured and when Pol was preparing for the next answer, I added quickly. - I know that it is easier to think that this is not true. Believe me, I know, - I smiled sadly, - but as a spectator of all this, I can calmly assure you that if we were both standing in front of him and he could save one, it wouldn't be me. It was never me.

- Ahhh...

- Listen Pol, we have been friends for a long time, so I will not sweeten you. What Arm felt in the past is in it for a reason. Now, in the present, he doesn't want me, he wants you, and from what I can see, you want him too, so maybe it's better to give yourself a

chance? - saying my last words of advice, I got up carefully, stretching tighten back.

- This is said by the guy who tied his man to the bed because he once had a fiancé - a friend snorted in response, and I couldn't help but smile brightly.

- This one I already forgotten like months ago, when I first heard about it, which does not change the fact that I can punish Vegas. Nothing will happen to him if he lies down a little, maybe he will even understand how I felt, when he caught me. - laughing, I blinked to the taller man and we both headed for the door.

- Thanks Pete, this conversation brightened up a lot for me -heavy arm fell on my shoulders as we headed towards the stairs, turning behind them to Tankhun's rooms.

- I just want you to be happy, both of you of course. Be brave Pol, just don't take it all from yourself cause of some fears.

In short time we've appeared before doors and he looked at them, then at me, just to make one step back.

- Could you ask him to go to the conference room? I don't want to disturb Khun with this and he loves to yell when he sees me now.

- Of course - before I could even finish, Pol quickly moved to one of the offices and I went inside, not shocked to hear loud cries and comments about another drama series which Tankhun, Arm and, to my surprise, Porsche, watched. Seeing them like this, happy and content, I could not stop to think about the person who stayed in home, away from me. *Person who you left at home!*

Fuck, great, now I miss Vegas and not even hour passed after I left the house. Pete, your little simp, stay strong!

VEGAS:

It's been an another hour of my attempts to free myself, not sure which one, third or fourth maybe? Time is passing differently, when you can't move. I knew that my wrist is hurt so bad that it was bleeding from places I roughly pulled, but I was not interested in it, as although I no longer felt the need for coming that had accompanied me from the moment Pete disappeared, another fire showed up inside, which quick night and few orgasms would not extinguish. I needed far more than that. I tried to throw off the metal, still planning everything in my head which I would do to Pete's milky, tempting body as soon as I grabbed it in my hands, and at the very thought of it I could feel the predator's smile spilling all over my face. *I will wreck you so hard, just wait!*

As the minutes passed, I slowly lost faith that I could break out, and only a sudden, silent knock on the door gave me any hope of escaping. I was naked, but ready to deal with the destruction of the psyche of one of the bodyguards, as long as I got out of here. I

hoped at least, that the sound truly happened and my mind not created it to torment me longer.

- Yes?!

- Khun? - Nop's barely audible voice came to me from the other room, and I wanted to laugh out loud for my happiness. *Fucking finally!* I waited a few good hours, but it appeared and that was all that mattered to me.

- Enter! - I shouted, and when the wood moved apart, I heard a silent curse and a few steps back. - COME BACK HERE, NOP!

My harsh, loud words stopped him immediately in place, forcing him to get only a few centimeters closer soon after.

- Come here and set me free! - I said with a slight threat in my voice, and he sighed, turning his back on my naked body. - I swear if you run away, I will hunt you down.

- Why, why God? Why do I always have to come across such things? - Man simply asked, and I remembered that he was the only one who had seen Pete chained.

- Do you have déjà vu? - I asked brazenly, and he grabbed the blanket that was lying on the couch and threw it blindly in my direction. - Believe me, I'm as happy about this whole thing as you.

The material fell on me, covering only face and chest, but I still felt the cold around my hips. *Wonderfully*.

- Now you are not ashamed anymore? - I asked, rolling my eyes, though he couldn't see it.

- Damn! Hide your dick for once! And why are you getting hard! - Something hit the bed frame and then grabbed my foot before it fell to the ground. - God dammit! That's not what I wanted to cover! Why are you naked at all?!

All the respect with which he had spoken to me before had evaporated, but given the situation we were in, I didn't mind it. Choking on my chuckle, I felt the blanket go down until I was able to see his disgusted face in front of me again.

- Don't pretend you've never seen me naked - I muttered, but he snorted, looking for the key. - Don't even bother, you won't find it here. Go to the closet, at the bottom in the corner there is a box, there will be a key.

- And I could have been on vacation, but no, I preferred to stay, because Jenna is here and that's how it ends, when a man thinks with his penis and not his head! - Nop whispered under his breath, retreating to the place I indicated and pulling out a black object from inside.

I waited with bated breath for him to open it and understand what was inside, because even though I was in a tragic situation, I was glad that someone was in a worse position than me. At that

time, Nop's face first turned pale, then it turned all red, and when the man put his hand inside, looking for a small key among my favorite toys, the only thing I saw on his face was disgust.

- You don't have to frown like that, I clean everything before I put it in - I said offensively, but he gave me a hard look and I knew he was mentally stretching out his middle finger to me.

When my rescue key finally fell into his hands, Nop quickly freed me from handcuffs and, ignoring my nakedness, which I had exposed to him by jumping out of bed, he stood in front of the bookshelf, waiting for me to leave the bathroom I had run into as soon as I was released. Emptying my bladder, I walked in with a smile, scratching my naked stomach, and he rolled his eyes, looking up with his thick eyebrows raised.

- Don't be so innocent, man - I asked, quickly putting on some clothes.

After it, I grabbed a small bag and started packing all toys into it, already planning what I would do to Pete as soon as I got my hands on him.

- Just one time I would have wanted to come in here and see you two happily sitting on the couch, like some normal couple - I heard, and couldn't help but laugh.

- Would you really like us to be so boring?

- You say boring, I hear dressed up - giggling, I looked at him, shaking my head in disbelief.

- It's unlikely to ever happen - I sadly announced, and we both headed for the door.

I knew Pete was still at Kinn's house, and I decided to punish him there. What I was planning would dirty a lot of places and I didn't want to expose others to cleaning up this here. I could punish my man and upset my cousin at the same time, the perfect solution to this situation.

- You won't ask why I'm here at all? - I stopped at the stairs, looking with mild interest at Nop, when he pulled out some of the documents I had asked him for few weeks ago.

- Wonderful - once again smiling, I winked at his bored face, giving them back and asking him to leave everything in my office. - Adoption papers. I'll take care of it when I get back. Ask Macau to meet me in the morning and...

- Mister Macau went on vacation with his boyfriend - I blinked a few times, analyzing his words, but I knew that the boy informed Pete, after all, without it he would not have left home, and since they were out, they had to get his permission.

- Okay, then we'll wait with everything.

- Should I continue to follow her? - he asked, and I squeezed my

hand on the railing, trying to organize few last thoughts.

- Yes, but be careful, I don't want to reveal all the cards yet. Soon, but not now.

Nop nodded at these words and headed to my office, while I calmly walked to the garage, noticing at once the absence of one of the motorcycles. I felt my body stiffen with the strange, unbridled feeling that had torn me, because I just knew it was a sign. A sign from Pete that he is ready for his punishment, that he is even waiting for it. When he was so confident, so eager for my anger, it was the sexiest thing I have ever seen. *This will be delicious revenge, I promise.*

- Hmmm, you know what happens when you use my ducati, honey - I whispered more to myself than to someone else and, smiling under my breath, headed for one of the cars, knowing that what awaits Pete's poor ass would not allow him to return in any other vehicle. Well, maybe the ambulance would still be good, but I will not let it happen. - You want to have fun like this? Whatever you wish for. Let's have fun.

With a squeak of tires, I left, heading for the major family house.

PETE:

The clock just showed twelve after four o'clock in the morning. Tankhun was lying on the couch, snoring quietly, even if there was still another episode of drama going on in the background. It had been a long time since Arm ran out of the room as if it were burning behind him, so I knew that he and Pol had to explain everything to each other and I hoped that they were now spending time together, once again as a couple. At the same time I was waiting for my dark knight, who apparently could not get out of the cursed handcuffs, because another hour passed, and he was still not here.

I sighed, drawing the attention of Porsche, who, squinting, took a closer look at me.

- What's going on with you? - he asked quietly, and I just shrugged my shoulders, not wanting to bring up the subject of Tawan between us. - And why doesn't your phone constantly flash from messages and calls from Vegas, normally a guy does not give you peace.

- He's a little busy with his hands now - I muttered, as Porsche raised one of his eyebrows and thought, gently stroking Tankhun's head, which was placed on his lap.

- I have a strange feeling that I shouldn't ask for more - chuckling, I straightened stiffed legs and grabbing a few chips.

- Believe me, you don't want to know details - I admitted, and I knew that a thread of understanding had flashed from mine to his

pupils. - But what about you, man? Kinn still hasn't barged into the room and pulled you out of here, something wrong in paradise?

The man frowned, biting his lips carefully, and then he gave me a pleading look and I knew something must have happened between them.

- Kinn is... Let's say that we have been arguing a lot lately and it's better if we are not next to each other - he admitted in a sad, tired voice. - I thought that this damn ring would not separate us, but every day I have the impression that we are moving away from each other more. Maybe it is true that the minor and major family will never be able to live in harmony.

"Give the ring to Vegas then" was on my lips, but I didn't want to torment my friend any more.

- Sometimes such momentary loneliness is good for understanding what we want from life - I said gently, and he sighed loudly, stroking the wine-red hair of the snoring Khun.

- And here's the problem - he admitted after a few minutes, looking more into space than at me. - Maybe love is sometimes not enough?

I grimaced when I heard the ominous notes in his voice, but I didn't know what I could say, because there were many words on my lips, but none of them could lift his spirits.

- Make it enough - Tankhun whispered, suddenly opening his eyes. - Push yourself harder, wrestle, bite, but fight for it to be enough, because if love is not enough, what is left for us?

I bent my knees, hugging them to myself, while reflecting on friend's words. There was a time when I myself believed that my feelings could not overcome the past, and now I was happy, I had a family and I was surrounded by love. What would my life be like if I had given up then? Would I be sitting here, quiet, pretending that everything is fine, and yet dead inside? I wouldn't see Vegas every day anymore, and Venice and Macau would become just a dream. Sometimes I would accompany Kinn in meetings, and maybe then a familiar silhouette would flash before my eyes, filling me with regret and self-hatred. He would be close, but not enough, like a fantasy I couldn't' reach.

- Maybe Kinn and I have never been an end game?

Porsche's words brought me back to reality and I understood that I didn't want to be here. I loved them, but this was not where I belonged. I needed to go to a man who was still lying pinned to the bed, certainly angry and tired.

- I have to go - I said quietly, rising quickly and feeling pain in all those tense muscles. - Porsche, stop talking stupid and listen to Khun. You and Kinn love each other, and problems happen in every

relationship, start talking to each other and see where you really stand, then you can decide what to do. Being with someone is constantly working on "we", not just "me" and "you". I know I'm awful friend now but it is what it is - the last words were already as I've reached the door. I grabbed the handle and, giving them one last look, added. - I'm going to have sex. A lot of it.

Ignoring their shocked expressions, I jumped outside, heading towards the exit, but before I put my foot on the stairs, someone grabbed me, pulling tightly to strong muscles, and the familiar smell filled my lungs until I felt it all stiffen. I was dragged into one of the rooms, which I could not recognize in the dark, and pinned to the wall until I ran out of breath.

- I found you - a low, growling voice came out of Vegas chest glued to me, but I felt no fear.

- God, finally - I whispered, and before he added anything, I grabbed him roughly by the back of his head, pulling him to my mouth.

I groaned as soon as our lips dug into each other, and the silence was broken by a thud when Vegas let something out of his hand, sticking his fingers into my skin and pulling me closer. I must have felt him in myself immediately and, still ignoring his attempts to control the situation, I aggressively jerked the belt from his pants, which quickly fell to his ankles.

- You're not in charge he... - he began, wanting to take control over, but I was already on my knees, taking him deep in my mouth.

The familiar taste filled me to the end, when I took his half-stiffen dick closer, grabbing buttocks, which one probably had my fingers printed on them. His manhood slid deep into my throat, but I was able to master the gag reflex enough to hold it there, tightening strongly each time I swallowed my saliva. Just as I learned from Vegas.

- Damn, Pete - the rough fingers tried to pull my head even nearer, clenching hair until he pulled me away enough to almost took the entire length out of my mouth before it slammed into me again.

It was all painful, wild and devoid of any delicacy and this was what I wanted the most in the world. That was our love, uncouth, brutal, passionate, making me wish to drop in front of Vegas everywhere, even in the company of others, just to please him, and I knew he had wanted to do the same.

- Mine - he growled, abusing my, thirsty of him, lips until all I could feel inside was the numbness and fullness I so desperately needed. *Yours, always yours, only yours!*

The sticky, warm sperm filled me, pouring deep inside, and it

wasn't until the last drop went into my belly and the penis in front of me was licked clean that I was able to pick up and slam my mouth back into Vegas' hard-breathable lips, hugging him tightly.

- In a moment you're going to do whatever you want with me, but I need cuddles now - I admitted, quietly, with head already tucked into his neck, while he wrapped his arms around me, sharing his warmth and making me feel at peace.

- I do not know what happened, but if someone teased you, tell me, tomorrow he will be gone from Earth - I smiled shyly at these words and kissed him gently on the jaw.

- I just love you - I whispered, feeling the touches of his lips on my sweaty forehead.

- I also love you, but the disciplining still awaits.

- I fucking hope so - groaning directly into his ear, I saw the fire that had again gripped his eyes, and I knew that this punishment would be as sweet as it was long.

SHORT BUT CUTE ADDITION OF ARM POV:

I entered the conference room feeling nervous, fear, and rests of the little hope I still carried in my heart. The last few weeks have been the hardest of all I've spent here, and the reason for that was my own stupidity. It's true that it's only when we lose something that we begin to appreciate it, and although I've always considered myself an intelligent man, I've mixed up ordinary infatuation with love. It wasn't until I opened up to Pol that I understood the truth. After our drunken kiss, everything changed and I already knew what I really wanted. All I had left now was to pray for another chance to be given, and I knew I would do anything in my power to get him back. Whatever it takes, the price do not matter.

- Arm - the whispered word pierced my heart, as although we still spent a lot of time together, this was required by work, all this time Pol never said my name, or looked into my eyes as if I no longer existed in his life.

I closed the door carefully, coming closer to his figure, standing in the middle of the room, nervously playing with a jacket. His head was down, eyes only giving me short, frightened glances, and it hurt me that he was so afraid of seeing me. The dark circles stood out from the pale face, and I couldn't fix it. Not yet. He was beautiful, like when the first time he whispered that he loved me, before we went on one of our missions. That day became a cherished anniversary, which I intended to celebrate for the rest of my life.

- I... - he began hesitantly, and I took a small step towards him, wanting to be closer, but still not being afraid of scaring him. - I, you know... I thought about all this for a long time. About me, you,

and Pete. I have no right to be angry with your past, that's true, but I'd just like to... I wish...

I was about an few centimeters away when our eyes finally met and I saw tears forming under his eyelids.

- What would you like, honey? - I asked softly, quietly extending my hand to him, as if to a wounded doe, waiting to see if he would accept help.

- It's over with Pete , isn't it? You don't... Don't feel anything for him? I need to know!

His fingers trembled, eyes focused on my hand, and I knew that what I answered would change everything between us.

- I don't know if I've ever loved him. I wanted him, I can't deny it, but I think I just confused it with love - I honestly whispered, and Pol nodded, blushing gently in the ear area.

I saw him slowly grasp my hand with those long, slender fingers, and the warmth that had taken me from where our skin touched was like entering paradise. *I almost lost you.*

- Are you... - here Pol cleared his throat slightly, shyly raising his eyes on me. - Is there anyone you... Or do you have someone special now... Do you know, it there is someone...

- I love you - I admitted, throwing into those words all the love and pain I've felt for the last harsh weeks. - I'm totally in love with you. Completely. Crazily. To death.

The next words were interrupted by a quick peck in the mouth, and I sighed, glad that I could feel Pol's taste again, even if for such a short time.

- Thank God - I confessed, feeling the tears gathering under my eyelids. - I thought I lost you.

- I love you, but I was so scared, Arm! Please don't break my heart - he begged and all I could do is kiss tough, manly hands, whispering vows of never hurting him again, always choosing him over all others and simply loving and respecting him until the end of my days.

Strong hands embraced me as our foreheads leaned against each other, and I knew that whatever lay ahead of me in the future, with this man nothing will be difficult enough.

Short Stories of Venice: Jealousy

I know I promised chapter per week and sorry for it all but my friend was visiting me this week, and I di not se him for such a long time! But I'm not late! It's still this week update!

🖋 If you read my ffs and think "well, this was good, let me buy her coffee or donut or just something small and sweet then now you can but DO NOT feel force to support me like this! I will still add chapters normally! If you wish to support me:

https://ko-fi.com/writemeyuna

Three Months After Pete and Vegas Adopted Venice

Laying alone in bed, I felt the cold under my fingers nestled in the pillow next to me. I sighed again that night, looking impatiently at the clock, which, as if to spite me, lazily moved itself, slowing down every time I looked away, I was sure of it. Rolling over from side to side, more nervous than sleepy, I rose to a sitting position, barely restraining myself from running out of the bedroom. Instead, I grabbed the baby monitor from the table next to the bed and, turning up the volume, listened to Pete's steady, humming lullaby, coming to me from the thing. The body sank back to the sheets, face nestled into the still penetrated by his fragrance pillow, ears were filled with flowing, reassuring words said to Venice, who once again won with me for Pete's attention. Not satisfied, I squinted my eyes for a brief second, cursing inwardly at the child, and before I could react, I dozed, rocked by a quiet singing.

I don't know how long it's been since I've fallen asleep, but when I woke up, instead of the baby monitor, I held in my hand the cheek of a man whose nose, pressed against my neck, tickled me slightly, moving the delicate hairs on the sensitive skin. I sighed, wrapping my other hand around his waist to pull warm body closer to mine until there wasn't a millimeter gap between us.

"Vegas..." murmured full, now gently bent into a horseshoe, lips. "Let's sleep..." Pete added without opening his eyes.

"I missed you," I admitted hesitantly, but not seeing the man's reaction, I bit my lip displeased, aware how tired he was, not wanting to wake him up.

A few more seconds of my fidgeting, a few more sighs and silent curses, passed, until the silhouette rose, slightly reflecting its contour in the dark. Anapology began to form on my lips, but

instead a groan came out as a hand nimblyslipped off my shoulder to the now slightly bulging pajama pants. Startled, but amazed, I closed my eyes, trying to control the hunger that this brief contact had awakened in me, but when Pete moved one of his legs over my body, sitting on strong hips, I pressed my hungry fingers against his soft body, praying that he wouldn't leave.

"You're tired," I muttered against my whims, and he laughed hoarsely, clenching his fingers tighter on my stiff masculinity.

"Take care of Venice tomorrow morning and I am ready to go,"

"Yes, yes, yes," I nodded immediately, hovering slightly on my bent hands to find his mouth in the darkness, like a treasure hunter, and, befuddled by Pete's taste, groaned louder. "Whatever you want!"

~*~

The morning came faster than usual, brutally waking me up by the screams coming from the electronic nanny. I struggled to lift my tired eyelids, feeling them droop, unable to hold on to the opening, but when Pete's finger stab me in the side, just next to the ribs, I cursed, jumping to sitting position and wiping my face in hands. Reddened eyes moved over the clock showing six in the morning, a deadly hour for someone who made love to his better half for the whole night, but I couldn't go back to my lover's warm arms. Not after what I've said yes to.

"You promised," Pete murmured, covering his head with my pillow, probably to hide the smile that spilled over his lips.

I lifted myself out of bed, pulling on the pants I had thrown on the floor last night, but before I left, I bent over a slightly snoring, lazy Pete, leaving a quick-made hickey around his neck.

"Stupid!" I heard, before I left, hurrying over to the child's room.

The smile of satisfaction, even though I was dead tired, did not leave my lips when I stepped inside. The body longed for in recent weeks, finally satisfied and filled with Pete's fragrance, leaned over the awakened child, red with displeasure. I rolled my eyes at the displeasure on his face when he saw me.

"Well, I'm not happy about this visit either," I said, sighing and holding out my hands to him. "Nanny is getting breakfast ready for you, why all this screaming," I shook my head, placing Venice on the table to change his diaper.

The boy was snorting and making disgruntled faces, and I was sure he'd shout Pete's name if he could, and even though I didn't like him much, I understood his constant desire to be by Pete's side. I felt it myself every day, every hour, every minute...

"Pete is peacefully sleeping, let him rest a little," I asked, hugging the boy, who for a moment showed his displeasure, buy when he

finally realized that he was doomed to spend this time with meme, Venice slapped me in the face with tiny fingers before snuggling into my neck. It was probably the smell of Pete that still surrounded me that calmed him down so quickly.

"You realize Pete is mine, don't you? I'm lending him to you for now, but don't get used to it," I grumbled, rocking boy gently, waiting for the nanny to come back with prepared breakfast. "I was the first to discover him, I was the first to bring him here and he is MY lover"

Venice puffed out his lips at my words, as if he understood them and refused to accept their meaning. Small hand, this time curled into a fist, slammed into my chest to which he was cuddled, and the energetic eyes squinted slightly, staring at me as if to peer into my soul.

"Don't look at me like that, it's not going to change anything. You should have come earlier, then you could still claim some rights, now it's too late,"

I walked slowly around the room, still convincing Venice to my reasons of ownership, and he, beating me from time to time, rejected all of them.

~*~

"I'm not jealous," muttered a voice in the baby monitor, waking me from sleep. "There's more between Pete and me than there's between you two, you know?" Vegas' grumpy voice filled the bedroom, and I realized that he had forgotten to turn off the device in the room.

I lifted myself slightly, taking the object in my hands, listening to the man's jealousy-filled words.

"Pete may be laughing with you, but it doesn't mean anything. Even his stupid friends can make him laugh." Vegas spoke arrogantly. "Pete does everything else with me."

"I can't believe Vegas is arguing with a baby," I whispered, rising from the bed to throw his dressing gown over me.

"And no matter how long you keep him here, he always comes back to our bed. What this means?I am the most improtant for him!" I heard as I grabbed the nanny, hurling to Venice's room. "Let's face it, I'll lend you Pete for an hour or two a day, but no more! You're exaggerating a little with this need to be with him all the time. I miss him too, maybe it's time to become independent?"

I opened the door wider, looking at Vegas back facing me.

"Become independent?" I repeated, and he turned around in surprise, holding the baby tighter to his chest. "He's a baby, you know he's not going to be independent for a good few years."

"Damn, how much of that did you hear?" a red stain slowly

floated over the man's cheeks, spreading across his neck. *Dangerous Vegas Theerapanyakul was blushing because of me.*

"Most of your rant. To be jealous of the baby, you know what, Vegas? You're adorable!" a smile came across my lips as both Venice and Vegas snorted as they looked at me with similar expressions in their eyes. "I love you so much,"

The baby monitor fell into the crib when I threw it in it's direction before running up to both of them, carefully cuddling up to their warm bodies.

"I'm so glad we're a family," I added, hiding my face in Vegas' neck, the place I liked best, feeling the heat spread over his skin. "My adorable men."